# THE LID OFF LOS ANGELES

A STUDY OF CORRUPTION
AND VICE IN A GREAT CITY

NOV. 11,
1939

Liberty

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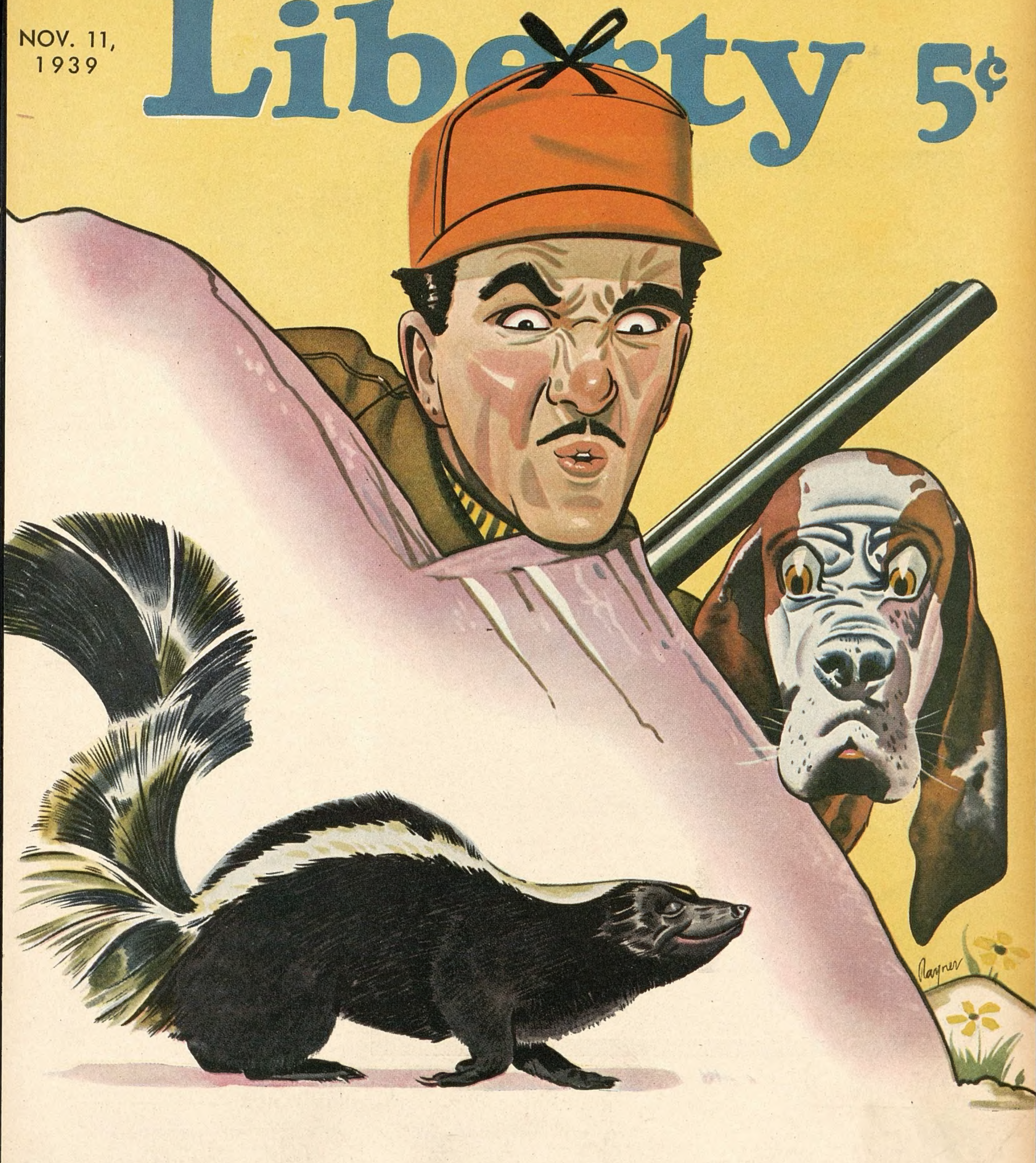

# DO CAREER WOMEN WRECK THEIR MEN?

# WILL WAR IN EUROPE SAVE ROOSEVELT?

# What can a bus driver tell you about your own "bus"?

109
SPECIAL

**THIS MONDAY NIGHT . . .** Tune in **"Tune-Up Time,"** featuring Andre Kostelanetz, Tony Martin, Kay Thompson. Columbia Broadcasting System, 8 P.M., E.S.T.; 7 P.M., C.S.T.—10 P.M., M.S.T.; 9 P.M., P.S.T.

**MR. HOWARD:** Right on schedule, aren't we? Sure beats all how you can roll those big, heavy buses up hills and through traffic without getting behind time. Say, tell me—confidentially—what kind of gas do you use to get all that power and pick-up?

**BUS DRIVER:** There's no secret about it—we use *"leaded" gasoline.*

**MR. HOWARD:** "Leaded" gasoline? What's that?

**BUS DRIVER:** Haven't you noticed the "Contains Lead" signs on gasoline pumps? They show that "tetraethyl lead" has been added to the gas to raise its anti-knock quality.

**MR. HOWARD:** Come to think of it, I have noticed those signs. Would you advise me to use "leaded" gas in my own car?

**BUS DRIVER:** Certainly! Most people do. And get this: whether you drive a bus or a car of your own—the better the gas, the better the engine's performance!

*Here's why:* Under the hood of every modern car is an important device—the spark adjustment—that controls engine performance.

The farther the spark of your engine is advanced, up to the point of maximum power, the more power you get. But the spark cannot be advanced any farther than the anti-knock quality of the gasoline in the tank permits—or the engine will "knock" or "ping," *losing* power and economy.

Since there are three different grades of gasoline sold today, you have a choice of three grades of performance, as shown below.

## YOU HAVE THESE 3 CHOICES OF CAR PERFORMANCE

CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

**BEST PERFORMANCE**—with gasoline marked "Ethyl" on the pump or globe. It is highest in anti-knock and all-round quality. Contains enough tetraethyl lead so that your engine's spark can be *advanced* closest to the point of maximum power and economy without "knock" or "ping."

CONTAINS LEAD

**GOOD PERFORMANCE**—with "regular" gasoline, which permits the spark to be considerably advanced without "knock" or "ping." Most "regular" gasolines sold today contain tetraethyl lead to improve their anti-knock quality, as shown by the "Lead" signs on the pumps.

**POOR PERFORMANCE**—with low-grade gasoline, poor in anti-knock quality. With low-grade gasoline in a modern car, the engine's spark must be *retarded*—which means *loss* of power and economy.

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**ETHYL GASOLINE CORPORATION,** *manufacturer of anti-knock fluids used by oil companies to improve gasoline*

Ready to Roll!

SINCE the railroads are called upon to handle the major share of transportation, it is common sense to ask—

Are the railroads set to do the job?

The railroads asked themselves that question early last summer—and set a far-reaching program in motion then.

That program included, first, the repair and reconditioning of cars and locomotives which had not been needed during low traffic years.

It included more than that—it included the purchase of new cars and locomotives to meet future traffic needs.

But that is only the immediate story of what's been going on, in the face of tough times.

Our railroads are vastly better than they were 20 years ago, thanks to billions invested in better tracks, better yards, better signals, better shops, better *railroads* to do a better job.

Locomotives average 43 per cent more in pulling power—freight cars average eight tons more in carrying capacity—freight trains move an average of more than 60 per cent faster — transportation efficiency on these better "super-highways" of steel has been more than doubled in the past 20 years.

This step-up in the whole freight operation of railroads means that the biggest volume in railroad history—the traffic of the peak year 1929 — could be handled today with 350,000 fewer cars than were used at that time.

All of which means we've got what it takes to do a great job of railroading—which is first of all the "know how"—and second, the equipment required to handle any volume of traffic we can now foresee.

Even if traffic should make a vastly greater increase—the need would simply be more equipment—a simple matter if the money is there to buy it.

All the railroads need to handle any job that's given them is better earnings—a fair opportunity to earn a living and to meet other forms of transportation on equal terms.

**A FAIR FIELD—**
**NO GOVERNMENT FAVOR—**
**IN TRANSPORTATION**

**ASSOCIATION OF**
**AMERICAN RAILROADS**
**WASHINGTON, D. C.**

NOVEMBER 11, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 45

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

# KEEP US OUT OF WAR!!!

BERNARR MACFADDEN

Here is a slogan that is figuratively resounding from the housetops throughout this nation.

Senators, legislators of all classes, business men, leaders in all walks of life, are firm in their conviction that we should not be drawn into another World War.

And there has been a suspicion broadcast to the effect that some of our officials would like to bring us into this war—and even the thought of such a possibility has alarmed many people. If we go to war, the general idea is that such a catastrophe will perpetuate the present administration.

We hate war worse than the devil hates holy water. We Americans have been taught to be humane as well as human. Undoubtedly we have somewhat overdone humanitarianism when we consider the brutal character of some European rulers. Gratitude was manifested liberally as long as favors were dispensed, but when they were withdrawn, the change was indeed surprising.

Our experience in the World War is still an embittered memory. We can recall also that that war started us on a policy of gigantic spending that we have never been able to change . . . in official quarters wasteful spending on a fantastic scale.

We are inclined to be proud of ourselves . . . we like to pass on the good things we have enjoyed to the people throughout the world. And following the World War our efforts to be Santa Claus to the war-torn nations were readily accepted. But we should wake up to the full realization that we are living in a greedy, brutal world . . . that the force from which we must protect ourselves is entirely conscienceless, devoid altogether of humane traits, and that nothing but brute force, intelligently guided, can protect us.

We have already called attention in this magazine to the compelling influence of great magnitude that will be used to drag us into this war. Propagandizing has been at work for some time, and it will ultimately grow to colossal proportions. We should hold our feet on the ground . . . keep continually in mind what we lost in the last World War, and it might be well to remember what was lost by every nation which fought in that last frightful contest.

The Allies thought they won the war, but we will have to admit at the present time it looks as though Germany won it.

War may have some benefits. It unites a nation, stops petty quarreling about unimportant details; but, what is most important, it makes the officials of a nation take stock of their man power—their physical assets. Weaklings do not make good soldiers. Furthermore, they cannot maintain the strength of a nation.

It has been stated before on this page that a nation is not unlike an individual. It passes through infancy, early youth, and into the power and vigor of complete maturity, and then gradual decay ensues.

And because of the barrage of propaganda that we must expect, it might be difficult for us to maintain our balance. Our ships will be sunk. Our citizens will be murdered . . . plenty of them; and whether or not such tragedies are caused by our supposed enemies, they will nevertheless be blamed.

On many occasions it will be difficult to check our natural resentment to outrages committed. But hurried action must be avoided in every instance. We must keep out of this war . . . that is the thought that should be uppermost in our minds at all times. There should be no more of our soldiers sent to Europe. We should be able to defend our own soil to the very limit . . . fight with everything we have to protect our national freedom.

We spent billions to organize and build up the war-torn nations in the last World War, and we must remember that billions of this indebtedness is still unpaid.

It is often stated that experience is the best teacher. But when we ignore the lessons it brings, we are beyond hope.

Keep us out of war! . . . It cannot be repeated too often.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription for Liberty please allow thirty (30) days from the time you send us the subscription and the time when you can expect the first copy. A request for change of address must also reach us at least thirty (30) days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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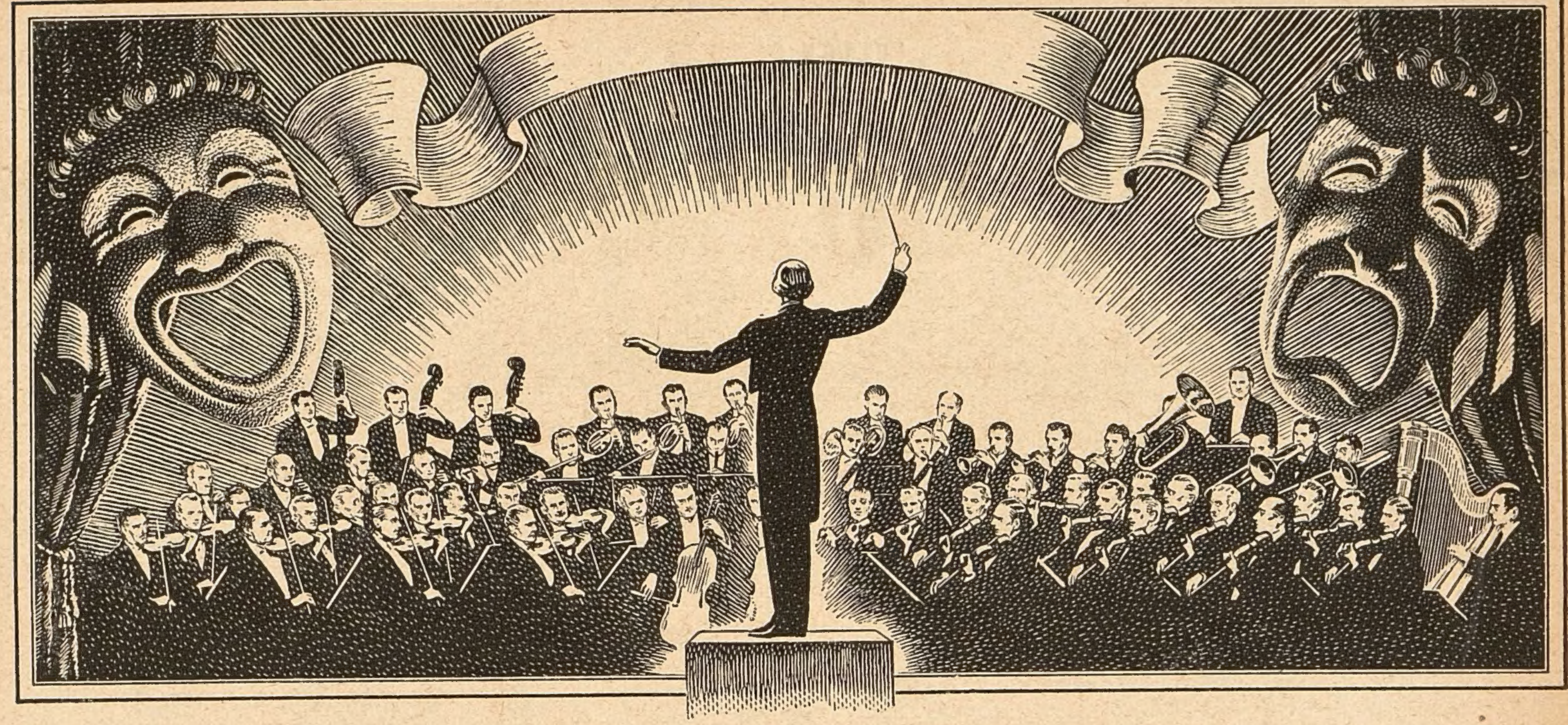
# WHAT PART DO YOU PLAY?



*You alone* give meaning to the part you play on life's stage. Great are your responsibilities. One is to bring security and happiness to those around you. Then the show will be worthwhile. You'll gather friends who will understand you, respect and stand by you. You'll find added happiness in hospitality ...splendor in simple things...fresh plans and ideas in your moments of well-earned leisure. Remember —each dawn on life's stage is your "cue to go on."

* * *

You honor your friends when you ask them into your home. To serve them beer is simple hospitality... but to serve them Budweiser is a gracious compliment.

*Live Life... Every golden minute of it... Enjoy Budweiser... Every golden drop of it*

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH**
*Makers of the*
*World-Famous Beer*

**Budweiser**

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

**WE MAKE THIS AIR TEST:** Every drop of Budweiser comes to you with all its original goodness protected in every way. Air, for example, has been taken out of each bottle through a process which we developed at great expense, because our exhaustive tests proved that air inside a sealed bottle is an enemy of fine beer.

**YOU MAKE THIS TEST:** Drink Budweiser for five days. On the sixth day try to drink a sweet beer. You will want Budweiser's flavor thereafter.

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Budweiser
Budweiser Beer
Budweiser Lager Beer
Anheuser-Busch
Budweiser Lager Beer

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# THE LID OFF

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

## PART ONE—A DICTATORSHIP OF CRIME

LOS ANGELES today stands at a civic crossroads.

Not long ago its citizens tossed out of City Hall an administration headed by Mayor Frank L. Shaw, an ex-groceryman, which would have been hard indeed to match for flagrant violations of the constitutional rights of American citizens.

To those who look shudderingly upon the terroristic activities of the secret police of Germany and Russia and ask whether such things can happen here, the answer is yes.

The Shaw administration, using the taxpayers' money, formed a secret political police squad that harassed, beat up, spied upon, and kicked around persons whose worst crime had been to indicate publicly that they didn't like the administration.

Under this dictatorship, in which the mayor himself was a mere stooge and front man for his secretary-brother, telephones of decent citizens were tapped, dictographs installed in their residences or offices.

Things came to a head when Los Angeles policemen loyally attempted to murder a man who had been needling the administration—and botched the job.

Until the boodling Shaw machine was handed its hat and a decent and unfettered man elected mayor in September, 1938, the City of Los Angeles for twenty years had been, almost uninterruptedly, run by an underworld government invisible to the average citizen.

To be sure, Los Angeles has never known armed gangsterism of the type that has at times been common in such cities as New York or Chicago. Its underworld has been, and is, unique, with methods as sinister and as subtle as the men who have pulled it, by political strings, into power. Most of these men have outside, legitimate interests. None is the gangster type. They shun violence, prefer corruption through graft, represent no one political faith.

Their wealth and power flow from the same sources as those of the more violent gangs of other cities—organized vice and gambling.

With these funds, for twenty years, this underworld of Los Angeles has divided up the city and set up puppet governments to protect its interests. It has had, at various times, mayors, police officials, district attorneys, and city councilmen firmly tied to its golden apron strings. It has disdained cold-blooded murder, but for sheer viciousness its campaigns of smear and bribery have made murder seem a comparatively innocent pastime.

Today, for the first time in two decades, Los Angeles has a fighting chance to throw off its underworld shackles. The fight for decent civic government still goes on as this is written. Behind that fight are two courageous men. So far, they have survived every below-the-belt blow. Whether they will finally win or lose depends almost entirely upon whether the people want or do not want decent government for their city.

The two men are the new Mayor of Los Angeles, Fletcher Bowron, and the private citizen who started the whole thing, Clifford E. Clinton.

This private citizen is a boyish wiry little man of thirty-nine, operator of two cafeterias in Los Angeles. Nobody could talk with Clinton for five minutes without becoming completely convinced of his sincerity. He believes in the simple, homely things that your average decent citizen believes in:

The Golden Rule. Clean government. Service to others.

No starry-eyed fanatic, he feels that you can best express your religion, whatever it may be, by living it every day in your associations with your fellow man. He has a Salvation Army background and the tolerance of human frailty that goes with it.

His father in 1904 operated the Puritan Dining Room, one of the largest restaurants in San Francisco. It was a profitable venture and, upon its profits, his father, Edmond Clinton, and his mother, Gertrude, set out in that year with their four children for China, where they worked as missionaries. Two years later San Francisco and the Puritan Restaurant were destroyed by earthquake and fire and Edmond Clinton returned home to start over.

By 1911 the Salvation Army couple, with six children now, were again in China. After several years they again

# LOS ANGELES

## Beginning an astounding story of corruption and vice in a great city—and a stirring battle against them

### BY DWIGHT F. McKINNEY and FRED ALLHOFF

returned to San Francisco when mismanagement had ruined their restaurant. The elder Clinton again started from scratch. Young Clifford began to learn the restaurant business the hard way. His father put him to work as a dishwasher.

Somehow Clifford sandwiched in a little schooling. He never completed high school, however, for America entered the World War and he enlisted with the 336th Battalion Tank Corps. Back from France, he married, joined his father in the restaurant business.

In 1931, a depression year, he came to Los Angeles to strike out on his own. He had a capital of less than $2,000—and an idea. He wanted to apply the Golden Rule to the restaurant business. He came East to study a chain of penny restaurants then being conducted by Bernarr Macfadden. Later he was to open one of these to help the needy before relief organizations were in operation. His immediate concern, however, was to find a site for his Golden Rule cafeteria.

Thirty-one-year-old Clifford Clinton found on South Olive Street the restaurant he wished to purchase. He didn't have enough actual cash to pay the first month's rent, but the owners signed him up to a long-term contract and breathed a sigh of relief. The place had been losing $6,000 a month.

Clinton, however, was not quite as naïve as he may have looked. He knew the place was a white elephant. He still believed he could turn it into a money-maker. He called it "Clinton's —The Cafeteria of the Golden Rule." He decorated it with palm trees, brought in cages of singing birds, constructed a rock fountain whose blue-lighted waters fed a "wishing well" into which customers could throw coins that, duplicated by Clinton, would go toward feeding the poor of the city.

He opened a "guests' exchange" which listed services or commodities for his patrons' mutual benefit.

He abolished tipping, paid his help well, called them his "boys and girls" and his "associates."

He installed a free lending library, a free advisory service for the troubled; furnished lollipops, bibs, and high chairs for youngsters; taught his customers how to budget their food expenses, extended those short of funds a meal-credit plan; offered free bridge talks and free meeting rooms for clubs, hired cheerful "associates" to visit—and help, if possible—the sick, and on each table placed a free pamphlet called Food 4 Thot. On the back of each meal check he printed this offer:

"Regardless of the amount of this check, our cashier will cheerfully accept whatever you wish to pay—or you may dine free."

In one ninety-day period ten thousand patrons walked out of his place without paying their checks.

One of his earliest customers was a friendly judge, who said to him, "Mr. Clinton, I'll make you a wager that within a year I'll see you in my court."

Clinton was puzzled. "What court are you in, sir?"

The judge smiled. "Bankruptcy,' he said gently.

For the first six months it seemed a sure thing. Clinton's competitors tried to price-cut him out of existence. Working feverishly, with his wife Nelda beside him, he outlasted them. He bought a second restaurant to handle the overflow, and now serves an average of 16,000 meals a day. The bankruptcy-court judge still eats there.

Clinton's administration of his Golden Rule cafeteria attracted the attention of John Anson Ford, an ex-newspaperman who had come to Los Angeles fifteen years before and had stepped from the advertising business into the office of County Supervisor in 1934.

Politically unfettered, he turned his attention to Los Angeles' $12,000,000 General Hospital. He found indications of tremendous waste in its kitchen and dining room. (Frank L. Shaw, before he became mayor, was a member of the County Board of Supervisors, and in that capacity had much to do with the building and equipping of the General Hospital as well as the employment of personnel.) Since Ford knew nothing about running a dining room, he went to see Clinton, whom he had met casually.

"Mr. Clinton," he proposed, "would you head a committee and go with two other people and make a quiet investigation of the conditions at General Hospital? Purely as a civic contribution, of course."

Ford knew that the little restaurant man was tremendously busy. He did not expect him to accept. But he had failed to take into account Clinton's deep-seated civic pride and sense of duty to his fellow citizens.

"Why, sure," Clinton agreed.

He had had so little time for anything but his restaurants that, as to politics, he was a babe in the woods. Yet, with two fellow committee members, he did a good job at General Hospital. They introduced reforms in management that saved the taxpayers of the county $120,000 a year.

Clinton felt pretty happy about it all—not dreaming that he had stepped on a dragon's tail.

The General Hospital had been the dumping ground for a number of local wastrels and incompetents. The city and county administrations had given them jobs there.

Two years before, in 1933, Mayor Shaw's administration had come into power. The city and county administrations worked harmoniously together, and retribution came swiftly upon Clinton. His economy report was published, and a pro-Shaw press immediately ridiculed him. Ford read the scathing stories.

"That's the last we'll see of Clinton," he told himself. "He's a business man. He can't afford to invite that kind of attack."

He went around to tell Clinton he was sorry about the derogatory newspaper stories.

"That's perfectly all right, John Anson," Clinton told him. "You go right ahead with this. Push it. It's the truth, and I'll stick by you."

But the political machine began to belt Clinton where it hurt. His cafeterias became the scenes of an epidemic of food "poisonings." One after another, men and women came in, ate a meal, and were rushed groaning to hospitals. Professional "floppers" began to fall and injure themselves on his tile floors. Stink bombs popped so frequently that he had to install an emergency stand. It became so bad that he fastened to his restaurant door a sign beginning: "*Enter at your own risk . . .*"

Now, Clinton, though a novice, was not a fool. He began to see, between his report on General Hospital and these happenings, a subtle connection. The "food-poisoned" persons were almost invariably taken to the City Receiving Hospital so that the cases would be publicly noted on the Board of Health records. Threats of suits usually followed, but quickly melted away. Only one actually came to court; was thrown out before Clinton even presented a defense.

Nonetheless, when in 1936 County Supervisor John Anson Ford ran for mayor against Frank L. Shaw, who was seeking a second term, Clinton went on the air from his restaurant, endorsing Ford.

It was then that the machine really set out to pin his ears back.

When he had purchased his second cafeteria, he had spent more than $100,000 rebuilding it—this despite the fact that it had been run for years previously by a big chain, and presumably conformed to all state and city building and sanitary codes. That, however, did not stop the Health Department from swooping down upon him now. He had to change this. He had to change that. Public officials charged that his restaurants were "filthy." Taxes on one of his places were raised $6,700 a year. Attempts were made to incite labor trouble. Whispering campaigns got under way. Some of his regular customers told him frankly that while they sympathized with his interest in clean government and liked his food, they were afraid to eat in his restaurants.

One evening, early in 1937, a man came to his home and served him with a subpoena, explaining: "You're being subpoenaed to serve on the grand jury."

It is a fact that Clifford E. Clinton, the man who was to upset the whole administration of one of America's largest cities, did not know, less than three years ago, what a grand jury was! He thought this subpoena was another sly trick to damage him or his business. He phoned first his partner, then his lawyer. They assured him that it was a civic honor to serve on the grand jury.

He was pretty tickled about it then. It vindicated his whole philosophy of service.

He had no idea at the time how he had come to be singled out. What had happened was this: The grand-jury panel in Los Angeles is made up of names submitted by judges of the Superior Court. Two persons, impressed by Clinton's fearless and sensible report on General Hospital (one of them was a secretary of John Anson Ford), had submitted his name to one of those judges—Fletcher Bowron, the man who today is mayor. At the time, he did not know Clinton, nor did Clinton know him.

Clinton told his wife of his good fortune. She posed a practical point: "But how long will you have to serve?"

He hadn't thought of that. He called his lawyer again, and came away from the phone a bit dejected. He would have to serve a full year, and it would take up a lot of his time. "I don't see how I can spare the time from our business," he said.

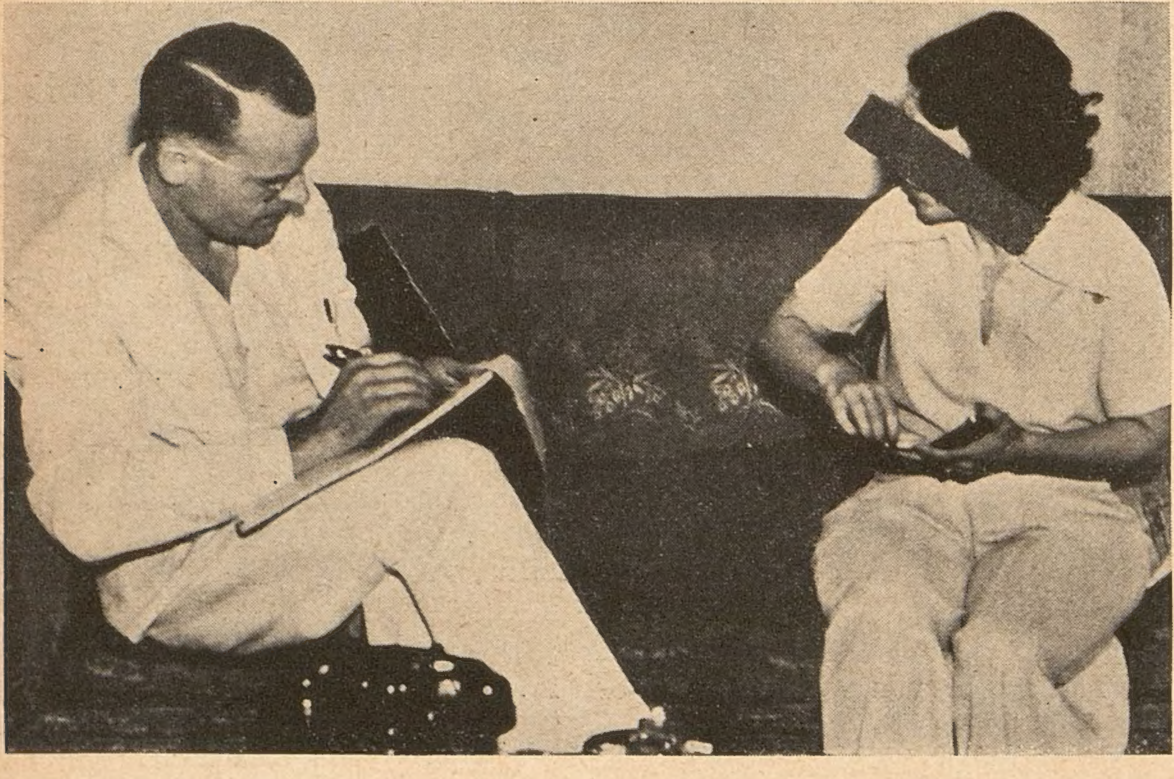
They talked it over. "Los Angeles has been pretty good to us," Mrs. Clinton reminded him. And he couldn't very well walk out on his own philosophy of service. Altogether, he didn't attempt to duck grand-jury service.

On a February afternoon in 1937, fifteen men and four women stood up in Judge William Tell Aggeler's courtroom in Los Angeles' Hall of Justice and raised their right hands as the bailiff administered an oath:

"You and each of you will support the Constitution of the United States and the State of California . . . and will diligently inquire into and true presentment make of all public offenses against the people of this state committed or triable within this county of which you have or can obtain legal evidence. . . ."

These nineteen were to constitute the 1937 grand jury. At least one of them, Clifford E. Clinton, was tremendously impressed by the solemnity of the moment. And suddenly Judge Aggeler was speaking. He was instructing them — using verbatim the masterful instructions earlier prepared by Judge Fletcher Bowron for the 1934 grand jury, a body whose search beneath the surface of city and county government of Los Angeles first stirred the uneasy civic suspicion that all might not be well in the West Coast's metropolis:

"A grand jury should never forget that it sits as the great inquest between the state and the citizen. . . . If this grand jury so conducts



Clifford E. Clinton obtains, from a California B-girl, fact-bombs for the battle to clean up Los Angeles.

itself by its fair, fearless, independent, and courageous action as to gain the respect and confidence of the people of this county; if you will demonstrate that you stand for strict enforcement of law without influence —private, political, or otherwise— then you will receive an abundance of truthful information, supported by legal evidence, that should result in bringing many criminals to justice and causing numerous others to cease their criminal practices. . . . What could be a finer public service?

" If you have reason to believe that public officials are guilty of corrupt or willful misconduct in office, if you have reason to believe that graft or corruption or bribery exists—*wherever it may be found and regardless of who may be involved*—in such a situation I charge you to act diligently, faithfully, and courageously."

Clifford E. Clinton was astounded. This was no mere empty honor! He and his fellow grand jurors were here to do a good job! He left the Hall of Justice with the words of his oath and the words of Judge Aggeler ringing in his mind.

But how in heaven's name, he wondered, when a body with such power for civic good had been sitting year after year, could corruption exist?

Photo by Putnam Studio

Fletcher Bowron, Los Angeles' new mayor and Clinton's steadfast ally.

Before long he was able to figure out the answer for himself. He recalled, for instance, that some of his restaurants' customers were policemen who had mentioned to him, casually, that some of their fellow officers owned houses of prostitution and bookmaking joints. He hadn't paid much attention at the time.

The city was flooded with marble and pin machines. These hadn't disturbed him much, either.

He had heard of bookies running to the Hall of Justice to accept bets from some of the city officials inside. And he had probably laughed when he heard it.

Now he saw these things in a new light. He realized that municipal government could be a vicious racket. If the laws were not being enforced, then the officials sworn to enforce them deserved to be thrown out.

John Anson Ford, who led Clinton to enlist in the cause of civic decency.

His first act as a member of the grand jury was to submit a motion that it make an intensive investigation into gambling and prostitution.

This was an invitation to disaster. Not only was he stepping on the toes of a powerful and corrupt Los Angeles administration, but he was attacking the very sources of wealth and power of an invisible underworld government that had long smashed every man who had annoyed it.

Moreover, the grand jury was not solidly behind him. Some of his fellow jurors were afraid, some were indebted to the administration for business favors, and some were directly connected with the underworld czars. All in all, they stood ready to beat down his efforts to expose crime by a vote of twelve to seven.

Grand-jury packing had for years been one of the strongest weapons of the invisible government. Through campaign contributions, some of the judges of the Superior Court were induced to submit names of potential jurors who would be favorable, the " boys in the back room "—who, as gamblers, knew that if enough " friendly " names were put into the jury wheel, the panel of thirty-three names drawn would surely include a big percentage in their favor.

Whether or not this grand jury of which Clinton was a member was packed, he was licked before he started.

To understand why, it is well to go back and examine the circumstances that brought Los Angeles' underworld despotism into being.

IN the Yukon gold-rush days of Alaska, Charles Crawford, located in Seattle, booked dance-hall entertainers for the Far North. It was a profitable business. Alexander (the Greek) Pantages was clearing $8,000 a day with a single clapboard establishment.

Crawford was a hard-fisted fellow, shrewd, openhanded, addicted to gambling, loud clothes, and big diamonds. As his wealth increased, he opened the elaborate Northern Club on Yessler Way in Seattle. Its wide-open operation led to a graft investigation that resulted in the recall of a mayor and the conviction of another city official.

A few years later Crawford came to Los Angeles, where railway, irrigation, and other projects were under way or a-borning. Tens of thousands of itinerant laborers were coming into town in search of a good time for their money. Crawford opened the Maple Bar saloon on Fifth Street. It became the meeting place of ward heelers, crooks, crooked cops, and politicians. Some of the biggest confidence-game operators in the country frequented it. Talk on the street had it that it was Pantages' money in the saloon.

Whatever the facts, " Good-Time Charlie " Crawford's rise was swift. For a while he managed a Los Angeles hotel that featured liquor, gambling, and wenches. With the profits he bought control of the Los Angeles municipal administration, including the police department. He became ostensibly respectable. He took off most of his big diamonds, discarded his gambler's clothes, avoided his shady acquaintances, and opened a real-estate office as a blind.

He also acquired a front man to take over his now vast prostitution and gambling enterprises. This man was Mario Albori, more commonly known as Albert Marco, a greasy thug who had recently come to the United States from abroad. Marco soon became known as Los Angeles' " King of the Underworld." From the background, Crawford pulled the strings that made him dance in the limelight.

Only twice, during Charlie Crawford's early days in Los Angeles, did reform movements threaten. Each time the movers were promptly slapped down. Guy Eddy, a fighting city prosecutor, was arrested, charged with a morals offense. Earl Rogers, the West Coast's most famous criminal lawyer, easily won Eddy an acquittal when he established to the satisfaction of the jury that the whole charge was a patent frame-up.

Charles E. Sebastian, a Los Angeles chief of police who was running for mayor, met a similar fate. The morals charge against him was even uglier, and though Rogers won him an acquittal and he, campaining from a jail cell, became mayor, the obvious frame-up so wrecked his peace of mind that he resigned.

But these cases were child's play compared to what, in the 1920s, Councilman Carl I. Jacobson faced.

Jacobson is today a gentle, kindly family man in his sixties. He has been married to the same woman for thirty-four years. He lives in a modest bungalow in the old East Side section of Los Angeles. The signs of the ordeal he went through are still plain in his drawn tired face.

He came to this country from Norway at the age of three. In 1909, when he came to Los Angeles, he was an engineer on the Southern Pacific railroad. Eight years later, his fellow railroaders thought enough of him to elect him chairman of the Board of Adjustment of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

He was appointed to the Los Angeles City Council in 1925. During his first two years he began quietly to investigate Albert Marco. He obtained the addresses of houses of prostitution Marco was managing. He unearthed evidence that Marco was engaged in the business of white slavery.

Marco, through confederates, had brought a woman from New York and instructed her to report to the landlady of a red-light hotel across from City Hall. Word of Jacobson's investigation must have leaked out, for information came to Jacobson that this woman was going to be deported. He went to the Federal Building.

"Who is back of deporting Mrs. ——?" he asked bluntly.

"You'll do well," he was told, "if you handle your work in City Council. We'll take care of the Immigration Department here."

Hardly was he back inside his office when his phone rang. A voice he did not recognize said: "This is a friend. I hear you've just been over to the Immigration Department. I hear you're trying to get some dope on Albert Marco. If you know what's good for you, you'll lay off."

He wrote to the Immigration Department at Washington. Two months later, two of its investigators visited him. He gave them all the information he had. Some of it subsequently resulted in settlement, by Marco, of about $150,000 in taxes owed the government, on four years' earnings.

Deportation of the woman was delayed because she was about to become a mother. Jacobson kept track of her. She was quartered, after the baby was born, in a place on Pleasant Avenue, tended by an old lady. One evening the old lady left the house to go to a store. When she returned, mother and child had vanished.

Jacobson tried for years to locate them, without success. Today he believes they were murdered.

AROUND the time of that incident two men came to his office. One was beefy and dark and round of face. The other did the talking:

"Mr. Jacobson, this is Mr. Marco. I brought him here because I felt that if you could see and talk with him you'd find he isn't such a bad sort as you may have thought. If you'll be quiet, if you'll drop your fight against him, he'll pay you ten thousand dollars. Is it a bargain?"

Jacobson said it was not.

"Twenty-five thousand?"

"Get out," said Jacobson.

They left. On the floor of the City Council he openly accused Marco of being engaged in white slavery and said he had the evidence to prove it.

Every reliable account indicates that this is where Charlie Crawford stepped in, with a terse order to an official of the city administration: "Get Jacobson."

One August night in 1927, while Jacobson was assisting his daughter to pack, preparatory to leaving for college the next morning, his telephone rang. A woman gave him her name and address and said, "There are some people here at my house talking about that street work. Could you come over for a few minutes and tell them about it?"

He told his daughter he would be gone only a few minutes, for his wife was ill at the time. He arrived at the near-by address he had been given shortly before eight o'clock.

According to his account, the woman admitted him. As he walked beside her down a hallway, every light in the house suddenly went out. In the darkness he was pushed into a bedroom by some men. His clothes were disarranged. One shoe was taken off. Flashlights carried by these men picked out two glasses, partly filled with liquor, standing beside a bottle on the dresser.

WHEN the house lights came on, sometime later, he found himself surrounded by police officers. They told him he was under arrest and, he says, asked him to sign a blank paper.

"I'll rot in jail first," he answered. "If you have anything to arrest me for, take me to jail and book me as you would any other person."

Instead, he was driven to a police official's home. The men left him alone in the car while they went in. The ignition key was left in the car and a revolver was left beside him on the back seat. Whether he was expected to flee or to shoot himself does not appear. He just sat there and waited.

The police official returned late from a prize fight. From his home they drove to the Chamber of Commerce Building which at that time sheltered a hide-out office of the Central Vice Squad. Though Jacobson presumably had been arrested on a city misdemeanor charge, they sent for the district attorney of Los Angeles County, Asa Keyes, who, he says, tried vainly to get him to admit that the presumable charge was true. Again he was asked to sign a statement, sight unseen. He was told he could then go home and they would "forget" the arrest. He refused. Finally he himself wrote down exactly what had happened, and signed that. One of the men in the room said, "This won't help us a bit."

"If you've got anything on me," Jacobson again insisted, "take me to jail and quit this nonsense."

A man said, "We'll drive down past the Biltmore. I'll get a check cashed and put up the money for your bail."

"Thanks," said Jacobson. "You needn't bother."

Rumor later had it that Charles Crawford at that moment was in a room at the Biltmore Hotel where one of the raiding officers had already phoned him that Jacobson's "mouth had been closed."

Jacobson was taken to the old Central Police Station and booked on a lewd vagrancy charge. Reporters found him. They did not find Helen Ferguson, in whose house he had been arrested. She had, it seems, been booked on another charge, and either she had had $500 bail money with her or some one had supplied it for her in record time. Reporters discovered that her correct name was Mrs. Callie Grimes, that she was the sister-in-law of a member of the Vice Squad, and—when they arrived at his home some time later—that she was packing her suitcases for a hurried trip to San Francisco.

JACOBSON meanwhile gave a bail-bond broker his premium check for a $500 bond and the turnkey was about to release him when a phone rang. The turnkey answered it and said, "I'm sorry, councilman, but I have instructions not to let you out under any consideration."

Jacobson was alarmed by now. "Let me use that phone," he said. It was dead when he picked up the receiver.

He felt a moment of panic. They were holding him, refusing him his freedom on bond. But why?

He realized that they had a technical excuse for whatever they were doing. Often prisoners arrested on "morals" charges can be kept in technical custody until a physical examination has been made. If they are free of disease, they can then win their freedom on bond.

An attorney friend of his, M. O. Graves, arrived and said, "We've got to get you out of here."

"Yes," he agreed. "How did you know I was in jail?"

Graves explained. A policeman who knew and liked Jacobson had overheard something. The policeman had called a doctor, who had telephoned the attorney.

"You see, Carl," Graves added, "what has happened so far, as I get it, is only the beginning of the plot. Do you know of a woman named Mary ——?"

The puzzled Jacobson nodded. "She's a landlady for Marco at that joint he runs on Main Street."

"Right. Well, the story is that there's a plan to inject some of her blood into your veins."

"In heaven's name, what for?"

His face blanched as the attorney answered quietly:

"She has syphilis, Carl."

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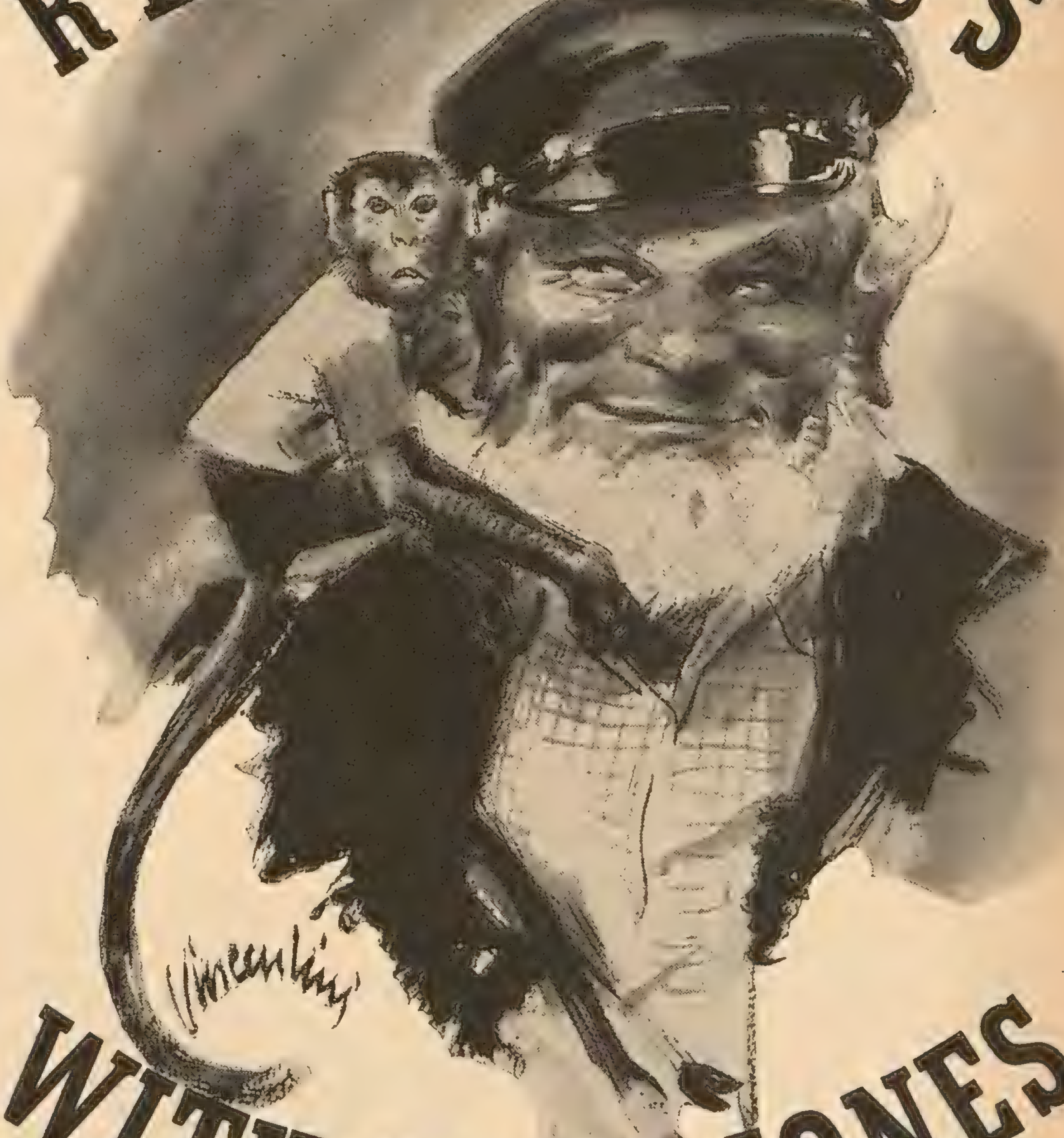
*Did Jacobson manage to free himself, in time, from this terrifying "technical custody"? What came of the "morals" charge against him and of his charges against Crawford and Marco? You'll find the facts in Liberty next week—and, with them, the amazing inside story of the shooting of Crawford and his press agent by that handsome young reform candidate for municipal judge, Dave Clark!*

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

# RENDEZVOUS WITH DAVY JONES



### A haunting, heart-searching tale of what fate and Hollywood did to an old salt and his ship

### BY PAUL DERESCO AUGSBURG

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

A FACTORY tooter on the Oakland side whistled for noon. "Eight bells," said Pinky and stopped his sweeping to gaze across the estuary. The sea-scarred poop of the Linda Race was clean as a bar in Shanghai's bund; the brass of her binnacle shone in the sun; her bell gleamed too, for the polishing art had been drilled into Pinky by hard-toed mates. "Eight bells it is; eight bells it shall be"—and he made his way stiffly across the deck to seize the clapper rope and let strike.

Molly, chattering briskly in her excitement, landed with a plunk on Pinky's shoulder.

"Eight bells," he informed her—"time for wictuals."

Molly leaned over to peer at him with serious, almost anxious eyes. Her head was no larger than Pinky's fist. Her simian face had a look always worried, as though she were saying, "I'm a foreigner here; California's far from my native Siam. But I trust you, Pinky. I know you would never let me be harmed."

In the skipper's cabin below the poop Pinky paused just to look and admire. *His* home—his and little Molly's. Dwelling in style in the Old Man's quarters! *He*, who had slept the best part of his life in fo'c'sle bunks or, when he was bo's'n, in the deckhouse.

Molly sprang to the desk where a dozen skippers, rocked by the seven restless seas, had kept their logs and charted their course as the Linda Race ran down her eastings or fought toward her rendezvous with the land. The monkey was wearing its yellow sweater—the one with the anchor worked in purple, for Pinky's knitting was something to see.

He beamed. Contented he was, and happy. He had his home and his family too. There was nothing more he could ask of life than to live it out on board this ship with Molly to keep him from feeling lone.

The sound of a motorboat cut through his thoughts and Pinky went to a porthole to look.

"By Harry, it's Mr. Cradlebaugh! Coming aboard, and he ain't alone."

Panic gripped Pinky. Mr. Cradlebaugh, the owner's agent, had never set a foot on the Linda since she was first anchored here in the mud like an old horse turned out to graze. Always, the first of every month, Pinky had gone instead to him, to get his pay and then purchase his stores.

Now he thought, They're selling poor old Linda! That fellow there, he's a-come to buy her and break her up for copper and scrap. His stricken eyes moved about the room. It got blurred in Pinky's sight, for now he was helpless, old.

"Come, Molly." She jumped to his sagging shoulder and out they went to the empty deck.

Pinky glanced at the three bare masts, the yards squared neatly without a stitch. He gulped. Twelve years he had stayed with the Linda Race—five at sea as A. B. and bo's'n, the rest as her caretaker here in port. She was Pinky's home. The only home he had ever known.

Mr. Cradlebaugh's head appeared over the bulwark.

"Hello, Mickleby. You sober?"

Pinky, aggrieved and hurt, said nothing. Not a drop had he drunk in eleven years, and to be accused—and in front of a stranger! The man with the agent looked at Pinky with quick amused eyes. He was no one special. Not dressed like a swell, as Cradlebaugh was, but in baggy pants and a V-neck sweater, his collar opened around his throat, and a tight little cap upon his head like the stevedores wear in the ports of France.

The fellow put out his hand to Molly. She gave him her paw and, just that friendly, climbed right over to sit on his arm.

Mr. Cradlebaugh said, very pleased about it, "This gentleman's up from Hollywood. Ever go to the movies? No, you wouldn't"—as if they were way over Pinky's head. "Must be an experience, Mr. Huff, meeting some one that's never even heard of *you!*"

The other just grunted, being too busy playing with Molly. The agent went on: "Mr. Huff's a famous director. If he likes the Race, he's going to buy her to use in a movie."

Pinky stood blinking, torn between pride in the Linda and fear of losing his cherished home.

Huff, with Molly riding his shoulder, asked, "You've sailed her, eh?"

"Aye, Mr. Puff, I shipped as bo's'n. There's naught I don't know about the Linda. Twelve years I'm living aboard her. She's—she's—" The words got choked in his throat.

Mr. Huff looked hard at him, seeing right into his desperate heart, and then he said kindly, "Don't worry, old-timer. I'll need an expert. What's your name?"

"It's Mickleby, sir."

"Yes, but what else?"

"Well . . . . Mortimer," Pinky confessed, abashed. "That's what the old lady loaded me with when I was a infant and couldn't talk back."

Huff grinned. "I know how it is. They loaded me with Archibald! What was your name when you could talk back?"

"Pinky."

"That's more like. I'm Butch. You're on the pay roll, Pinky old salt, starting right now. Five dollars a day."

THEY towed the Linda down the coast and tied her up in Pedro harbor. An army of workmen took her in hand, and before they were finished she looked to Pinky like nothing that ever sailed the seas. Staterooms, a projection room for rushes, washrooms with showers, a whopping galley. They cut square holes along her bulwarks and slung on cannon to clutter her deck. They built up her poop and over her counter installed real windows with curtains on them.

Her name they changed to Aguila de Oro.

When the company trooped aboard and they went to sea, Pinky felt fairly sick. Instead of the Old Man's spacious cabin, he had just a bunk in a room which he shared with a lot of young squirts who spoke a lingo that Pinky could scarcely follow. Words like "jive" and "klieg" and "make-up" and "jeepers creepers."

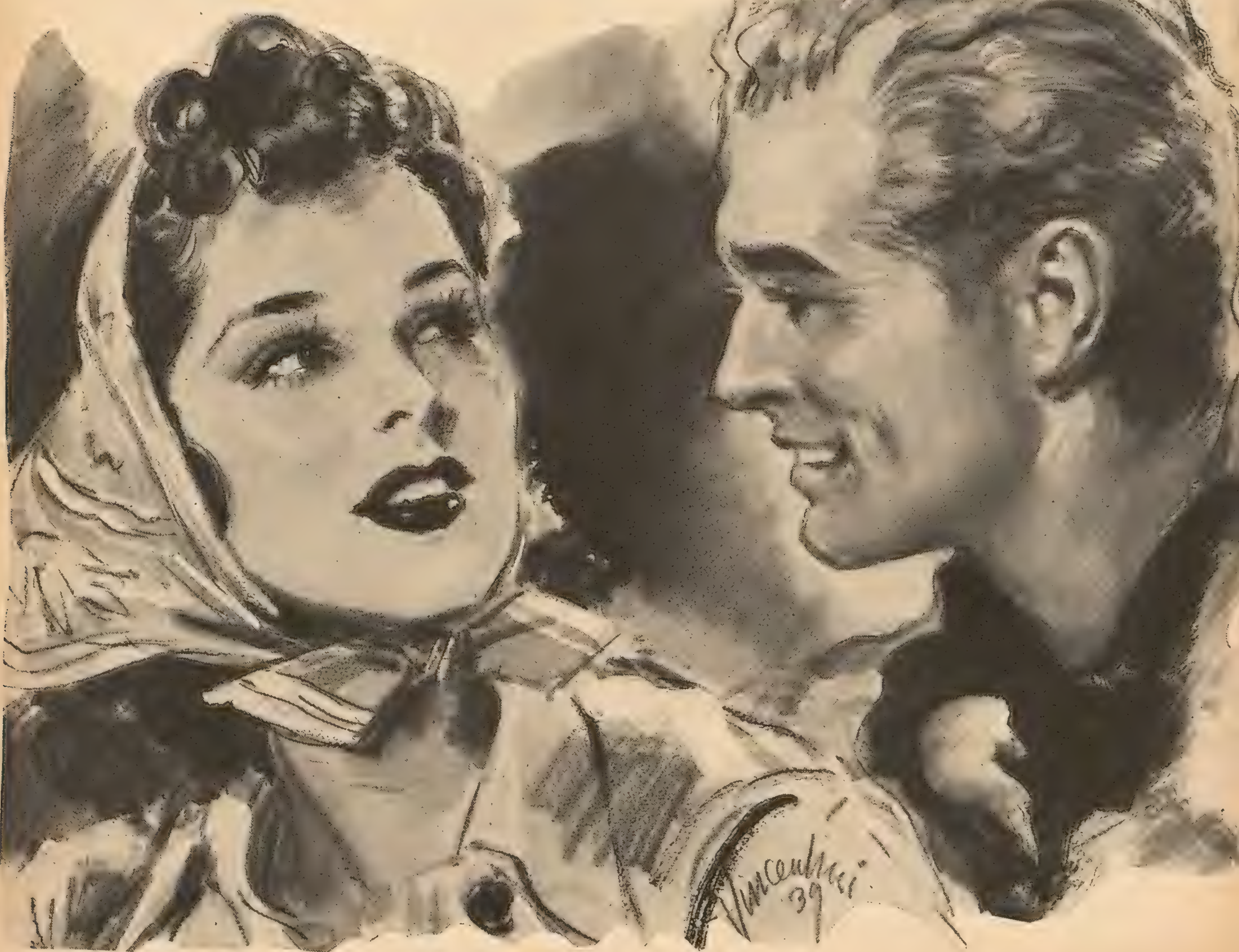
And the way they smelled! Like a sporting girl with fancy perfumery, some of those squirts. From the start he was Gran'pa to all and sundry excepting Huff, who called him Pinky and gave him to know that his name was still Butch—even though most of the squirts, Pinky noticed, called him, respectful-like, *Mr.* Huff.

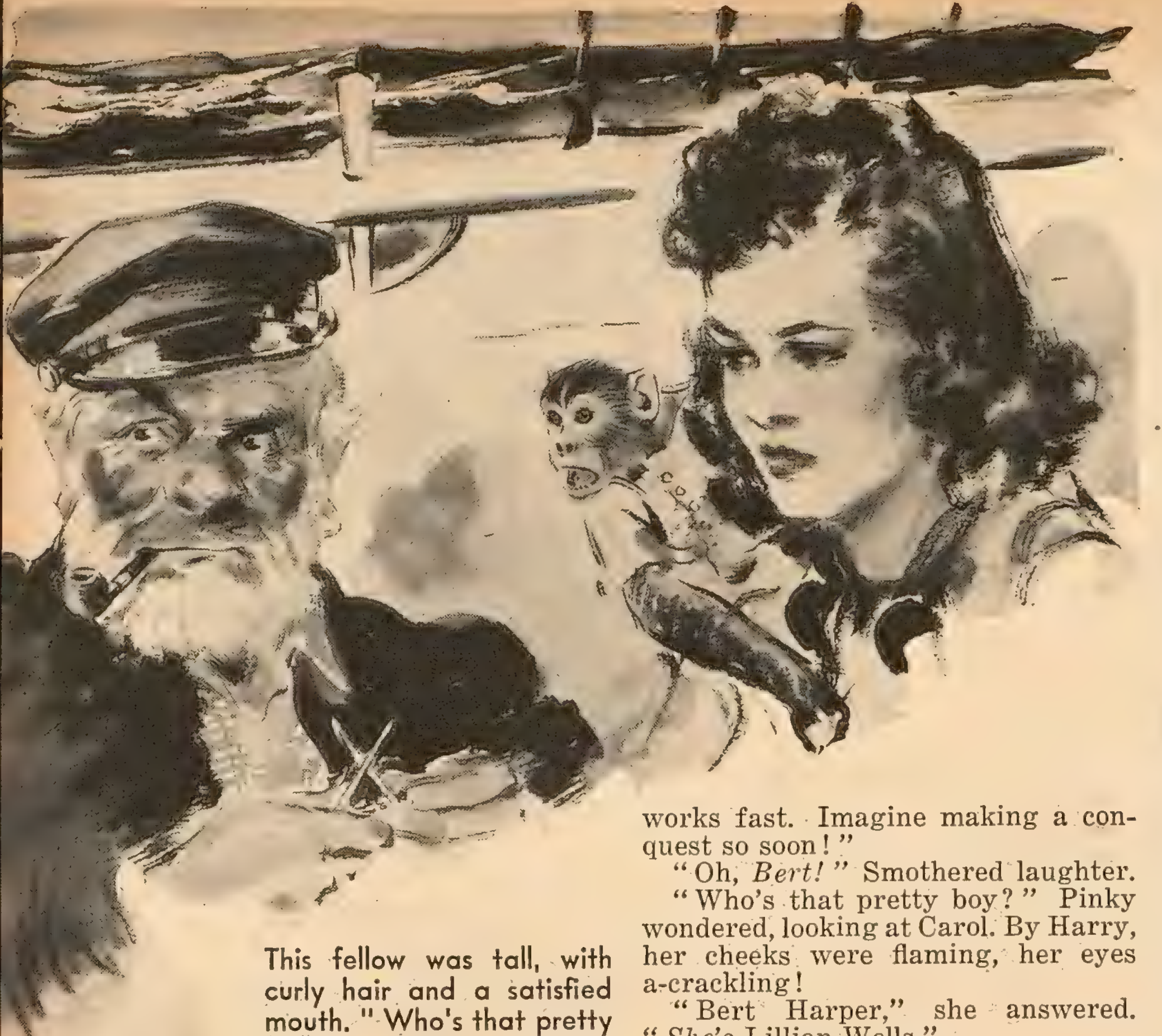
There were women as well as men on the Linda. Pretty ones, too; most of them blondes and very breakable-looking, like china.

One of these women was Carol Lane. Pinky met her the first day out. Having nothing to do, he went on deck with his needles and yarn and settled himself by the foremost fife rail and started to knit.

"Hello. What you making?" This girl had dark hair and wide gray eyes, and she wore brown pants with flapping legs, and she was doing some knitting too.

"It's a little sweater for Molly," said Pinky, as Carol sat down on the deck beside him. "She's got two now,





This fellow was tall, with curly hair and a satisfied mouth. "Who's that pretty boy?" Pinky wondered.

but I figger it's time she ought to be having a diff'rent color. Molly ain't made for the climate here. It gets mighty hot where she come from, which was just some few degrees off the Line."

The girl, staring, puzzled, started to ask him who Molly was, when the monkey appeared—frightened. She plunked into Pinky's lap and, talking the way she did when scared, looked up at his face for reassurance. Carol was taken with her at once, and pretty soon Molly got over her fright and was snuggled against the young lady's blouse.

"Yes, ma'am, she's a werry affectionate tyke. *She* can tell if a body likes her, and that is all she asks or cares. Molly's my family. She's all I've got. I don't hardly know what I'd do without her."

A girl strolled by with a fellow, both smoking cigarettes. The girl smiled brightly at Carol Lane. It was just, Pinky thought, like she'd pulled a lanyard and the smile came out automatic. She said, "My dear, what a lovely child!"—meaning Molly, in Carol's lap.

The monkey commenced to chatter, frightened again and trembling. This fellow scared her, guessed Pinky. An ancient hate stirred deep inside him, reminded of some one else he had known. This fellow was tall and downright pretty, with curly hair and a satisfied mouth.

When they moved on he said, with a drawl too loud to be missed, "You've got to hand it to Lane. She works fast. Imagine making a conquest so soon!"

"Oh, *Bert!*" Smothered laughter.

"Who's that pretty boy?" Pinky wondered, looking at Carol. By Harry, her cheeks were flaming, her eyes a-crackling!

"Bert Harper," she answered. "*She's* Lillian Wells."

Lillian Wells meant nothing to Pinky. He'd never so much as heard of the star.

The sun got hotter, climbing the sky. Then Pinky peeled off Molly's sweater, and up she scampered into the gear to play. Carol put down her knitting to watch.

At last she exclaimed, "Pinky, you're sweet—the way you treat Molly, like a real pal."

It was strange how she looked at him just then, her eyes sort of tender and very friendly. But even Pinky was vaguely aware that this girl was unhappy.

"I'm going to play with her," she said suddenly.

She bounded away, leaped for the ratlines and swung herself up. Pinky rose, staring. There she went, as nimbly as ever a fo'c'sle hand, ascending the yards, with a squall blowing up. Lower topsail yard, upper topsail yard, topgallant yard, to the royal stick. Molly and Carol playing aloft, chasing each other!

It was as good as a circus stunt to the people below. They gave her a hand; and when she came down, little Molly with her, they crowded around.

A dad could have been no prouder than Pinky. He was beaming his pleasure when Huff hurried up and elbowed his way till he got to Molly. He put out his arm while she climbed aboard it, his eyes searching quickly around the circle.

"Here, Bert, we're going to make a change. You've got a pet monkey—get the gag? Swell human-interest stuff," he added. "You better start making friends with her now."

"Oh, it's a *she?*" some other man said. "A set-up, Bert—right down your alley!"

They laughed. It was way over Pinky's head. But when he saw Harper approach the director and heard Molly chatter he knew she was scared. Huff tried to make her go to Harper. She clung all the harder, while over his shoulder appealing eyes looked to Pinky for help.

"It won't do, Butch," he spoke up stoutly. "Molly's a werry pertikler lady. She just don't like the cut of his jib."

By Harry! There'd been laughs on board the Linda, like the time the Finn lost his pants up aloft, but nothing to match the roar that broke now. Harper, instead of laughing, got mad, which made the rest laugh all the harder. Pinky laughed too. He saw the pretty boy glaring at him as if nothing short of murder would do.

OFF the coast of Lower California the tug cast loose and they broke out sails and went ahead to shoot the picture. Some real A. B.s were on board the Linda, as well as actors to speak the lines. But even these hands were rigged like the rest, in clothes such as Pinky had never seen. *He* was too. Butch made him an actor! He wore a fancy sash at his belt and a patch on one eye and carried a cutlass.

Day after day they cruised up and down. A pirate ship, that's what she was, with a skull-and-crossbones flag at her gaff; and there was a Spanish town on the coast which was made of painted wood and canvas; and these buccaneers had to row ashore and sack the place. That explained the women. The women were brought aboard as prizes, after the town had been captured and robbed.

Harper, the ladies' man, was a sort of mate in the pirate ship. He would read from a paper, learning his speech, and then, when Butch gave the order to go, he'd cast a wise look at the canvas and yell, "Luff, you thrice-cursed son of a pig! *Madre de Dios*, you lose our tops'ls, I'll slit your throat from ear to earring!" Very tough he sounded, and full of salt; only, without that paper to tell him, he wouldn't have known a topsail leech from the tail of his shirt. And him the mate!

In the picture Harper and Lillian Wells were like a pair of strange dogs together. But not when the camera wasn't looking. Pinky, leaning against the bulwark close to where the hook hung catted, watched them from under troubled brows. The starboard anchor was down for the night, the Linda riding the swells. Somewhere a mandolin was tunking.

Pretty soon Carol came strolling by. She said, "Hello," and stood there with him, absent-mindedly petting Molly. Pinky gave her a sidelong glance. Subdued she was, looking out at the sea in the darkness beyond.

At last he ventured a cautious opening: "When they made you walk that plank today, wasn't you scairt?"

"It's my job," she shrugged. "I'm

paid to double for Lillian Wells. She's worth too much to take chances like that, but if anything happens to me—so what?"

"I say the man's loony," Pinky blurted. "You're prettier'n she is, better all round."

"Wha-a-at!" she exclaimed. "I don't understand."

"I heard it last night whilst I lay in my bunk. A couple of them young actors was talking."

"About what?" she asked.

"About you and that Harper. Said you was married. And Harper is hopping mad at Butch for hiring you to work in this movie."

Carol said, "Oh!" and then laughed. "Oh, *that*. Yes, Pinky, it's true I'm Mrs. Harper. Sad but true. If I weren't— But I am. So you think I'm prettier? Bless your heart."

"But don't you *care* if—" the old man started and, suddenly flustered, couldn't go on.

"If his interest's elsewhere? Not in the least. I'm used to that. They're welcome to him."

She meant it too; he could see that she did. The dead years stirred in their shroud of time, and over the hazy bridge of the past Pinky was viewing another Pinky, a lusty young Pinky with flaming beard and a pair of tough fists and a girl in his heart. Her name was Molly and he was in love—so much in love there was nothing for it but Molly and he would have to get spliced. One last trip to save some money, and then they would go and find a parson.

He made that voyage. He came back too—and found she was Mrs. Somebody Else. A slick sort of fellow a lot like Harper.

LEANING against the Linda's bulwark, he told that story to Carol Lane.

"Each time I come back I looked up Molly. That fellow she married wasn't no good. He went around with other women, and he beat her, I heard." Pinky looked at Carol, trying to see how she took this last. "Not that Molly ever told me. I didn't hear about how he beat her till it was too late. But if I'd knew! I heard of it after Molly was dead, when I come back again. She died of a busted heart, the neighbors told me."

Carol just stared at him, saying nothing.

"I looked for that fellow, but he'd went away. I guess he knew what'd happen to him. I never left ship but I carried my knife."

She patted his hand. After a moment, like thinking out loud, she said, "Why are women such fools? There's a man back home. He's still as much in love with me as you were with Molly." He heard her sigh. "Hollywood! They can have it, Pinky. How I wish I could leave it and—"

"Go back to *him?*" he put in eagerly.

"It's no use. I don't believe in getting divorced."

Pinky felt helpless, confronted by matters far beyond his limited scope. Religion, likely. Pinky had heard there were lots of people who figured the Lord disapproved of divorce.

He spat at the foam where a lifting ground swell broke its smooth crest on the Linda's stem.

"I found a burn in Molly's tail. Like some mean swab took a cigarette and touched her with it. I could make a smart guess who it was."

THE blow fell on Pinky like sudden lightning. He encountered Butch Huff on his way to the room where the rushes of each day's take were shown. Butch said, "Come on, Pinky, let's go to a show," and the door closed behind them, the lights were turned out, and Lillian Wells started raising the roof. There she was on the screen, just as real as life, telling Bert Harper where he could get off.

Pinky sat staring as if in a trance. This movie, he'd heard, would cost two million, and Butch got *three hundred thousand* a year! Rich, he was, a famous director; and yet he could josh with Pinky and act no more proud than some swab on the beach.

Butch said, "A couple more days will finish us up."

"A couple more days," said Pinky eagerly. "You're a-going to be done with the Linda then?"

"Hardly," grinned Butch. "She's the star of the film. She's going to bow out in a blaze of glory. In technicolor. With all sails set and her ensign flying. We'll rake the old girl from stem to stern, alow and aloft. Down to Davy Jones! The scourge of the seas sinks under the waves—"

"Sinks!" Pinky cried in dismay. "You're a-going to *sink* the Linda, Butch?"

Huff was very kind about it. But a man who spends two million dollars to make a movie can't change his plans just to keep an old man from losing his home. Besides, he'd provide for Pinky, he said.

The two days passed like nothing at all. A steamer came down from Pedro harbor and anchored a quarter mile to leeward. The launches kept crossing back and forth; and some of the company, Pinky noticed, were already leaving to board the steamer.

He stood there with Molly perched on his arm, a dejected old man with a heart full of lead.

A bunch of the actors gathered on the fo'c'slehead, whooping it up.

"Come on, Gran'pa, give us a chantey."

"Huh?" Pinky started.

"Oil him up first."

Somebody put a glass in his hand. He started to tell them, "I ain't drunk a drop in eleven years." But he thought of the Linda, *saw* her sinking, and changed his mind. He hoisted the glass while those actors cheered. The next thing he knew, he was walking the capstan, his gray beard bobbing in time to the tune, his pipe of a voice lifted up to the stars. They liked it, too.

"Give us another."

"All right," said Pinky. "This here is called the Randso song, being as how it's about this Randso, who wasn't no sailor, much as he tried. When the mate he'd holler to strike a light—"

He stopped abruptly. Where was Molly? Out of the fog in his brain rose a ghost, a squareheaded swab named Axel Larson. He had rolled aboard when the Linda Race—her last cargo voyage—lay moored off Saigon. Drunk as a fool and mean with the grog; and he had got hold of little Molly and started to plague her, his breath in her face; till Pinky grabbed a belaying pin and knocked him cold to save her from harm.

That explained it. The smell of the booze had scared her. Little Molly, gentle just like a girl, was frightened of *him*, her trusted friend, and had run away so as not to get hurt!

"Swing it, Gran'pa. What about Randso?"

But Pinky turned and went, reeling slightly, along the deck, peering aloft, calling out, "Molly! Come down, Molly."

There was no answering chirp from the gear.

HE stumbled below where the staterooms were. He could hear angry voices behind a door. Carol Lane emerged from a cabin.

He called her name, but she didn't hear him. She was walking away from Pinky fast. He started to follow, and then he stopped when he noticed that Molly wasn't with her.

"Molly!"

She heard him. She knew his voice. She had been dragging along the passage, but now at the sound of her name she collapsed. He picked her up. She was trying to talk—trying to tell him why she was bleeding, why her bones were broken. She clung to him weakly. Her little brown eyes were dimming fast, and Pinky knew that she was dying.

Tears ran down his cheeks. He sat on a bunk and held her close, talking to Molly as he'd always done, as if she could understand what he said.

"As soon as I remembered, I come. I remembered Axel and how he done you, and right that moment I put down my glass." There was more. "I'm a-going to miss you, Molly. You gone . . . and now they're sinking the Linda!"

He felt her shudder, and then she lay still. For a while he sat there holding her to him. Molly was gone, but he kept on talking to her:

"I know who done it! There's only one fellow mean enough to do you like this. He hated you, and he hates me too—like he hates *her*."

Pinky got to his feet. Still carrying Molly, he entered the passage. The door he was looking for stood ajar. He pushed it open. Harper glanced up, then quickly put his hand behind him.

But Pinky had seen. He knew those marks. With his foot the old man closed the door, and they stood looking at each other.

At last Pinky spoke. "She bit you," he said.

" All right, damn you, she bit me. So what? "

" She wouldn't if you'd have let her alone. She never did bite unless she had cause."

He placed his dead friend on Harper's bunk. As he did so Pinky noticed the bulkhead. That was her fur where he'd beat her against it—her fur with a little wet smear of her blood.

His eyes kept going back to the stain. Harper, contemptuous of him, silent, was bandaging his hand.

Pinky grasped the knife which he wore at his belt. The same sharp blade he had carried aloft in many a blow, in many a clime. He was not just a harmless oldster now, but that younger, wilder Pinky of yore whose beard flamed red and whose heart held a girl. And this actor, strangely, was the man who had broken the life of another Molly long years ago.

Harper turned on him savagely, snarling, " Get to hell out—"

Then he saw the knife. His eyes opened wide and he tried to call, but that was the moment when Pinky sprang. A backhand thrust. The knife flashed again. Harper sank down on the cabin floor, and over the stillness that filled the room came the lusty chant of the Hollywood boys:

" So fare you well, my bonny young girls,
For I'm bound to the Rio Grande."

PINKY was standing there staring at Harper, telling himself, " He's dead; I killed him," when he heard quick steps. Carol Lane burst into the cabin.

" He's dead." Pinky spoke the words aloud. " I killed him, the same as he done Molly."

She shut the door and leaned against it, her hand on her breast, her cheeks like chalk. He watched her horrified eyes move around from Harper to Molly, then back to his face. Something went click in his brain and he said:

" You can go and marry your sweetheart now."

" Pinky! " she gasped. She could hardly speak. " Pinky, you *didn't* . . . because of me? "

" Because of what he done to Molly. I'm glad I did," he added stoutly.

She started to weep. It was all her fault. She had come to this cabin with Molly, she said. There had been a quarrel, and the monkey, frightened when Harper grew violent, had leaped to the upper bunk for safety. He had slapped Carol's face and twisted her wrist, until in her helplessness and rage she had stormed from the room—forgetting Molly.

" Well, it don't matter now," said Pinky. " She's dead. *He's* dead. I'm glad I done it."

" But what will you do? " asked Carol Lane.

He knew the answer. It seemed to Pinky like yesterday—a fellow seaman knifing the mate and carried in irons to Cape Town jail. The mate had it coming. That made no difference. His friend had been hung by the neck until dead.

" I'll hide him," said Pinky. " I'll hide away too. There ain't nothing more to live for now. The little tyke's gone. They're sinking the Linda. We'll stay aboard her, Molly and me."

ALL through the night he huddled listening while boats came and went. The confusion got worse. Because of it, some leaving early, some late, some of them drunk from celebrating, Harper and he might not be missed. If they were—! Pinky clung to a desperate hope.

He heard some one going through with a lantern, checking up to make sure all were gone excepting the hands who would set the last sails. The sun rose over the Mexican hills. Then, about eight o'clock, the crew went aloft to work the canvas.

" Abandon ship! Make it snappy! "

He heard them leaving. A launch motor chugged as they piled overside. Then it throbbed faster. And then it faded, and he was alone in a vessel which sailed with her wheel spokes lashed as she rode to her doom.

The old man made his way to the poop. He was holding Molly. Crouched low on the deck so as not to be seen, he looked about him with slow dazed eyes.

There was the steamer riding to eastward. A cable led overside from the Linda, across the water and up to the bridge where the chief electrician stood with Butch Huff. North of the steamer the tug lay drifting, to catch a different camera shot of the dying ship.

Pinky studied her sails.

" Wind's sou'-sou'west," he informed himself. " A six-knot breeze. . . . Well, maybe seven." The Linda was starting to veer from her course. He loosened the lashings, and, down on his knees, forced the helm up till she steadied once more.

A vivid memory returned to him then. His old eyes brightened. His lips framed a smile.

" She kissed me, Molly! Right on this cheek. Kissed me good-by. ' God bless you,' she said."

There had been tears in her eyes. For *him!* But soon she'd be happy again; she would go home and marry that fellow who loved her as Pinky had one time loved.

" I ain't afeared," he addressed the helm. " It's better like this than hung by the neck. . . . By damn, Molly, I'm paying for it—for knifing that swab. It's proper justice."

A shot rolled out and the Linda Race was struck on the foretop. The mast crashed down. The wheel started kicking, while Pinky struggled to get the vessel back on her course.

NOW the Linda shuddered from stem to stern as her cannon thundered a broadside of blanks. There was no need to keep low any more. Pinky stood up and grasped the wheel, hidden by smoke. The battle raged on. The main royal buckled, hit by a shot. The deck was becoming a clutter of gear. The rest of the cannon spoke their piece from the Linda's beam. Pinky left the wheel. It made no difference what she did now. He took up Molly and went below to the skipper's cabin under the poop.

" You'd be plenty scairt, could you hear," he said gently. " All this shooting! . . . I ain't afeared."

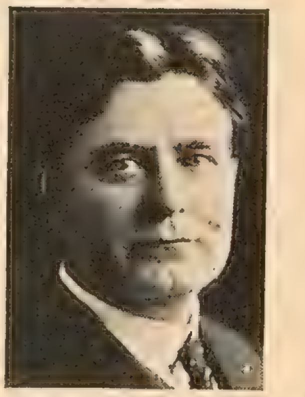
A terrific explosion burst amidship. That was the magazine blowing up where Butch had ordered the dynamite set. A ragged hole appeared in the bulkhead. Something stung Pinky. He looked at his thigh, and it was all blood where a splinter had struck.

" She's sinking! " he cried. He could feel her settle. He thrust out his head through the starboard window and peered up forward along her hull. " Bow first," he added. The stern was rising. " Go down noble," Pinky bade her. " Make Butch a nice picture for people to see."

A feeling of triumph flared like a flame. He thought of Harper, of Carol Lane. Vaguely he thought of a girl long dead whom now, in a manner, his deed had avenged. He thought of the gallows waiting ashore, and he held Molly close in his arms and laughed. The sea poured in through the open ports, and a ship and a murdered man and his killer and a lifeless monkey passed under the waves to join the legions dwelling, for aye, fathoms down in Davy Jones' locker.

THE END

## 20 QUESTIONS



**1—This 1914 photo is of the leader of the opposition to the United States joining the League of Nations and the World Court. He is America's foremost isolationist and is from a Western state. What is his name?**

**2—What book has been translated into more than a thousand languages?**

**3—What ray is symbolized as an unknown quantity, though its properties are known?**

**4—In international law, how far at sea does a nation's jurisdiction extend?**

**5—Who is the U. S. National Amateur golf champion?**

**6—Why combine tetraethyl lead and gasoline?**

**7—Why is the hour before sunrise usually the coldest?**

**8—Where are the Orange Bowl, Sun Bowl, and Cotton Bowl?**

**9—What does the frequency-modulation system of broadcasting aim to do?**

**10—Who received the Nobel prize in physics in 1903, and in chemistry in 1911?**

**11—Where is Bessarabia?**

**12—When is the winter solstice in northern latitudes?**

**13—What is a bascule bridge?**

**14—What parliamentary rule ends debate and secures an immediate vote?**

**15—Why is there pressure on the eardrums at high altitudes?**

**16—Which is an important boundary: the Dniester or the Dnieper?**

**17—How many enemy planes does an aviator have to shoot down to be an ace?**

**18—On what island is Honolulu?**

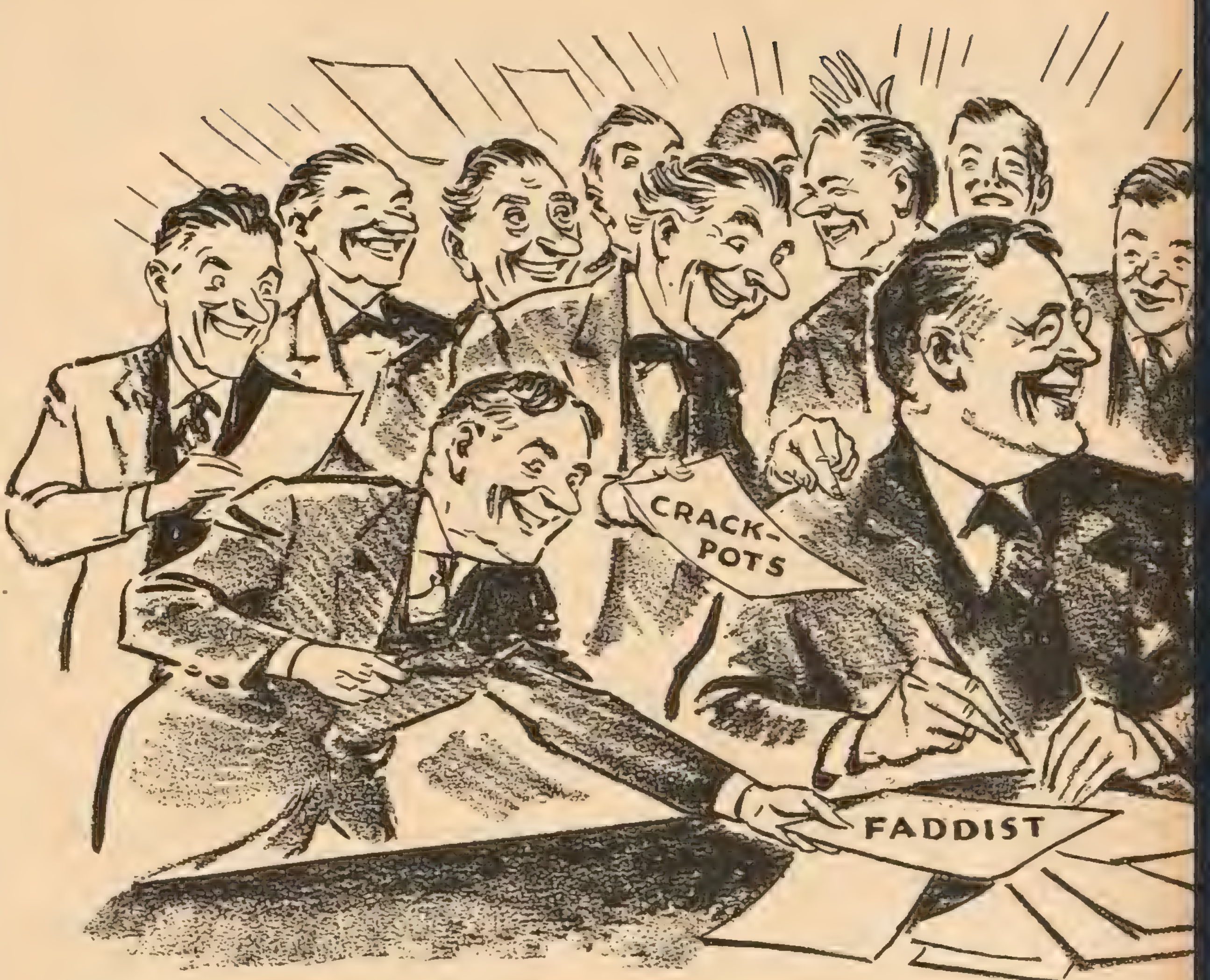
**19—What is the difference between porcelain and pottery?**

**20—Who is the feminine member of the American theater's Royal Family?**

**(Answers will be found on page 49)**

**READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS**

He surrounds himself with erratic and inexperienced theorists.



# WILL WAR IN EUROP

WAR clouds again obscure our eastern horizon, and again, as on that summer day twenty-five years ago, they find our political shelters in a shocking state of disrepair.

In 1914, a minority President, elected by a split in majority-party ranks, and none too sure of the continued support of the dominant faction in his own party, essayed to speak for a united nation and to keep that nation out of war.

In 1939, a President, elected by the greatest majority in the history of American elections but stripped of the prestige and perquisites of that triumph by a split within his own party, is called upon to face a world crisis under circumstances of unparalleled political chaos at home.

For, although our vision of domestic affairs is momentarily obstructed by eye-filling—and heartbreaking—events in foreign lands, there is no use deluding ourselves as to the long-view importance of the battles fought this last summer on Washington's Capitol Hill—battles in which all that remained of the New Deal was left apparently dying on the gory field.

Al Smith said it couldn't be done. But the members of the Seventy-sixth Congress had other and younger ideas. They shot Santa Claus.

Whether the patient will recover is the question on which hangs not only the result of next year's convention and election campaigns but, very possibly, the entire course of social and political history in the United States. Moreover, the answer to that question may affect not only the ultimate outcome of the present struggle in Europe but the likelihood of our participation in that struggle.

From the strictly American standpoint, therefore, the position of Franklin Roosevelt, his strength or his weakness, his will for war or peace, his ability to impose his will, whatever it may be, on a rebellious party and a defiant opposition, is the one outstanding question posed by the present crisis.

If only the wounds inflicted last summer by the Runaway Congress were to be considered, the prospect of the President's recovering his popularity, especially under war conditions, would be better than fifty-fifty. Roosevelt has fed the hungry, paid wages to the jobless, promised aid to the sick, and offered security to the aged. The popularity of such a man dies hard.

Besides, the final days of a Congressional session are hardly to be trusted as a thermometer on which to register the state of the body politic. Statesmen, exhausted by the continual wagging of their own jaws, invariably rush through without consideration laws which should never have been enacted, and leave untouched laws on whose passage the welfare of the nation sorely depends.

Then, on the final day of all—with little thought for said public welfare and much thought for the fishing and hunting and poker playing of the long vacation, which they, in common with little school children, seem always to need—they gather in the cloakrooms and corridors and dissonantly but joyfully sing There's Blood on the Saddle, the adjournment hymn.

But this year there was a sinister note in the singing, an unctuous, almost indecent exultation in the grinning. Some of these worthies who were glad, less than three years before, to ease their Congressional bottoms on to their leader's coattails for a sure and easy ride into another term of eating at the public expense, were now dancing the death dance on that former leader's face.

Yet, fairness forces us to admit that the President deserved about what he got. The war between Franklin Roosevelt and his captors had long been conducted with considerable acerbity. The blood on the saddle was real, and not all fresh.

Few people realize—and, until last summer, that few did not include the President — that the position of Franklin Roosevelt in the national government, almost from the day of his triumphant election in 1936, has been substantially that of a figurehead, and that, since the election of 1938, it has been definitely lame-duck.

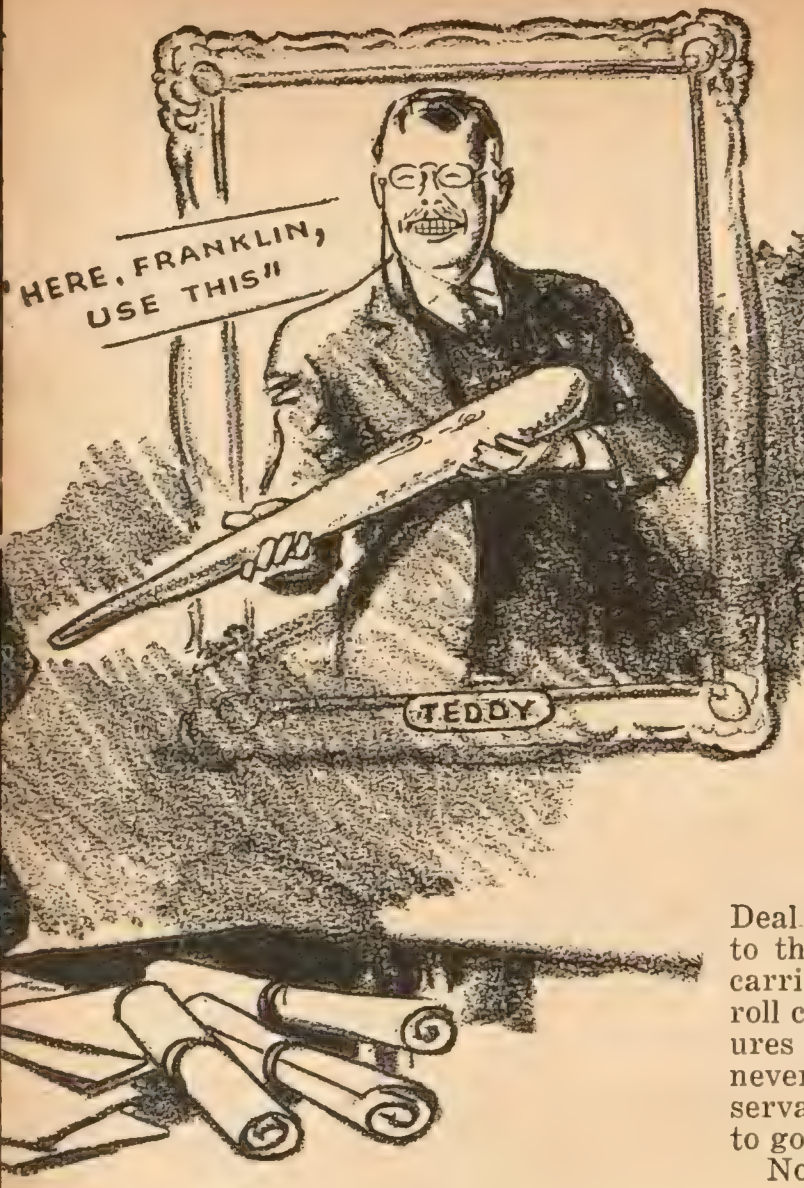
In the sixteen months following his victory in forty-six of the forty-eight states, only one New Deal bill of major importance was passed by a Senate and House controlled by his own party in unprecedented majorities. For the rest, the two do-nothing sessions of Congress were models of filibuster and profitless debate.

The President might have taken warning from this studied inactivity.

When Mr. Roosevelt proposed to pack the Supreme Court, he believed that he had a Congress willing to enact his laws but a Court unwilling to make them stick. The truth was that the Congress was in essence far more unfriendly than the Court, because it was moved by venom, whereas the Nine Old Men—at least, until they were attacked—were not.

Under the parliamentary system, his resignation would have followed within twenty-four hours after rebuff on the Court issue. Still, he didn't realize that the Congress had taken over the country.

Followed the purge and the 1938 elections. Of the former there could be no two opinions. Jim Farley summed it up when he said, "It's a bust." The elections which ensued were, to the impartial eye, quite as



## Plain talk! . . A look at the political future in the light of the recent past

### BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

# SAVE ROOSEVELT?

conclusive. The only senatorial candidates of his own party re-elected by largely increased majorities were those he had tried to defeat. New Deal candidates were either beaten or returned to Washington by majorities scarcely one tenth as large as those they had previously received.

But the President, deceived by the charts submitted by his inner circle of advisers who had initiated the abortive purge, imputed the results in each state to strictly local issues. Being a practical politician himself, he might have known that senators and representatives who had barely escaped with their political lives from an overwhelming anti-Roosevelt tide would feel that they owed him neither gratitude nor allegiance.

Perhaps the showdown might have been postponed until after the 1940 conventions if it hadn't been for the presence in the House of Representatives of a greatly increased Republican minority, the importance of which seemed completely to be lost on the amateur-hour performers with whom the President had surrounded himself. Republican Leader Joe Martin, however, is no amateur. He knew that he had in his hands the weapon which would split the New Deal wide open.

Conservative Democrats in Congress had long been in a tough spot. Their own sympathies were definitely against the collectivist measures introduced by the New Deal. At the same time, they dared not openly oppose the man who was worshiped by the millions of recipients of government checks.

To ease their situation and also to ease the passage of the President's "must" bills, the New Deal parliamentarians had resorted to the practice of declaring motions carried without bothering to ask a roll call. Thus many New Deal measures slipped through Congress which never would have been passed if conservative Democrats had been forced to go on record for or against.

Now, the weapon that Joe Martin had was this: The House rules provide that this comforting procedure shall not be followed if one fifth of the members present demand a roll call. With 170 Republicans instead of 90, as in the previous Congress, Joe was always on hand with the necessary one fifth. The conservative Democrats were smoked out into public opposition to the President. The much-talked-about coalition, also engineered by Martin and his Republicans, was the natural result. The two minorities became the majority. The weakness of the President's position, which had been known to insiders for months, became known to the nation. The enraged Southern Democrats, backed by some of their Northern colleagues, doomed their party to almost certain disaster in the 1940 elections rather than follow further the leadership of the man they hated.

Now, there was nothing very noble about all this.

To be sure, there are sincere men in both branches of the Congress who really believe that President Roosevelt aims to become an American Hitler. But these sincere fearers of dictatorship were far outnumbered by those who seized on this issue as just one more weapon with which to slay the New Deal dragon.

In short, the grand spectacle staged on Capitol Hill in the name of patriotism was nothing more or less than an old-fashioned political row.

The Republicans were simply trying to discredit the one man whose candidacy or influence they feared in the coming campaign. The Democrats, on their side, were fighting for control of the party machinery. To save themselves from annihilation, they had to annihilate the President. So they hatched out the Hatch Bill, which took the control of party policy out of everybody's hands except their own and their backers'.

Reprehensible as relief in politics was, it had had two worth-while by-products: it had taken the boss-ship of local politics in many communities out of the hands of the old party bosses and given it to new ones—WPA administrators and the like—who might have cleaner hands and couldn't have dirtier ones; and, by substituting government money for private money in buying votes, it had eliminated the big-money campaign contributor as a necessary blight on the political landscape.

The Hatch Bill simply gave the Democratic Party back to its hungry local bosses and their always avid big-business allies. With one blow the President's enemies destroyed the political machinery which he and his advisers had been building up for six years. They eliminated him—or so they believed until the war came along—both as a candidate and an influence in the 1940 elections.

Meanwhile Roosevelt had been losing out on other fronts.

After the first hundred days of his administration, the great majority of influential American newspapers opposed editorially his major policies, but until comparatively recently he retained the respect and affection of the Washington correspondents assigned to cover his activities. To the boys who came to his press conferences looking for stories he gave plenty — colorful dramatic stories that meant front-page headlines for him and raises in pay for them. Naturally these stories reflected the affectionate esteem in which their author was held by the working press, and this subtle warmth went a long way toward offsetting the bitter coldness of the owning press.

The picture which the President's correspondent friends drew of him—which, it should be said, they for a long time thoroughly believed—was of a master politician. So effective was this picture that friends and enemies accepted it as gospel truth.

But now the members of the working press in Washington no longer see Franklin Roosevelt as a man who politically can do no wrong. They have seen with their own eyes too many instances of political shortsightedness, impolitic utterances, to countenance any longer the myth which they themselves created.

Dozens of situations might be listed which have been badly bungled by Rooseveltian ineptness. One will illustrate: his handling of problems relating to the judiciary. Laying aside the controversial question of the President's unwisdom in undertaking the anti-Court campaign at all, it is clear that his conduct of it was atrociously managed.

No super-politician would have greeted the Supreme Court's decision in the NRA case with a petulant hour-and-twenty-minute attack on what was then—and fortunately still is—our most respected American institution. No super-politician would have translated that tirade into a scheme of complete reorganization of the judiciary without consulting the leaders whose job it would be to fight for that scheme on the floor of the Senate and House.

Not even a reasonably good politician would have done some of the things Mr. Roosevelt has done—which leads many competent observers to believe that Roosevelt the politically wise died after a long illness on April 18, 1936, and is buried in a grave marked “Louis McHenry Howe.”

BE that as it may, the newsmen's new picture of their former idol found its way, as the first had done, into stories they sent back to their papers. The legend of Roosevelt's political invincibility exploded in the face and eyes of the people back home. The suspicion grew that we had in the White House not a President but a prima donna. His inexplicable shifting this way and that, his apparent inability to resist the temptation to pull a brand-new rabbit out of a very old hat, his crying of “Wolf! Wolf!” not once but a dozen times too often, his repeated promises to help business recover and his repeated refusals to allow it to recover enough so we could eat—in short, the entire lack of plan behind his many and contradictory policies convinced many of his formerly faithful followers that their leader wasn't taking them anywhere at all.

So far hath the mighty fallen, and so great has been the fall thereof, that the prospect of a resurrection of the President's political fortunes would, under ordinary circumstances, seem as remote as the prospect of continued Democratic rule seemed in the months before August, 1914. But then, applying the lash of threatening war, Wilson upset the wise money by galloping down the home stretch in the lead.

The problem in Mr. Roosevelt's case is different in several important details. In 1916, the President was seeking a second term; in 1940, the President would be seeking a third term. In 1916, dictators were funny South American people played by comics in Shubert musical comedies; today they are as familiar to the average American as Donald Duck, and loved in inverse ratio to that delectable web-footed biped. In 1916, the United States was the richest, most prosperous country in the world; today—thanks, many people believe, to the New Deal—it is dangerously near to being broke.

In the face of these thought-provoking circumstances, will war in Europe save Roosevelt as it did Wilson?

WELL, according to most polls, Mr. Roosevelt is still the most popular man in our political life. The considerations enumerated here which have severed from his cause so many influential followers, have not yet penetrated to great sections of the electorate. The country might still be willing to follow Franklin Roosevelt through the trying months incident to avoiding participation in a European war; it might even follow him into that war; but, in the judgment of most impartial observers, it would not follow Roosevelt *and* the men with whom he has surrounded himself.

Which brings us, by way of Capitol Hill and the back-home front, to the real crux of the Roosevelt dilemma.

No candidate for office can be held responsible for all the people who support him. The reasons for such support are as various as the personalities of those who give it. But no President, not even the late Warren Gamaliel Harding, has had so many of his political bedfellows go sour while still occupying the Presidential bed.

First there was the Earle-Guffey machine in Pennsylvania, loudest loud-speaker for the Rooseveltian third term, which got itself shot fore and aft, especially aft, with accusations of political corruption. Then Tom Dewey got a conviction against White House guest and New York New Deal patronage dispenser Jimmy Hines for being in the pay of the notorious gangster Dutch Schultz. Next his own crusading Attorney General caught naughty old Tom Pendergast, to whom the President had sent warm greetings of friendship on the occasion of the latter's hospitalization, with his income-tax panties down. And to top it all off, the Louisiana governor and political boss, with whom he had been so prominently photographed, fell under the stigma of grand-jury indictments for wholesale fraud.

In his own political family the President has happily had no such smelly situations. But there is no disguising the fact that the Cabinet, all along, has been a source of disappointment and often of annoyance to his fondest wellwishers. Even at the beginning, it contained only two men, Hull and Cummings, who could by the widest stretch of the facts have been considered national figures.

However, the deficiencies of the official family were excused for a time because of the erudition and prestige of the unofficial family, the so-called Brain Trust.

Whenever Harold Ickes put his foot into the administration's unsuspecting mouth, or Henry Wallace announced new plans for plowing under foodstuffs while ten million citizens were facing starvation unless they received government help, or Madam Perkins pulled an especially strong oar for Brother Harry Bridges, men of good will turned with hope and considerable confidence to Raymond Moley and Felix Frankfurter and their scholarly associates. And as fast as these trusty trusters disappeared, new ones took their places. But they were of a different stripe.

Social-worker Harry Hopkins, that “cadaverous crusader,” was upped from head largess distributor to head adviser on national and international politics. In his house in Georgetown was launched the notorious purge—most amateurish and probably most damaging political gesture in Washington's history; and by his oft-quoted remark, “We will tax and tax, and spend and spend, and elect and elect”—whether he made it or not—he has probably done more harm to the Roosevelt cause than any other one man. Yet the President was recently quoted as implying that, leaving himself out of the running, Harry Hopkins was the greatest statesman in America.

Then there are the Twins of Evil. The spectacle of Benny Cohen sitting at committee chairmen's right hand and telling them what to do, and Tommy Corcoran racing up and down the Capitol corridors telling aging senators like Pat Harrison what bills to introduce and how to vote on them, may be more responsible than most people know for last summer's Congressional rebellion and for veteran party leaders' resentment against the man who lives in the big shiny house at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

THE conclusion is inevitable that war in Europe, even war in America, cannot save our still popular and widely loved Chief Executive so long as he insists on surrounding himself with erratic and inexperienced theorists intent on “experimenting with the nation.”

Purges, Mr. President, like charity, should begin at home. If you do not soon realize, in face of the emergency which now confronts us, the truth of this statement as applied to your political household, you are sunk.

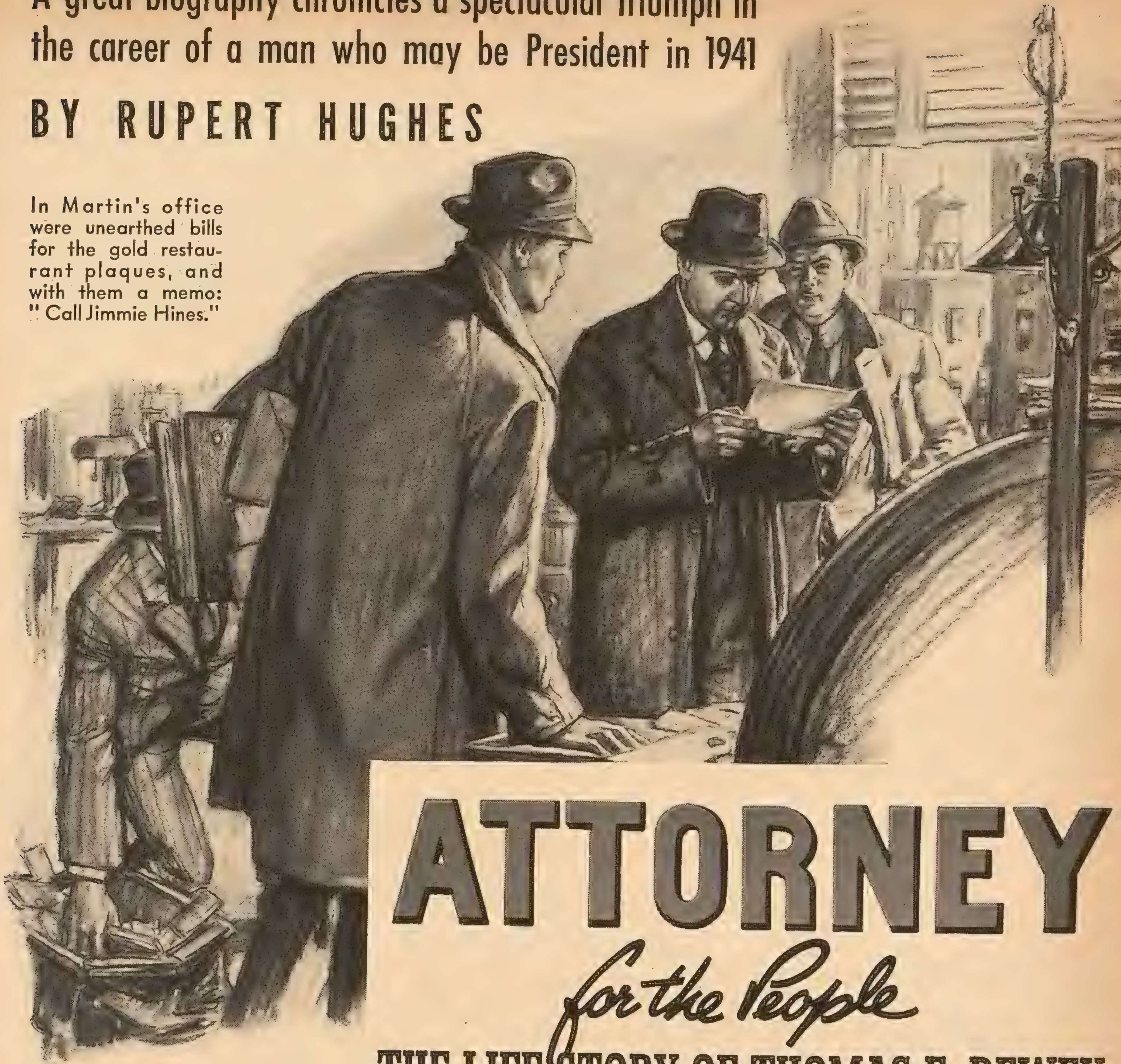
In which case, sir, some day in the future, when you are rocking to and fro on the veranda of your Hyde Park dream house, you may be asked who it was that made you lose your hold on the American people, and you will not be at a loss for an answer. You can say with truth:

“My friends!”

THE END

### A great biography chronicles a spectacular triumph in the career of a man who may be President in 1941

### BY RUPERT HUGHES



In Martin's office were unearthed bills for the gold restaurant plaques, and with them a memo: "Call Jimmie Hines."

# ATTORNEY *for the People*

## THE LIFE STORY OF THOMAS E. DEWEY

**READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 15 SECONDS**

Born in Owosso, Michigan, in 1902, Thomas Edmund Dewey went to the University of Michigan and later studied law at Columbia in New York City. In 1928 he married Frances Eileen Hutt.

Working under George Z. Medalie, United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York, Dewey supervised the trial of "Legs" Diamond and learned how criminals were protected by crooked politicians and police. After the resignation of Medalie he handled the trial of Waxey Gordon and secured a conviction for income-tax evasion.

He left the United States Attorney's office to devote himself to a lucrative private practice and to the activities of the Young Republican Club, but was called back to public service when Governor Lehman appointed him Special Prosecutor in the office of the District Attorney of New York County. William C. Dodge, the Democratic District Attorney, resented Dewey's appointment, as did the Democratic Board of Estimate, and it was common talk that the young Special Prosecutor had been framed so that he could not succeed in his job of fighting crime in New York.

However, he was successful in his first foray on the loan sharks. His second drive was against the organized trust the racketeers had made of prostitution. His aides traced this racket to several men near the top, among them "Little Davie" Betillo, Tommy "the Bull" Pennochio, Jimmy Frederico, and Ralph Liguori; but they were sure there was a higher power than any of these.

On a night in January, 1936, Dewey ordered the police to raid houses of prostitution in the city and to bring to his offices in the Woolworth Building the girls and the madams. At the same time, the bookers were rounded up, and "Little Davie" and the other more important members of the gang were taken in custody. The girls and the bookers were promised protection from the racketeers if they talked, and finally the name of the man higher up was revealed. He was Charles "Lucky" Luciano, who, since Al Capone and Dutch Schultz had left the criminal scene, was Public Enemy Number One.

Luciano and his lieutenants were brought to trial. Some of the witnesses began to play Dewey false; but one, Cokey Flo, fastened Luciano to the racket completely. Luciano throughout kept a steel-like calm.

### PART FOUR—THE LUCIANO VICTORY

ON direct examination by his own counsel, Luciano denied that he had ever met any of the other defendants, except possibly Little Davie; swore he had never seen Cokey Flo or Mrs. Harris or Nancy Presser or Joe Bendix. He had never taken a penny from any prostitute.

"I always gave. I never took."

He admitted he was a successful gambler, though as a lad he had strayed into narcotics peddling. When his lawyers turned him over to Dewey, he was a paragon of sportsmanship.

Dewey with (left) William B. Herlands, his chief aide in fighting the café rackets, and (right) the Rev. John P. Boland of the New York State Labor Relations Board. In rear is Benny Gottesman, a witness of whom Dewey said: "I have never seen another man who had the guts he had."

Almost instantly Dewey transformed Dr. Jekyll into Mr. Hyde.

James Whittaker wrote in the New York Mirror:

"Charles Lucky Luciano promptly lost a case his lawyers had won for him. . . . The cocksure gambler lost his poise two minutes after Prosecutor Dewey took him in hand, admitting he was a liar, perjurer, and stool pigeon."

Dewey proceeded to grind Luciano to bits. He seemed to know more about Luciano's career than Luciano did. The gambler had as hard a time as Dewey had in trying to find one honest day's work to explain the wealth Luciano had heaped up. Before his bulging eyes Dewey shuffled a heap of reports of his arrests, "to refresh his recollection"; produced the records of telephone calls to gangster comrades. He showed that Luciano had filed his first income-tax return only after Dutch Schultz' first prosecution, and then only for the six years previous, back of which the statute of limitations barred government inquiry. Even then he had given only estimates of his income, ranging as high as $25,000 a year.

"But you have paid no state income tax at all?"

"That is right," said Luciano.

"And that is because the federal government prosecutes big gangsters, and the state does not, by income tax; isn't that so?"

"I don't know."

In less than three hours Dewey slashed his record as full of holes as his fellow gangsters had once slashed his body.

On redirect, Luciano's counsel tried to patch him up again, but he responded to their ministrations so ill that they quietly led him off the stand.

The defense rested its case on June 4. In summing up, the desperate lawyers were driven to tactics which Dewey described in his own closing speech:

"There have been thirteen hours of summation in this case so far, of which one and a half hours were devoted to the case. The other eleven and a half hours were devoted to vilification, abuse, and dirt throwing.

"There is an old adage in criminal practice: If your case is bad on the facts, try it on the law; and if the law is all against you, try it on the facts; and if the facts and the law are against you, try the District Attorney.

"I shall not debate the ethics of anybody. I shall not debate how any lawyer could put on the witness stand a shocking spectacle of perjury. None of my witnesses took the stand under false colors. The great complaint of Luciano and his codefendants is that the first and only commandment of the underworld has been broken: 'Thou shalt not squeal.'

"Of the sixty-six witnesses for the people, fifty-five were professional criminals of one kind or another—all of whom, with the exception of three defendants, had been granted immunity. There was no reason why they should not tell the truth. . . .

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you ever dealt with sheer, stark, paralyzing terror? . . . You heard Danny Brooks testify that he asked me to put him in some jail where he would not be murdered. That was no fiction, gentlemen.

"The defense brought that out. They handed that to me."

He defended all his assistants as "splendid young men" who had "worked like slaves." But he expressed no gratitude to Liguori's lawyer for putting him on the witness stand, where he had been cut to pieces as a defense witness.

Liguori's prostitute companion, Nancy Presser, had given fatal testimony, so Dewey called him "Mr. Nancy Presser" and demanded:

"Why did Liguori take the stand? He—*Mr.* Nancy Presser—was a sacrifice made by the defense, put on the stand to discredit his sweetheart. And that is the way it has always been in the cruel career of Luciano. Little fellows have always been sacrificed to save the Boss."

He took up the individual defendants one by one, but called Luciano "the greatest gangster in America." And he pleaded:

"Unless you're willing to convict the top man, you might as well acquit every one."

Dewey ended his speech at 6.15 P. M. on June 6, a Saturday. Then Justice McCook spent two hours on his jury charge, and counsel made long requests for additional charges. It was half past nine before he sent the jury away to its dinner. Its deliberations started at eleven. Dewey went to a room in the court building, took off his tie and his coat, and stretched out in a chair and slept four hours.

The delivery of the verdict was appropriate to the whole slimy melodrama. It came when a sneaking drab dawn was dimming the lights of the courtroom to a sardonic accompaniment of distant bells calling the pious to early Sabbath mass.

As the weary jury solemnly issued from its door, another door opened to admit the defendants and the detectives who guarded them. Luciano, as was his right, led his little cohort. He braced for the verdict; for his lawyers had told him that he would be found guilty.

Court Clerk McNamara rose and polled the jury. Then he chanted:

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

In ritual antistrophe, the foreman, Edwin Aderer, chanted:

"We have."

"How say you, gentlemen of the jury? Do you find the defendant Luciano guilty or not guilty on count number one?"

"Guilty."

"How say you as to the defendant Luciano? Is he guilty or not guilty on count number two?"

"Guilty."

And so on and on and on until:

"Sixty-one?"

"Guilty."

"Next defendant, Thomas Pennochio."

The Bull rose to face the flogging he had heard administered to his master.

It took half an hour for the monotonous *tick* of numerals followed by that monotonous *tock* "Guilty." Five hundred and forty-nine times it was reiterated while the church bells tanged and the women of the condemned sobbed and moaned.

The racket which Luciano despised as his least, though his most despicable, had cut short his incalculable future. This greedy miser, who had been stealing from frightened and beaten

(*Continued on page 22*)

## I want

lots of pep and power in *my* car. I like to slip through traffic and get away at the lights, and take the tough hills in my stride. But I want to go easy on gas and oil too. And I've *got* to have good hydraulic brakes that will stop me *fast!*

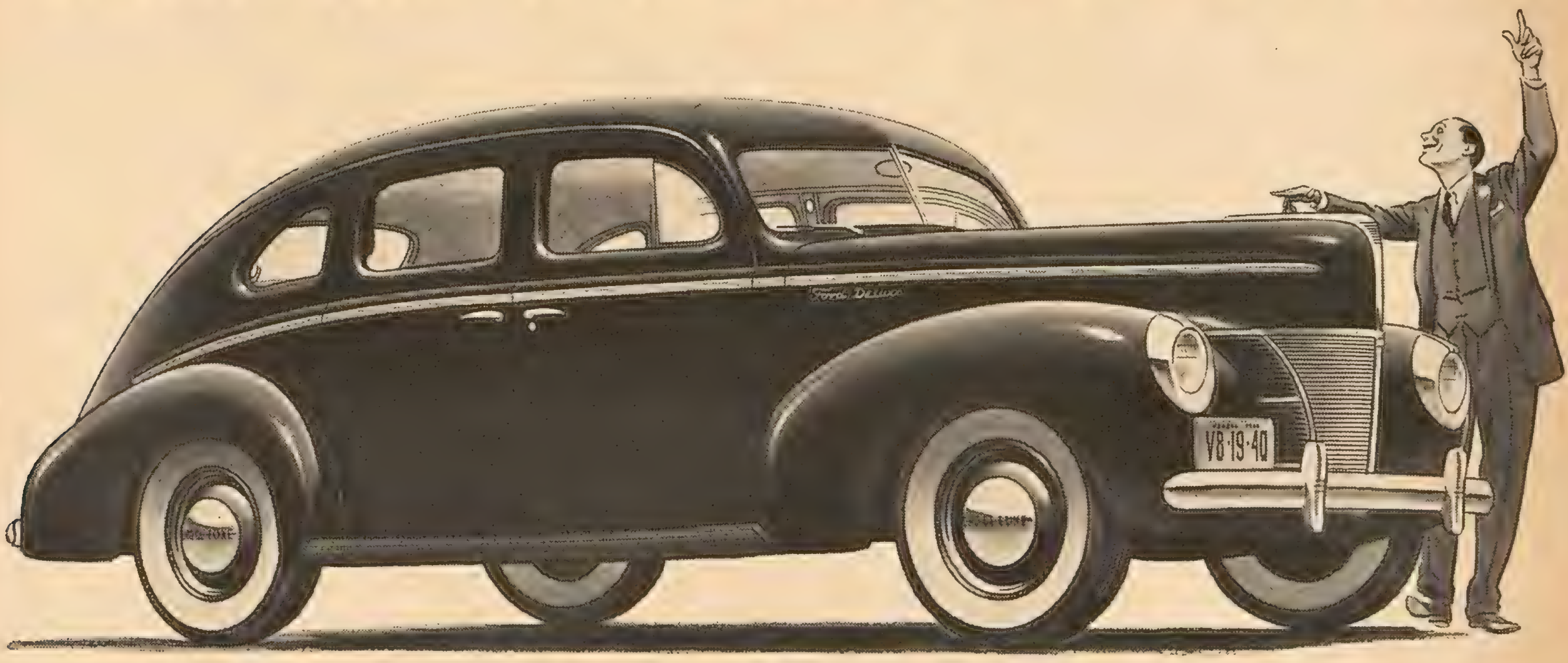
## I want

a big, beautiful car that will make the neighbors—well—just a little jealous. With a smart instrument panel and lovely upholstery (and all the little touches a woman likes). I want to shift gears at the steering wheel—it's so much easier.

## I want

a quiet, comfortable car with lots of room inside. A car that holds the road, and steers easy and never needs much attention. I want a good ventilating system because drafts bother Mother. I'd like those new brighter headlamps too.

# You'll find it in the 1940 FORD!



**A** MOTOR CAR must be many things to many people. But whatever *you* want in a car you'll find in the big 1940 Ford, with its *22 important improvements.*

If it's *comfort* you want, for example, the new Ford car is much roomier inside, much quieter throughout. It has a Finger-Tip Gearshift on the steering post (all models, no extra cost). New Controlled Ventilation. Improved self-sealing shock absorbers. Seat cushions of new construction. A new ride-stabilizer and improved spring suspension on all 85-hp models.

All these improvements are built on the basic advantages Ford owners already enjoy.... A V-type, 8-cylinder engine, with the s-m-o-o-t-h performance of much more expensive cars. Powerful hydraulic brakes. Scientific soundproofing. Stabilized chassis. All-around economy. . . . Result is, you find in the new Ford car *every* worthwhile modern feature of *any* low-price car, *plus* many that Ford alone offers.

Tell any Ford dealer just what you want in a car. Then make a date for a drive. We're confident *you'll find it in a Ford!*

*FORD MOTOR COMPANY—FORD, MERCURY, LINCOLN-ZEPHYR AND LINCOLN MOTOR CARS*

### 22 IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS

**FOR COMFORT**

1. More room inside
2. New Controlled Ventilation
3. New torsion bar ride-stabilizer*
4. Improved spring suspension*
5. Self-sealing shock absorbers
6. Two-way adjustable driver's seat
7. New-type resilient front seat backs
8. New "Floating-Edge" Seat Cushions

**FOR CONVENIENCE**

9. New Finger-Tip Gearshift
10. Engine more accessible
11. Two-spoke steering wheel

**FOR STYLE**

12. New exterior beauty
13. New interior luxury
14. New instrument panel

**FOR SILENCE**

15. Improved soundproofing
16. "Easy-shift" transmission
17. Curved disc wheels
18. Improved drums for big Ford hydraulic brakes

**FOR SAFETY**

19. Sealed-Beam Headlamps
20. Dual windshield wipers at base of windshield
21. Larger battery and generator
22. Battery Condition Indicator on all models

---

*On 85-hp models only

**MORE THAN EVER "THE QUALITY CAR IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD"**

Ingram's has the Combination— Smooth, Cool shaves Less irritation!

**Thrifty Ingram's brings you real face comfort!**

STIFF BEARDS go quickly limp in Ingram's active lather. While your razor breezes through your beard, you feel that bracing, fresh-as-rain Ingram's KICK. But, Ingram's real feature is its comforting after-effect. It helps relieve shaving stings, irritations. Long after your shave, your skin feels soothed, COOL.

Get a jar or tube of economical Ingram's today—at your druggist's.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING —COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S Concentrated SHAVING CREAM A little goes a longer way

(Continued from page 20)

harlots and procuresses their awful revenues, had tripped over their sodden bodies and been dragged down by them.

A typical excerpt from thousands of newspapers was this:

"The 100-per-cent verdict is the most smashing blow ever dealt the organized iniquity of New York. It is hailed throughout the country as the definite beginning of the end of gangsterism, terrorism, and commercialized criminality throughout the United States."

Something of the height of a racketeer's friends and the extent of his power was realized when it was reported that six Wall Street attorneys had been offered $50,000 as a retaining fee. Each refused, but others accepted, and it was estimated that Luciano had spent a minimum of $225,000 on the case.

Judge McCook sentenced the three bookers who had turned state's evidence to prison from two to four years. Jack Eller, who repented too late, received four to eight years; Liguori, seven and a half to fifteen years; Jimmy Frederico and Bull Pennochio, twenty-five years each; Little Davie, twenty-five to forty.

Before the bar Luciano still had his bravado: "I want to say it again: I am innocent."

But Judge McCook answered:

"You are responsible in law and morals for every foul and cruel deed, with accompanying elements of extortion, performed by the band of codefendants. I am not here to reproach you, but, since there appears no excuse for your conduct nor hope for your rehabilitation, to administer adequate punishment."

He estimated this at from thirty to fifty years. Good behavior would make Luciano eligible for parole in twenty years, at which time he will be, if he lives, one year short of sixty.

The weary Special Grand Jury, in its resignation to Judge McCook, said:

"While the investigation, prosecution, and conviction of these racketeers constitute a landmark in law enforcement, the work is barely commenced. . . . The work of the Investigation is definitely hampered by lack of sufficient grand jury time.

"The Special Prosecutor, with a limited staff and resources, has during all our service worked night and day under the severest pressure. We have greatly enjoyed our contact with his tireless and effective work and that of his exceedingly able staff."

On July 8, 1936, Governor Lehman ordered that two special grand juries be impaneled for the indefatigable Dewey. He continued Judge McCook in office, and appointed Supreme Court Justice Ferdinand Pecora as the second jurist, from which appointment much drama was to result.

Before long both of Dewey's grand juries were bewailing the fact that he was overworking them.

Luciano still had money, while doing time, to carry on the defense of his "innocence." Judge McCook refused to grant a new trial; but an appeal was taken to a higher court.

The disposition of the threescore and ten women who had been kept from their trade for so long was impossible of satisfactory solution. They had earned the public gratitude and the lives of some of them were in grave danger. These were given all possible protection, in accordance with Dewey's guaranty. Suddenly the headlines loomed with a ghastly satire on his promises. In a speech two years later, he described the incident, and how the publicity hurt his progress in the prosecution of the industrial racketeers:

"The first great forward step had been achieved in convincing the public that a racket victim could testify with safety. Then what happened? A psychopathic prostitute, who had not testified in the trial, scratched Luciano's initials on her body. She then telephoned the police that the Luciano mob had got her at last. Hysterical headlines appeared. . . . She was the first victim of gangland's revenge for Luciano's conviction!

"A chill of fear and revulsion swept through those who had come to believe that perhaps, after all, the law was bigger than the underworld. . . .

"Intensive investigation followed. . . . It soon became apparent that the whole business had been perpetrated by the girl herself. The unfortunate thing is that the average newspaper reader never saw the small story, which appeared on the back pages a few days later, branding the business as a hoax. People still ask me, 'What happened to that poor woman who was tortured because she testified against Luciano?'"

A few months later Luciano and his lawyers demanded a new trial based on startling affidavits. Three of Dewey's most vital witnesses, Nancy Presser, Mrs. Mildred Harris, and Cokey Flo Brown, had sworn that everything they testified to was false. They swore that they had been kept under the influence not only of liquor but of narcotics while being scared and wheedled into telling the Court and jury a pack of lies in which they were rehearsed by Dewey's men. They even swore that Luciano had told the truth; they had never even met him.

Dewey gave out this statement:

"Over the past nine months witnesses have complained to my office of efforts to intimidate them by threats of murder into giving false affidavits of recantation and also making false charges against lawyers of my staff. They have also reported large offers of bribes and regular supplies of narcotics. Among these witnesses were Nancy Presser, Mildred Harris, and Cokey Flo Brown, whose affidavits apparently have been procured by the agents of this criminal."

He promptly summoned two of the defense lawyers Carlino and Polakoff, before Judge McCook, and asked where the girls were concealed.

"None of your business," said Polakoff.

But Judge McCook forced him to

tell. They were in Connecticut. When Dewey demanded where Polakoff learned that the girls were using dope, he answered:

"I first learned when Flo Brown in her statement at Conboy's office said she had been using dope since the trial, but had not been using it at that particular moment."

In the meantime Luciano, for appeal purposes, had added to his legal staff the Hon. Martin Conboy, who had just left his office as United States Attorney.

Dewey's staff then rounded up the proof. A mountain of documents and affidavits from reputable persons overwhelmingly established that the recanting stories were sheer invention. Judge McCook held that the recanting affidavits were perjuries and refused a new trial.

Mr. Conboy took the case before the Appellate Division. That court unanimously upheld the conviction of Luciano and his confederates.

But Conboy was determined to save Luciano. He protested to the Court of Appeals in Albany that Luciano had been "railroaded on scanty and inconclusive evidence." Dewey answered, and Conboy gave a brief rebuttal. But three months later the Court of Appeals, by a vote of 5 to 1, affirmed the conviction. On July 11, 1938, Moses Polakoff took the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. It was his contention that Luciano was the victim of a cleverly drafted Dewey law passed in 1936, which enables a prosecutor to include a series of violations in one indictment, yet Luciano was charged with crimes assertedly committed before the 1936 law was passed. To make its provisions retroactive was unconstitutional; it subjected Luciano to a much longer jail term than if he had been convicted under the old law; the due process of the Fourteenth Amendment was violated and Luciano was convicted under conditions that precluded a fair trial, he contended. He omitted to point out that the federal courts have operated on a similar statute since 1853.

The Supreme Court was as cold to Luciano's sufferings as he had been to those who had appealed to him.

Frank S. Hogan, now an Assistant District Attorney, told the writer the story told him by one of the girls who helped convict Luciano.

According to her, after Luciano's conviction and their release, the three girls were hunted down by Luciano's friends and forced, under threats of torture, to sign the affidavits carefully written for them. They were well paid, but kept under guard and moved from city to city until the time when they should be needed as witnesses if the case were reopened.

Despite the exactions of the pursuit, the capture, and the putting away of Luciano, the industrial racket investigations had never lagged. As Medalie says of Dewey:

"He loves long-range jobs and never loses sight of the targets."

Neither does he lose sight of the landscape and the litter that mars it. In that first radio speech of his he had spoken of the criminal control of poultry, vegetables, fish, baking, trucking, even garments; of the ferocity with which racketeers crushed their victims, a commonplace that put New York City on a par with an old-time mining camp for lawlessness.

The vast growth in power and revenue of the labor unions had made them attractive to the racketeer both as treasures to plunder and as mercenary armies to use for plundering. Against these criminal invaders, who cheated and crushed the dues payers as well as the wage payers, Dewey prepared war. Some of the racketeers had combined crooked or terrified employers with crooked or terrified labor leaders into double rackets. These Dewey recognized as his biggest problem. He kept his work as secret as possible. Droves of witnesses and victims were herded into his offices.

In his speech given a fortnight before Christmas, 1935, he said:

"Not one business man out of a hundred has told the truth to my assistants. They continue to lie and evade, although we know they have paid from a thousand to ten to fifty thousand dollars in shakedowns. In one industry alone 250 business men have been examined, with disheartening results. . . . A placid community too often falls into the error of believing that as long as the gangsters kill each other off there is some gain

**D. W. Griffith** (left), renowned movie pioneer, with Hal Roach.

"In Hollywood, headaches can be colossal", *says*

HAL ROACH
FAMOUS PRODUCER–DIRECTOR

"Bromo-Seltzer makes a hit in Hollywood... it relieves both headache and nervous tension"

Because headache makes you nervous, you need 2 things: relief from *pain* and from *nervous tension*, too. Bromo-Seltzer gives you both. Tests by a group of doctors proved this.

Take Bromo-Seltzer!* For 50 years, millions have relied on it for headache relief. Keep it at home! At drugstores—soda fountains.

**For frequent or persistent headache, see your doctor. For the ordinary headache, take Bromo-Seltzer.*

**Headache strains your nerves——**

**Here's Hal Roach,** directing current hit, "The Housekeeper's Daughter." One of Hollywood's youngest veterans, Roach works swiftly, tirelessly . . . eases headache, jumpy nerves with Bromo-Seltzer.

*Take* **BROMO-SELTZER**

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER

LEG SORE?

Too much ACID in your Muscles causes that pain!

FATIGUE ACIDS settle in your muscles every time you overexercise. They make your muscle swell inside its sheath. You ache and feel stiff as a board.

**Drive ACIDS Away!**

The smart thing to do is rub Absorbine Jr. thoroughly over the affected parts three or four times a day. Accepted laboratory tests prove Absorbine Jr. speeds the blood through the tissues . . . helps drive out those acids. Relief comes quickly. Use Absorbine Jr. every time you exercise. Millions of people like Absorbine Jr. because it is

1. QUICK ACTING
2. QUICK DRYING
3. PLEASANT
4. ECONOMICAL TO USE

At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle

Free sample—Write W. F. Young, Inc., 360D Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

FAMOUS also for Relieving Athlete's Foot, Strains, Bruises

Your HAIR

IS IT THINNING OR FALLING OUT?

If your hair is causing you this kind of trouble and it is due to poor blood circulation in the scalp, rent a Crosley XERVAC and try home treatments with this amazing machine. It is designed to help correct just such conditions of the scalp as the lack of proper blood circulation.

Rent a CROSLEY XERVAC

Write for free particulars, how you can rent a brand new machine, the same type now used in many barber shops and scalp clinics, for a small rental fee per month, without any obligation to buy. The Crosley XERVAC operates on the principle of alternate vacuum and pressure, known to be effective for forcing fresh, stimulating blood into the deep-rooted blood vessels. Very compact, easy to use. Now that you can rent one you can get its benefits on easiest of terms. Write for details of home rental plan.

THE CROSLEY CORPORATION
Dept. L-75 Cincinnati, Ohio

to the community. When a gangster is killed, the reason, 98 per cent of the time, is that his racket has become so profitable that some more powerful gang is taking it over. A dozen gang killings mean so many more punks under the sway of the men for whom they did the killing."

While Dewey was dragging records from employer victims, he was trying likewise to redeem certain labor unions from a serfdom far worse than their employers ever had imposed.

He was saving the people from countless millions in extortion; and he was turning up enormous revenues of which the state had been defrauded. His casual exposure of poultry racketeers revealed collectible taxes amounting to $487,299.

In October, 1935, Dewey's men, armed with subpoenas, visited the headquarters of a group that was extorting $1,000,000 a year from the clothing industry. He sent a truck and five taxicabs to their central offices, and filled the vehicles with subpoenaed books and records.

He had as yet only the beginnings of evidence in what turned out to be the longest, most difficult of all racket investigations—the crushing of the garment racket and the elimination of its two ranking bosses. They were then so utterly unknown that newspapermen did not recognize their names or their activities, although they had been ruling the garment industry for nearly ten years and had already spread their tentacles over many others. Their real names were Louis Buchalter and Jacob Shapiro. But " Lepke " and " Gurrah " were the whispered names used in the industries they dominated.

The activities of these two were linked from time to time with those of other gangsters who were now their colleagues in piracy : such men as Dutch Schultz and Luciano, with activities so complex as well as so incredible that they became a jungle. Dewey and his little army of aides spent months and years in exploring and cleaning up those jungles, tracking down the worst beasts and bringing them back alive.

Beginning cautiously, Lepke and Gurrah had made an almost complete conquest of the flour, trucking, and bakery industries when Dewey's men first ran across their spoor while investigating the murder of William Snyder, and its peculiar sequel, the sudden dropping of all interest in it by the officers of the law. Dewey assigned one of his chief aides, Barent Ten Eyck, to solve that mystery.

Ten Eyck secured from the office of District Attorney Dodge and from the police such files on the murder as they had. As he studied the files, he was struck by the presence at the shooting of Max Silverman, known to be one of the chief aides of Lepke and Gurrah. These names spelled Racket. Files in the Bronx police records were found; and they showed that, back in 1931, a flour truckmen's association had been accused of extortion from bakers, and Lepke had been indicted, along with William Snyder, Daniel Richter, and Matthew Cantwell. At the first hint of prosecution in the Bronx, Lepke vanished, as did Cantwell. They have never been tried. Snyder and Richter stood trial and were acquitted.

But it was testified that Lepke had said of the flour and bakery racket:

" It means a lot of money, maybe millions of dollars. In the flour industry we've already got the jobbers and the truckmen. The next will be the bakers. We are going to make a big thing of it."

The vision of that rich harvest brought Lepke back to town. Letters sent in to the office and a few bits of luck in securing testimony from a truck owner who was sick of submission gave Ten Eyck evidence that proved Silverman organizer and boss of the combined group of truck owners and truck drivers, and also the terrorist of the bakers. Subpœnas were issued and the books of the Flour Truck Owners seized. This frightened Silverman into flight. His palatial home in Sea Gate knew him no more.

By now Ten Eyck was convinced that Snyder had been murdered by Morris Goldis and that his brother Wolfie and Sam Schorr and Max Silverman were all accessories. Max Silverman was lost in obscurity, but the rest already were under indictments for conspiracy to dominate the baking business. Taking one case at a time, this prosecution was finally ready in 1937. The key witness against one defendant adroitly managed to be out of town during the trial, and that defendant had the rare distinction among Dewey prisoners of being acquitted. But Wolfie Goldis, Sam Schorr, Silverman's son Harold, and Benjamin Spivack, attorney for the Flour Trucking Association, were found guilty. Harold Silverman's conviction later was reversed by the Court of Appeals, but at the present writing he is awaiting trial along with Lepke and Gurrah, Max Silverman, and several others on a series of extortion charges in the bakery racket. The Goldis brothers, Schorr, and Silverman are also awaiting trial for first-degree murder in connection with the killing of Snyder.

By extraordinarily clever detective work, Max Silverman was eventually traced to California, where he waived extradition. But that was for later development. In the meanwhile the Goldis brothers and Schorr feared that a further trial for murder was being prepared for them. They learned, too, that Max Rubin, an associate of theirs and Silverman's, had been persuaded to talk to Dewey's men and tell all he knew, which was much. This put Max Rubin into danger as great as theirs; but he refused the bodyguard offered him, and Rubin had the melancholy distinction of being the first of Dewey's witnesses to come to harm. He was shot, not fatally, however. But the flour truckmen were free of terrorism.

Lepke and Gurrah were now under double indictment on their operations of the garment racket and the bakery racket. Now exerting their crippled powers by remote control, they were only two of the mob of mobsters.

Much greater than the flour and bakery rackets was the restaurant racket, which Dewey considered the most far-reaching of all, and the most difficult to overthrow. This was the work of Dutch Schultz, Jules Martin, and their pack, who lived for a long time like princes on their extortions from other purveyors of necessities to people who had also to struggle with the difficulties and hardships of the great depression.

In the discovery and destruction of this racket an important part was played by the investigation of a murder and the inability of the authorities to follow up the results of police investigation. What they had dropped and left as an unsolved mystery was eventually solved by Dewey's office, even though it was near Albany, outside Dewey's jurisdiction. This was the peculiarly ugly murder by Dutch Schultz of his chief aide, Jules Martin, in the very presence of his lawyer, Dixie Davis.

Jules Martin was a strange creature of Russian extraction. His real name was Mogilewsky, and he was said to have cherished a dream of going back to Russia as Commissar of Transportation. It amused his friends to call him "Commissar," but he was usually "Julie," though he was a big fellow weighing some two hundred pounds and a born gangster.

IN 1932 he had opened a restaurant in Forty-sixth Street. It served as a convenient front and meeting place for his gangster associates. Two of his employees were Aladar Retek and Charles Baum. A frequent visitor was Paul N. Coulcher, a Montenegrin by birth and a waiter by trade.

Dutch Schultz dropped in now and then, and in their conversations the idea grew that there was a fallow field for racketeering in the public fodder. They foresaw that the repeal of prohibition was inevitable and meant the end of their illicit liquor empire. They decided to move in. They took over a waiters' union as their first step, and later another. Jules Martin in person called on two or three owners of restaurants and cafeterias in Times Square and announced that he controlled the unions and would start trouble in the form of strikes and picket lines unless the owners paid him a fee for peace. If they did, they would not have to raise wages and they would have no trouble.

There was such prompt submission that the gangster adopted a pattern for future procedure.

Hyman Gross, who had invested $100,000 in the Gerard Cafeteria, refused the invitations of the mob's collector to pay the tax. He would not be coerced by picket lines, and even when threatened with stink bombs he was stubborn. He had to close his cafe-

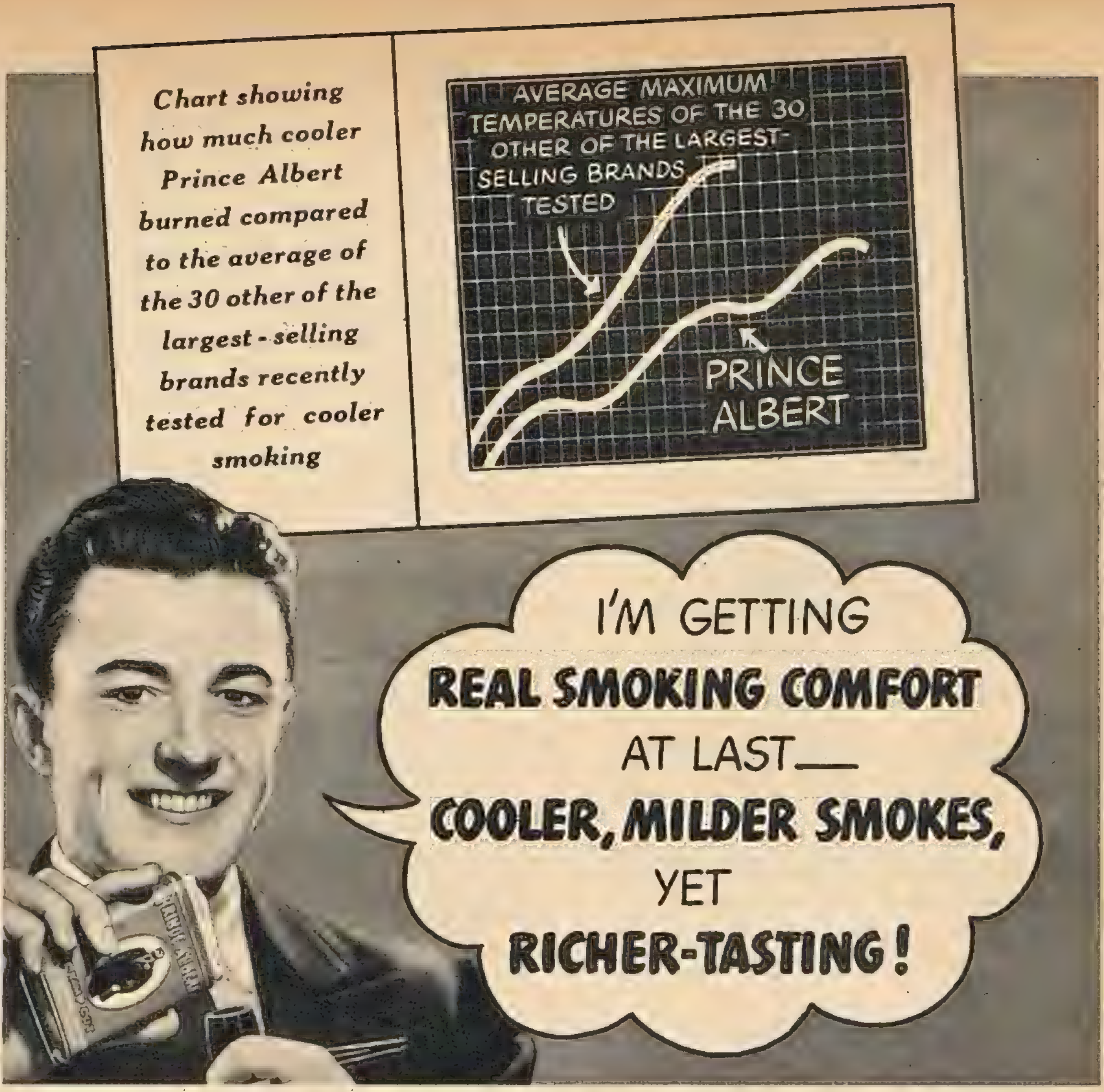
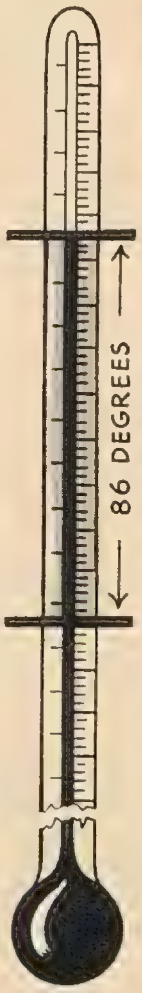


Chart showing how much cooler Prince Albert burned compared to the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands recently tested for cooler smoking
AVERAGE MAXIMUM TEMPERATURES OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED
PRINCE ALBERT
I'M GETTING REAL SMOKING COMFORT AT LAST— COOLER, MILDER SMOKES, YET RICHER-TASTING!

In Recent Laboratory "Smoking Bowl" Tests, Prince Albert Burned

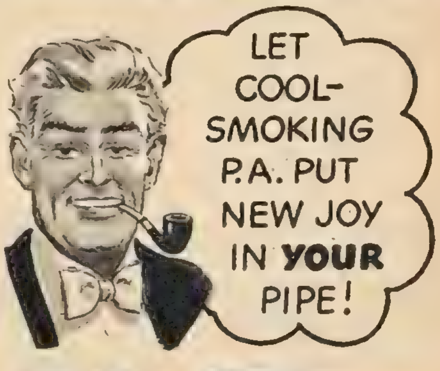
86 DEGREES COOLER



than the average of the 30 other of the largest-selling brands tested—coolest of *all!*

SCIENTISTS at a nationally known independent laboratory tested to find the COOLEST-SMOKING TOBACCO, and the results are no surprise to millions of smokers. Automatic smoking and heat-registering machines found that Prince Albert smokes coolest — as above. Say good-bye to parching, "bitey" smokes. P.A.'s cooler, milder smoking lets rich, full body come through EXTRA EASY ON THE TONGUE. Prince Albert's choice, "no-bite" tobacco is "crimp cut." Try P.A.! ("Makin's" fans, that's a "pointer" to you too!)

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS SAYS:


LET COOL-SMOKING P.A. PUT NEW JOY IN **YOUR** PIPE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy tin of Prince Albert

PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

Prince Albert
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE
Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N.C.

GIANT THRIFT PACK 12 for 25¢
STAR
REGULAR PACK 4 for 10¢

Who's a DOUBLE-CROSSER?

**Dull razor blades are *double-crossers*! They make you *double*-cross your face time after time to shave clean! So switch to Star Blades and get every whisker the first time over! They're keener, uniform—and the world's largest selling single edge blade. Famous since 1880.**

STAR

★ WORLD'S ★
LARGEST-SELLING
SINGLE EDGE BLADE

Star Blade Division,
American Safety Razor Corp., Brooklyn, N. Y.

FOR GEM AND EVER-READY RAZORS

teria and lost his $100,000. His only satisfaction was the testimony he gave for Dewey when the time came at last.

There was a labor-union man of equal courage who did honor to his office. This was Benjamin Gottesman, head of the waiters' union, Local No. 1, which covered the region below Fourteenth Street. Dewey never ceased to praise him for his valor in obscurity:

" He was the only man in the City of New York who came to my office to give testimony without a subpoena. I have never seen another man who had the guts that Benny Gottesman had."

While Dewey was investigating this enterprise with the help of Gottesman's testimony, he had to save his witness from the gangsters. Dewey said of these five months that followed the five years of Gottesman's purgatory:

" For five long months Benny Gottesman didn't work. God knows how he lived. For five months he begged and he borrowed. For five months he gave up the right to earn a living and submitted with a smile. He had a policeman in his household and with him every hour of the day and night. When I thought it was necessary for his safety to send him away for a whole month, he submitted without a single complaint. Finally, in January of this year, the case came to trial and he testified, and he took the worst beating any man ever took on the witness stand, and stood up like a rock."

About August, 1933, Schultz and Martin had an inspiration. They decided to organize the employers. They would form an association and call it the Metropolitan Restaurant and Cafeteria Association. They would impose a $250 initiation fee on every restaurant or cafeteria and dues of five dollars a week.

THE Metropolitan opened offices at 1819 Broadway, with an ex-silk salesman, Philip Grossel, in charge as front man, and a lawyer, Harry Vogelstein, to attend to the legal details. Another lawyer conceived the idea of a noncoercion affidavit, which each of the owners was forced to execute. It stated, with every device of all-inclusive legal phraseology, that there never had been a hint of coercion in his membership and that he had been glad to join of his own free will.

So powerful, and so openly powerful, had the rulers of the racket become that public honors were being heaped upon them.

Coulcher addressed the NRA hearings in Washington and was appointed to an NRA board. He became a familiar figure at Albany year after year, advocating legislation. Large public dinners were tendered to him. He was fast becoming a very influential member of the community, and at the same time one of the leading members of the criminal underworld.

Great gilded plaques and chromium-plated copper plaques had begun to glow in the front windows of New York restaurants in 1933. The legend on them announced that the proprietors were members of the Metropolitan Restaurant and Cafeteria Association. It was these plaques that brought about the undoing of their distributors, though their manufacturer, Jules Martin, did not live to see the downfall of his pride and joy.

When his big body, with its many knife gashes added to the fatal bullet wound, was found in the dirty snow outside Troy, it was identified by its fingerprints. A visit to his office at 1819 Broadway disclosed bills for letterheads for the association, and bills for the gold plaques, as well as for photographs of restaurant owners who had signed contracts with the racketeers.

These plaques were manufactured in Elkhart, Indiana, where Jules Martin had a factory and manufactured new automobiles out of secondhand parts of old ones. There was also a memorandum among his papers: " Call up Jimmie Hines."

WHEN these facts fell into the hands of William B. Herlands, one of Dewey's chief aides, from among the police files, he went with Detective Grafenecker to Elkhart. There they learned that, while Martin ordered them and paid for them, the plaques were shipped direct to the Metropolitan Association.

They found that Coulcher and Retek, who pretended to be respectable union men, had visited Elkhart, spent the night with the gangster Martin, and advised changes in the drawings for the plaques. These discoveries proved that Coulcher was tied in with both the labor union and the Metropolitan, and that both organizations were combined into a racket. The false fronts of both the employers' association and of the labor union were thus ripped off.

All these details clamped the dead Martin in with the apparently reputable association of employers, as well as with the labor union.

From then on the investigation proceeded for fourteen months, when the history and misdeeds of the racket lay clear before Dewey and his staff.

Careful estimates proved that about 90 per cent of the well known restaurants in New York had knuckled down to the racket. It controlled every kind of eating place except a few like the Childs, the Schrafft, and the Bickford chains, and the hotels.

When Dewey's office moved to the rescue of both employers and employees, the racketeers made threats that kept their victims in fear of death. When Herlands and his men interviewed them they told pathetic lies. When he asked for their records, they refused to deliver them or sent him falsified books full of erasures which violet light brought into the clear. But when the books were turned over to Dewey's mathematical sleuth, A. J. Gutreich, it took more than false entries to deceive him.

One man, Abraham Finkel, owned a small cafeteria on upper Broadway resoundingly called the Empire. He stood behind his own counter, but he had to pay his $250 initiation fees into the racket's own association and thirty dollars in advance dues. Yet this served only to give him the right to pay also at the same time $1,500 to avert a threatened "strike." He was scared into borrowing it rather than have his place picketed or filled with stinking fumes. He was so scared that he frankly entered the money in his books as "Association dues."

Here was the written word Dewey needed. But Finkel was warned by one of the gangsters' lawyers, Abraham Cohen, that he must deny the written testimony of his own books—or else. So poor Finkel went before the grand jury five times and glibly told the most unconvincing nonsense. He was honored by being the first witness sentenced to jail for giving false answers to a grand jury. His case was carried to the Court of Appeals. After long delay it confirmed the sentence. Only then did Finkel consent to tell the truth.

IN the Finkel case Dewey broke new ground of the most technical and vital kind in the law affecting criminal justice. He had established an invaluable precedent and he could use it against his other witnesses. This new ruling of the highest court proclaimed that "witnesses may not comfortably disclaim knowledge of crime when they have such knowledge and thus obstruct justice. Witnesses may no longer choose whether it is convenient or profitable for them to keep silent and leave the burden of good citizenship to others."

While the group of men carrying on this investigation had been at work, others of Dewey's lieutenants had cleaned up the rackets of the loan sharks and the Luciano mob. And now, after fourteen months of hard labor by four lawyers, three accountants, and ten police detectives, Dewey was ready to return again to the open with the restaurant case. He indicted thirteeen defendants, two lawyers, six labor leaders, and five gangsters, of whom three were in full flight. The indictment named the dead Schultz and Martin and two dead labor leaders as co-conspirators. When Dewey emerged again from silence into action, the headlines greeted him with even more than the usual fanfare.

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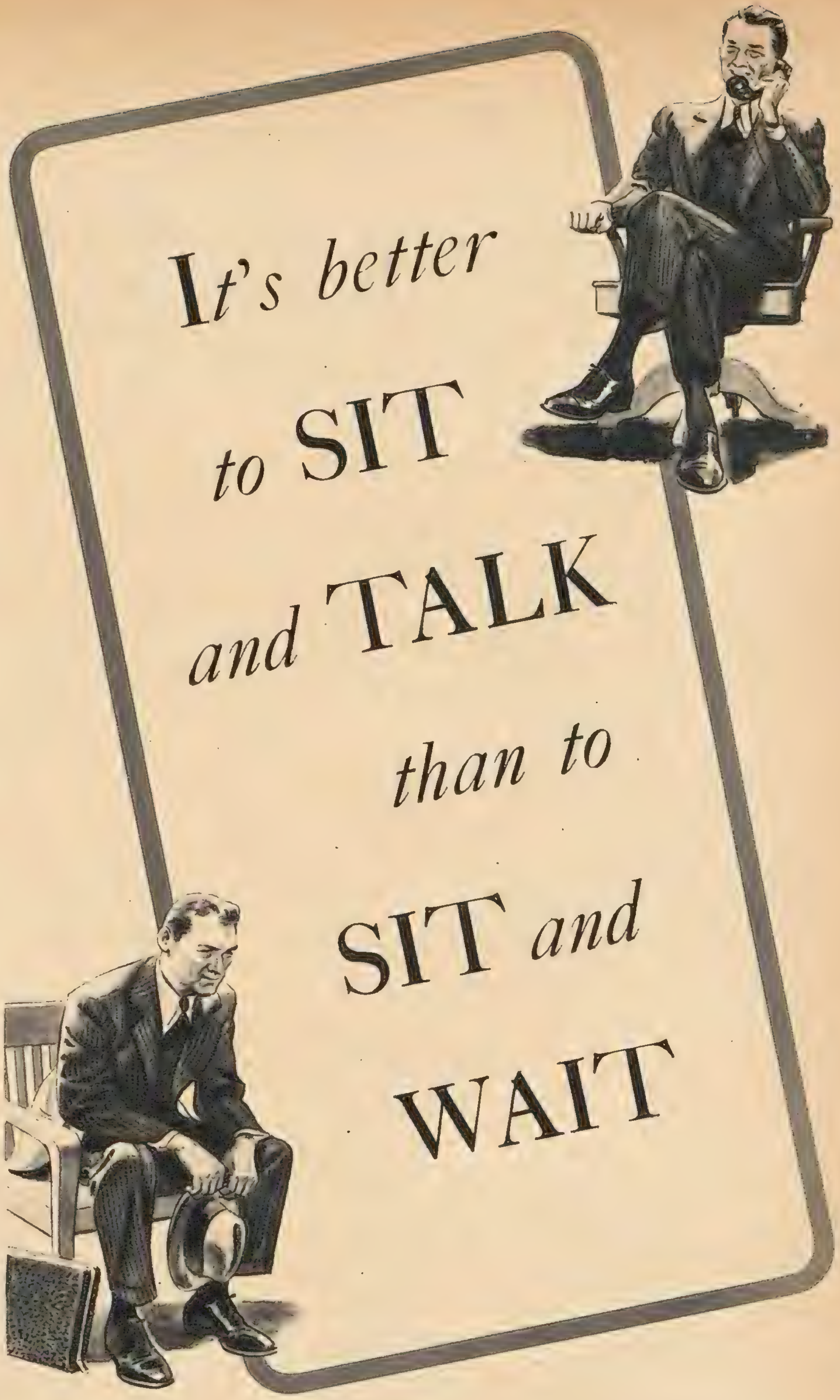
*The café racket exposed, others—poultry, garment, bakery—fall beneath Dewey's smashing blows. The famous Dixie Davis, of the Dutch Schultz gang, flees in terror. A query made to jurymen on the panels, "Do you know James J. Hines?" foreshadows a famous case of the future. Follow the gripping story of a fearless D. A.'s fight against crime. In Liberty next week!*



OUT-OF-TOWN visits are pointless, profitless, if people you want to see are "out" or "busy." It pays to telephone ahead for appointments—and avoid disappointments.

Long Distance costs little and earns its own way. Sometimes you save an unnecessary trip—sometimes you learn enough to make the trip more productive. In any case, a little headwork eliminates a lot of legwork.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO. AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES BELL SYSTEM

# To the Ladies

### BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

TRUE enough, elephants *don't* catch mice—but who could possibly guess that old Latin proverb might be dramatized in a modern setting to catch window shoppers?

Polly Pettit could and did guess so. Director of the New York School of Display, she teaches, among many other things, the effectiveness of window appeal through illustrated sayings, etc. To sell ivory miniatures, the mouse-and-elephant theme was worked out by one of her pupils now employed by the United States government's display department.

Julia Ritter Pettit (Polly's her business name) told me how unexpectedly the window-dressing art recruits some of its genius. One successful young displayist, now specializing in ladies' garments, is a former butcher who first became interested through fixing up handsome window showings of beefsteaks and lamb chops. Several well known sculptresses have turned to window arrangement, as have a number of engineers and at least one ex-editor.

"Window audiences," said Miss Pettit, "are actively enthusiastic and co-operative. When I used to do windows for a Fifth Avenue jeweler, my most reliable critic was a taximan from the corner cab stand. Impressive windows bring people in, not only to buy but frequently to suggest new display ideas and even to offer their own private art treasures free for the purpose." . . . As an occupation for girls of taste and imagination, window dressing now ranks high in popularity. Full course at the display school lasts five months; costs $320. Twice-a-week evening course, ten months.

☆ Met a briefly built Midwest professor married to a large, towering wife. Heard their story from friends who have known them for years. At their wedding breakfast, after refreshments, the professor made a speech that surprised every one, his bride included. "Look at me," he said. "I'm a runt. Now look at this tall girl I've just married. Her mother is tall; her father is tall; her sisters and brothers and uncles and aunts are all tall. That's why I picked 'em. Genetics. Out of a family like that I ought to get big tall sons instead of runts like myself." . . . In time his plan worked, except for one detail. He begat no tall sons, but he now supports five towering daughters!

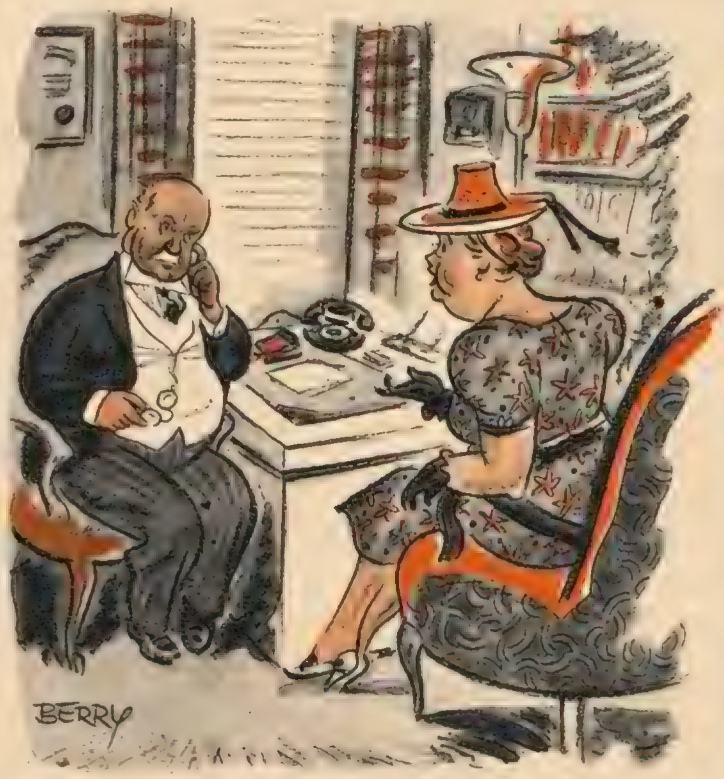
☆ Men who give presents to women are greatly convenienced now by the spread of the Hollywood fad for collecting innumerable perfumes in novelty containers. They can be bought anywhere; don't cost much; and we all adore 'em. Few of us hope to equal the hundreds of different perfumes amassed by the movie stars, but every modest addition helps our dressing tables seem more luxurious. Boys on the give will do well to consider the inexpensive elegance of the new multi-perfume sets. One offers three little bottles in a miniature replica of an old-fashioned condiment stand. Another takes the form of a doll-sized bookcase. A third trucks five midget vials of fragrance to you by means of a Lilliput tea wagon on wheels, with a wee padlock guarding against looters.

☆ "*Bush*" is the amusingly descriptive nickname applied to all branch greens such as spinach, beet tops, etc., by natives of Georgetown, British Guiana. Friend of mine who went down there recently fetched home this recipe for an extraordinarily good tropical dish known as *Shrimp in the Bush.* It's easy to make. . . . Cut stalks from 3 pounds well washed spinach; dry the leaves; fry quickly in salt butter. Soon as spinach begins to brown, cover sparingly with hot water. Simmer 5 minutes, then add 1 cup diced salt pork, 1 cup shrimp (fresh cooked or canned), and 1 cup any firm fish fried brown in small pieces. Flavor with salt, pepper, tiny pinch cinnamon. Cook slowly until water evaporates. Serve with plain boiled rice. The above quantities give you a generous dinner for four.

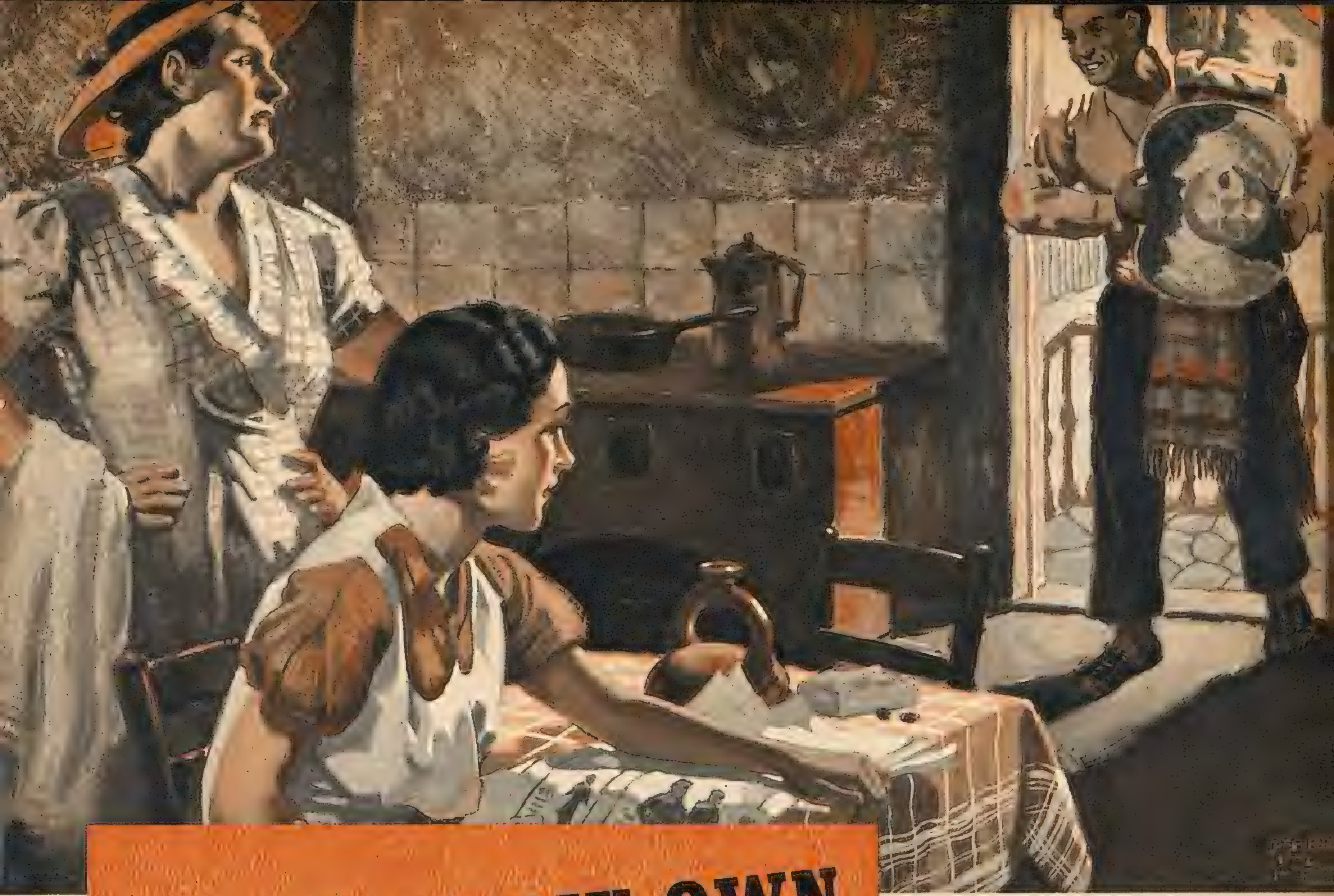
☆ Amid our deluge of radio war talk, with heart-to-heart propaganda assailing us from all sides, it was welcome relief to feel genuinely touched by a fact I picked up the other day from a radio executive. A program sponsored by a nation-wide industry had just broadcast an interview with Mrs. Harrison Eustis, founder of the Seeing Eye institution, where dogs are wonderfully trained to guide the blind. Mrs. Eustis sold the sponsor the idea of paying for her radio appearance by subsidizing the training of eight more dogs. I hope they never need be used to guide American veterans blinded in this new war.

☆ Most of us nurse a private belief that we can read people's faces like books. Now Jacques Penry has *written* a book—How to Read Character from the Face—telling us how to do it. (Published by Fortuny's.)

☆ More notes from ladies who listen to radio while sewing or knitting: . . . Ohio knitters tell me they prefer short plays and good band music; don't want political or symphonic programs. New Jersey stocking darners ask for orchestral selections and songs *without* wordy interruptions. California knitters say daytime commercials drive them crazy, announcers yelling and hollering. "They're so noisy," writes one Los Angeles lady, "that I do all my radio knitting at night, and it's bad for my eyes."



"Maybe you can help me, doctor. Every night I dream a double feature!"



"I come back sometime," he promised. "To kill Bill. My frien'."

# A MAN OF MY OWN

## BY MILDRED DOHERTY

**READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS**

NO one ever asked what had become of Flossie Hammer. It was too convenient to forget her. Flossie packed her bags one gray day when a sharp norther was chilling the lowlands, floured her fleshy nose—Flossie's face always looked as if it had been brought out of the oven too soon—and came to say good-by to us. We went to the station with her. We said we were sorry she was leaving. We weren't. When she boarded the arthritic train we all said, "Poor Flossie!"—as if we were burying her.

Then, ashamed, we added, "Flossie was a good sort, really. She was a fool, of course, but—"

That was in Tampico in the '20s, in a city that had grown overnight with the oil boom. It was a crazy crude port, and heavy with the smell of Mexico—dung heaps and jasmine flowers, salt of the sea, sun-dried adobe, rank jungle growth, and cheap perfume. And over everything hung the stifling odor of oil and chapapote.

Houses were thrown into the air with the magic of the Indian rope trick. Casa Bonita, in Colonia Elegante, was one of these. It was a barracks of a house, unpainted and unshuttered. Here we lived. Colonia Elegante, with the exception of Casa Bonita, was a cluster of native huts where Lupe, Concepción, and Alta Gracia sat on their stoops and did fine needlework with grubby nicotine-stained fingers. There was a fable that Lupe, Concepción, and Alta Gracia would come to Casa Bonita to wash clothes or scrub floors with lye and water. Sometimes the fable came true. Oftener it remained a fable.

Men from the north had come into Tampico and peons were paid incredible amounts in American gold for their work in the oil fields. Concepción's husband bought a seven-passenger car, put his phonograph on the front seat, and slept in the back.

Water had to be bought in gallon jugs. Shower baths were a luxury. We had the only one in Casa Bonita, the only one in that part of the city. True, the water was neither hot nor cold, but it was water. Guests came with pink Spanish soap and rubber caps. "If you don't mind, I think I'll have a bath." We were popular.

I remember distinctly the first time I saw Flossie. She was impressed on my memory because of Fernando.

It was a hot airless afternoon. Bill, my husband, was somewhere inland, testing for oil. There was nothing to do but look at a week-old Chicago paper and brood over advertisements.

Fernando walked into the kitchen without knocking. He was tall and young, not quite twenty. His hair was red, straight, and coarse. His narrow green eyes had a fixed stare, as if he had no need for eyes—as if he saw through his pores. An L-shaped scar started at his temple and swerved into his chin. He wore a pair of blue dungarees, a shiny pink silk shirt, and a red-and-white serape.

He frightened me. He looked too

ILLUSTRATED BY H. T. FISK

The author's last story . . . Page 57 of this issue tells you of her last days much like the bad men in Western films. The glimpse of a knife under his serape didn't do anything to ameliorate matters.

Bill had found Fernando sleeping in the plaza one night. It's one of Bill's endearing traits—picking up people, giving them money, and handing them over to me when they become unbearable or boring.

Fernando sat down and rolled a brown paper cigarette.

"Tequila!" he ordered abruptly.

I told him I hadn't any. Fernando had let me know he was a mixture of Yaqui Indian and Pittsburgh Irish. I didn't want to put any fire water into that combination.

"Pulque," he substituted reasonably.

"I haven't any," I said nervously. "I have nothing but chocolates. Here." I offered him a box. He scooped up a handful, threw back his head, and flipped the candies one by one into his mouth.

"Bill will be home in a little while," I lied.

FERNANDO jerked upright and said, "Bill is one fine guy. It is ver' sad he mus' be killed." He rolled his head in sorrow. "I mus' kill Bill. I feel ver' bad. But all Americanos mus' be killed. They take our jobs."

"But Bill's your friend, Fernando," I said.

Fernando's brown hands spread in a fatalistic gesture. "That is why I am so sad. But you I will not kill." He shook his head. "My sister, she was killed. I saw it. It was bad, ver' bad. So I no kill you."

"Well! Now ain't that something!"

Flossie Hammer stood in the open doorway, a big girl with chopped-off tan hair, marble-colored eyes, and an outsize nose and mouth. She wore a plaid cotton dress and a wide-brimmed red straw hat. She looked beautiful to me.

"Who's this punk?" she asked me.

"A friend of my husband. His name's Fernando."

"Well, Fernando," she said, "meet Flossie Hammer of Harbin, Missouri. And what's all this about your killing people or not killing them?"

"I kill Bill, her husban'," Fernando explained coldly. "Not her. Fernando, he does not kill women. But some women should be killed!"

Flossie came swaggering in.

"Vamoose, punk," she said, jerking her head. "Pronto!"

With a quick and graceful movement, Fernando made for the door. There he bowed to me and smiled, flashing beautiful teeth.

"I come back sometime," he promised. "To kill Bill. My frien'. It is good for a man to die by the hand of a frien'."

I sat down weakly after he left.

Flossie said, "Now don't let him worry you any. They're really just a lot of kids, these people. He was probably full of tequila. Say, I'll bet you'll think I've got a lot of gall, barging in on you like this. But I heard you owned the shower, and I wonder if you'd mind my using it? I go to work around nine and get home sometime after four. Would this time in the afternoon be O. K. with you?"

I nodded.

Flossie was determined to be friendly. She picked out a chair and told me about Tampico—where to have my hair washed, where to get American coffee, how to treat the Mexicans, for whom she had an affectionate scorn.

She went to the window, humming Cielito Lindo, and stared at the river and the uncertain wooden bridge that spanned it, at Tampico not far beyond.

"It's grand. It's sort of like me. I never want to leave it. There's a saying here that once the dust of Mexico settles on you, you'll always come back."

"Don't you ever get lonesome for home?"

I was thinking of a cold smoky city banked against a cold blue lake, of rain blackening the asphalt streets, of lighted avenues, of decently long twilights.

She turned toward me, her face dark with memories.

"If I never see it again it'll be too soon." She dismissed the place with a flirt of her large freckled hand. "Well, I guess I'll toddle along and scrub the old carcass. There's a dance at the Metropole tonight. Going?"

I told her Bill was inland; would be there at least three weeks.

"Say, you come along with Sam and me. Sam's a scream. He's from Texas. No use moping around here. It's sort of informal. There's always too many men."

Flossie's invitation was genuine and hearty. I said I'd love to go.

"My hide-out's on the first floor. I'll be back for you. *Hasta la vista*, honey."

SHE came for me a little after nine, looking much more remarkable than she had that afternoon. There was a green-and-gold shawl with head-size red roses embroidered on it; there were pendulous earrings that made her neck seem thicker and redder. Tight high-heeled slippers gave her a giddy pitch and roll. She might have powdered and rouged with a blow-torch. But an air of pleased expectancy and a vast good humor saved her from the grotesque.

The dance was on the roof of the hotel. The big soft southern stars were brighter than the Japanese lanterns strung from the pillars. A three-piece Mexican orchestra played American jazz persistently and sadly. Margie became a dirge. Men from the oil fields and offices were there; silent, intent men who were pausing only a moment before they went back to the business of earning their first million. Their wives were comfortable women from the States in "stylish stouts" or lean Englishwomen in ancient evening gowns.

Sam called Flossie "Li'l Ole Honeybunch," did tricks with matches and coins, and sang loudly while he danced. He kept a handkerchief between his moist palms and kept saying, "Oh, boy, am I hot!"

It was nearly midnight when Derek Winston sauntered in. There was a murmur of women's voices: "There's Derek. He's with the Aguila Company." "Just back from London, I guess." "Oh, I must say hello to Derek Winston."

He leaned against a pillar, smoking a cigarette in a long ivory holder, watching the dancers. He was tall and slender. He was handsome in a way that made people say "distinctive"—as if handsome were too weak a word. His head was narrow, the sort of head a woman expects to find on an aristocrat or a military hero. His hair was brown and smooth, though his small mustache was almost entirely white. He was about forty, I should say.

Mrs. Hepburn, who knew everybody, was the first to greet him. They talked awhile, and I saw Mrs. Hepburn's eyebrows go up. She led him straight to the little table where Sam and Flossie sat drinking punch.

After that, Derek danced with Flossie perhaps half a dozen times. The women on the side lines were as shocked as if they'd seen a girl with a harelip take first prize at a beauty contest. Meaning smiles were exchanged all over the room.

IT was only a little after one o'clock when the dance ended. Sam, a trifle surly now, his rufous hair rumpled, put our thin wraps around us and suggested going to Los Maragatos, Tampico's interpretation of a cabaret.

"I'm too tired," Flossie said briefly.

We were waiting for a horse-drawn cab when I saw Fernando leaning against a lamppost. I sensed rather than saw his agate eyes were watching us. He went up to Sam and said something in a low voice.

"You can go to work," Sam said roughly. "You panhandlers make me sick! Come around in the morning and I'll get you a job."

Fernando smiled—a disdainful, knowing smile. "I do not work for Americanos. They take Mexico away from us. You give me money."

Flossie walked toward them opening her mesh bag. She took out a bill and offered it to Fernando. "Let the poor kid alone," she said to Sam. "Maybe he's half right." Her voice usually had the boom of the surf in it. Now it was as smooth as a pond.

Fernando took the bill, looked at it, then gave it back, saying, "Me, I do not take money from women."

"Oh, here!" Sam yelled, outraged. He fingered his pocket, then thrust something into Fernando's outstretched hand. Fernando swaggered away gracefully.

"Don't you know you can't spoil these people?" Sam asked, later, as we were driving down the darkened Avenida Jasmines.

A moment passed and then Flossie said dreamily, "Were you speaking to me, Sam?"

"Just asking you the price of ice," Sam retorted. His sally restored him to good humor. He sang the rest of the way home. But Flossie sat quietly, her hands folded loosely in her lap. When we stopped in front of Casa Bonita, she gave Sam her hand, thanked him for a lovely evening, said good night to me in a sleepy tone, and left us. Sam watched as she fitted her key into the door, and wondered aloud, "What do you suppose is wrong with her?"

"She's tired, that's all," I said.

Sam shook his head. "That's not a bit like her."

I left the next day for San Luis Potosi to join Bill. When I returned, I had but to look at Flossie to know what all Tampico knew. Flossie was in love. There was no mistaking it. The bloom was strange but appealing. Her eyes had a faraway look. Her voice had softened.

Every night Derek Winston's car would stop in front of Casa Bonita. Every night the children clustered about it, and when Flossie made her appearance—with the assurance of an opera star—they shouted, "*La señora, la señora!*" They never called Flossie *señorita.*

Together Derek and Flossie explored the city; the little cafés where they ate enchiladas and arroz con pollo; the native market, a jumble of strange wares and strange people; the plazas, where they watched the courtship ritual of Mexican boys and girls. Flossie loved to talk of these adventures in Tampico, or of their frequent excursions up the silent reaches of the Panuco or the Tamesi, or of her plans.

"We're going to Pueblo Viejo Sunday. A picnic. It's lovely there. There's big pink flowers on the trees. And orange groves. And houses stuck up on stilts and ladders over the water. Derek's never eaten fried chicken. Imagine! So I'm going to fry him some and take it along. England must be a funny place."

She said his name often, but never mentioned Colonia Aguila, where he lived. Colonia Aguila curved daintily around the bay. Here were freshly painted cottages covered with ivy, smooth green lawns, hibiscus hedges, clean paved streets. It was a part of England.

The women of Colonia Aguila nodded to Flossie if they met her on the street. But they didn't bother about her. Flossie to them was like the fever that affected newcomers for a while. After it had run its course it rarely returned.

Flossie neither knew nor cared that she was being ignored by Derek Winston's friends. She was living in a bright world of her own. She was wildly, childishly happy. She foraged through my rooms two or three times every evening, seeking a hat or a clean pair of stockings or maybe some shoe cleaner.

"I'm in a hurry. Derek'll be here before I'm ready. I wish to goodness we were where we could buy some new togs. Everything I've got is in rags. Wouldn't you think they'd start importing a few clothes?"

"Mrs. Witherby's sister is sending her some things from London," I told Flossie one day. "More than a dozen new dresses. And she says whoever gets to her first, after the boat comes in, can have one. The ship's due tomorrow. I'm going to meet it. I'll try to get something for you too."

"Gee, thanks," Flossie said. Then, as if she were remembering something, she added primly, "That's awfully kind of you. It really is."

It was a still, moist morning. Mrs. Witherby took me to the wharf, grimly determined nothing should happen to her boxes at the customs office. There was a small group of women who had bicycled from Colonia Aguila clustered about Derek Winston's car. He was standing, bareheaded, at the foot of the gangplank, eagerly watching the thin trickle of passengers. He recognized some one, waved his arms. A woman rushed toward him down the gangplank.

They laughed into each other's faces and kissed.

"Nice crossing?"

"Marvelous."

"It's good to see you."

"It's good to be here."

He saw us, and introduced her: "My wife. Mrs. Witherby. Mrs. Howell."

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OLD DRUM
WHISKEY
YOU CAN'T BEAT IT

I didn't hear anything said after that. Poor Flossie!

I didn't tell her that evening, though I knew she hadn't heard of Mrs. Winston's arrival. She was restless, alert for every sound. We sat on the gallery, enjoying the flavorous life of the Mexicans below. Phonographs were playing The Dark Town Strutters' Ball and Everything Is Peaches Down in Georgia. Lupe, her black rebozo framing her face, came out of her hut and shouted something to an unseen listener, then stood moaning and lifting her hands as though in prayer.

“It's her old man,” Flossie said. “He's bringing a younger woman home, and Lupe and her kids will have to go back to Guadalajara.”

Lupe heard, and understood. She smiled through her tears. “In Guadalajara there is marriage. Real marriage.” She shook her head and wiped her eyes with an edge of her rebozo.

“What would you do, Flossie, if you were Lupe?” I asked, after a long time.

“Fight,” Flossie said, in a tone that settled the matter.

In the days that followed she seemed bewildered, lost. Over and over she hinted at trouble in the oil fields. “Something must have happened. I've phoned Derek every day, and he isn't in. He must have gone to the fields. I do hope he's all right.”

I was embarrassed. I practiced saying, “Oh, by the way, I met Derek at the dock the other day. He'd come down to meet his wife. She seemed nice.” But I was as much afraid of her reaction as I had been of Fernando's knife. Flossie would find out soon enough. By that time she would probably have got over her “crush.” I tagged her deep and obvious adoration a “crush.” It made me feel better.

FLOSSIE did find out, of course. I was glad I wasn't with her at the time. It was a gray cold day with the knife-edged wind splintering through the mountain passes on its way to the coast. The palm leaves rattled like castanets. The Mexicans pulled their serapes over their mouths and pushed their wide hats down over their ears. I tramped through the streets, trying to keep warm, and after a dull dinner in an almost warm café I hurried home. Fernando was at my door, rattling the knob. His shirt was torn, his eyes bloodshot, his lower lip bleeding.

I opened the door and he slid in past me. I wasn't afraid of him then. He was just a terrified boy. He had been beaten by his friends, by those he had tried to incite to rebellion.

“I tell them they mus' kill all the Americanos. So they may keep Mexico. And they almos' kill me. They fear for their jobs. I go away. I never come back.”

I counted the money in my purse. There wasn't enough to take him very far. I thought of Flossie and ran to her apartment. I knocked on her door, but she didn't answer. Then I saw her coming across the yard, walking in a zigzag, carrying her hat and bag under one arm. I called, but she didn't hear me until she started up the stairs.

“Fernando's here,” I said. “He has to get away. Somebody's trying to kill him. Can you lend me a few dollars to take him out of town?”

She stared at me as if I were talking Sanskrit; but she followed me into my rooms and closed the door, leaning on it as if she could go no farther. Fernando scowled at her, and glared at me.

“Why you bring her?”

“She can help you.”

Flossie shook herself as if she were coming out of the depths of sleep.

MILDRED DOHERTY

*was the wife of Edward Doherty. After working on Chicago newspapers and writing a column from Hollywood, she became movie critic of the Daily News in New York. The story of her tragic death was told by Edward Doherty in A Reporter Meets Himself, in Liberty's issue of July 8.*

“You in trouble?” she asked Fernando.

“*Mucho!*” Fernando spread his hands apart. “So.”

Flossie tossed her bag to me, saying, “Give him all he needs.” Fernando grabbed the bills, stuffed them into a pocket without counting them, and kissed Flossie's hand. Then he was gone.

Flossie tried to smile; but, before a smile could form, her face crumpled and she put her head in her arms and sobbed aloud.

“I want to die,” she said. “I want to die!”

“I know,” I said. “I'm so sorry.”

She lifted her head in surprise. Tears had made her face a relief map. Her nose and cheeks were red and swollen. She slumped in a chair and cried again, then unexpectedly stopped weeping.

“Don't pity me. I can't stand it.” She laughed. Horribly. “I knew he was married. Sure I did. Only I never let myself think of it—so he wasn't married. See? So I'm leaving. I'm getting out of here on the morning train.”

“Where'll you go?”

“South. Anywhere. I've got along before; I'll get along again. They're laughing at me. I got to get away.”

She wept again, a dismal steady wail.

“Oh, I'm sick of it, sick of it! Sick of everything and everybody!”

She jumped up and began to pace the floor.

“You want to know something? You want to know why I came down here? I was the only girl in Harbin, Missouri, who never had a date. Actually never had a date. I was too big. And funny. That's the way it always was. All the other girls going to dances and for rides and to the movies. All except me. And that's the way I thought it always would be. Then my brother—Fred's his name—Fred got a job in Oklahoma. In the oil fields. He asked me to come down there and cook for him. So I did. So I was the only girl down there. And I found out something. Anybody can get along without competition. I danced with all the boys. I went for rides in their flivvers. And whenever they went to town they brought me magazines and candy. Just like any other girl, see?”

I saw. I saw clearly.

“None of them ever asked to marry me, but I had a good time. I had a sweet time. I had what I'd always wanted. After that it was easy. I worked out West. For two summers I worked in Alaska. Then I heard about the boom down here. And so I came.”

She sat on the edge of a chair and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand.

“It was fine. It was all fine, except that I fell in love. Yes. Me! I fell just as hard as a chit of a girl that weighs a hundred pounds and prides herself on her cute little hands and feet. Do you understand that? Inside, I'm the same as any of them.”

I nodded.

“I guess I made a holy show of myself tonight, but I'd do it all over again. I met them in the lobby of the hotel. They were just coming in. He looked at me as if I were—oh, anybody—just somebody he knew. And he said, ‘Flossie, I'd like you to meet my wife.’”

SHE mimicked Derek's Oxford accent, not too well.

“I don't know why—I guess I went a little loco. Anyway, I slapped him. Hard. With everybody looking at us. Then I ran away as fast as I could. And I stumbled, like a fool, and everybody laughed.”

She put a cold dry hand on my arm. “You won't laugh, will you? You see, I was always too crazy to think ahead. I used to tell myself all sorts of silly things, even if a part of me knew they weren't true. I'd say he was in love with me. I'd make up wonderful things that were going to happen. I knew, down underneath, that they wouldn't happen, they couldn't happen; but I was happy.”

She stood up. In the glare of the unshaded electric bulb she looked enormous.

And that was the last I saw of her, except for a few minutes at the depot. There were four or five of us there to see her off. We all forgot to ask her where she was going. Lupe was there, her dark eyes filled with tears. “Go with God,” she cried to the big figure on the train platform. The dust of Mexico swirled about us in a cloud, blotting out the train. Flossie was gone.

The years sped by. Bill and I went all over the world. Every now and then we met old friends who had lived with us in Casa Bonita and who still remembered our shower bath, or friends who had lived in Colonia

Aguila, or Colonia Juárez. But nobody ever asked what had become of Flossie Hammer. I had almost forgotten her myself until the other day, when I came face to face with her in a little town in Central America.

There had been a revolution in the republic, and Bill's company had managed to obtain an oil concession from the new dictator. The dictator was coming into town that day from the capital on a tour of inspection, and the place was astir. Gaudy flags of green and red and gold hung from the balconies, floated from every roof. Placards had been posted everywhere. They even covered the signs on the Anglo-American Clubhouse—signs that said, in English and Spanish: "Commit no nuisance in the clubhouse." "Please check your guns at the door." "It is against the law to throw bottles on the greens."

There was a band playing in the club, a military band, each member dressed in a gaudy uniform, each carrying a tremendous sword at his side. And out on the golf course two or three hundred barefooted soldiers were executing some kind of drill.

We, the American and English residents of the town, sat on the broad veranda of the club, or in carriages or autos parked just outside in the driveway, drinking and watching the soldiers.

I LOOKED at Flossie Hammer half a dozen times before I recognized her. She sat on the back seat of an open carriage holding a parasol over her head. Her face was bronzed. That was why I hadn't known her at once. And her tan hair had darkened and grown abundant. She was all in white—a striking, almost beautiful woman. I could hardly believe my eyes.

Two smartly dressed soldiers sat on the front seat of her carriage, and a boy in uniform nestled beside her, eating dulces greedily.

I nudged Bill, asked him if he knew that woman.

"Sure," Bill said. "That's the wife of the dictator."

"It's Flossie Hammer," I said.

Bill laughed and shook his head. "Darling, you're crazy. That's the woman in back of the throne."

I couldn't help it. I just got up and wormed my way out through the crowd until I stood beside the carriage.

"Flossie!" I cried. "Flossie Hammer!"

It was she. She recognized me, too; though it's probable she didn't know who I was nor where she'd met me.

"How do you do?" she said. Her voice was quiet, gentle. "I'm so very glad to see you again. I've wondered about you so often."

"And I've often thought of you. You look wonderful. I'm amazed how wonderful you look."

She smiled. Regally.

"No paint, no powder, honey," she said. "Nothing but sunshine and cold water and soap."

I was glad to detect a touch of the old Flossie in her.

"And you're married!"

I blurted that out before I thought. I must have given her the impression I thought she'd achieved some sort of miracle in getting a man.

"Oh, yes," she answered. "At last I have a man of my own."

She said it good-naturedly enough; but I knew she was thinking, This is probably one of those nosy old hens who always thought I'd die an old maid. No wonder she went ga-ga at the news. Then she laughed at me, as a great lady might laugh at an impetuous awe-struck child.

"Yes. My husband is the dictator. General Fernando Gonzalez del Llanos O'Toole."

She said it simply, not trying to rub it in.

Then I got it. Fernando! The kid Bill had picked up in the plaza. The Yaqui Indian-Pittsburgh Irish kid who wanted to kill him. He must have traveled with Flossie, must have been on the train that took her out of Tampico.

I was athirst with questions, but there wasn't time to ask them. The dictator was coming down the tree-lined boulevard. I could hear the cheers, growing louder.

"And this," Flossie said, her big right hand smoothing down the coarse red hair of the boy beside her, a good-looking green-eyed boy of sixteen, who quit eating candies to grin at me, "this is my son Derek. Don't you think that's the loveliest name in the world for a boy?"

THE END

*3 answers to the question:*

**"What does Paul Jones' new low price mean to you?"**

**1** **"What does Paul Jones'** new low price mean to *me?*" Frankly, I'd buy it no matter what the price. I don't like sweet drinks—so to me, Paul Jones—a really *"dry"* whiskey—was always worth every penny it cost. The thing *I'm* glad to learn is that nothing about Paul Jones has been changed but its price.

**2** **To me,** this new low price means I can enjoy Paul Jones *anytime*. I used to serve it only on special occasions when I knew its *"dry," all-whiskey* goodness would especially please my guests. Now I can make Paul Jones my *regular* whiskey and enjoy it whenever I like!

**3** **That new low price** is certainly big news to *me!* I've always wanted to drink Paul Jones—*and now I can!* No more sweet drinks for me . . . I've found the *"dry"* tang and briskness I want, at the popular price I want to pay. From now on—it's Paul Jones for *me!*

TRY

Paul Jones

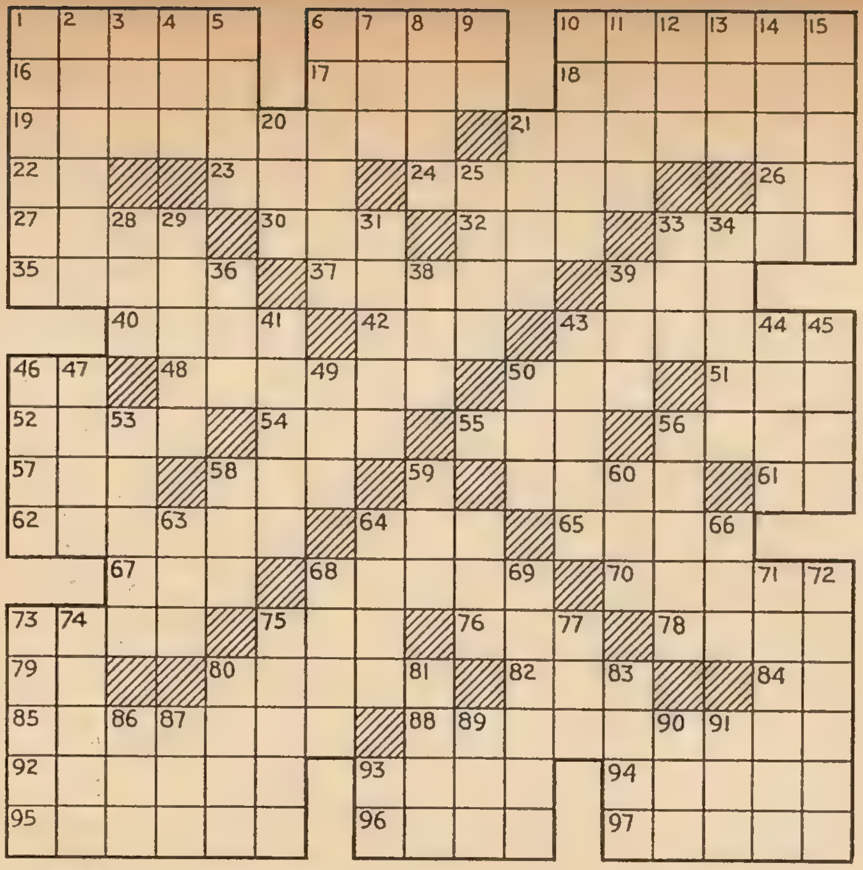
AT ITS NEW LOW PRICE

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

*A blend of straight whiskies 90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.*

# CROSSWORDS

## by Lee Pasquin



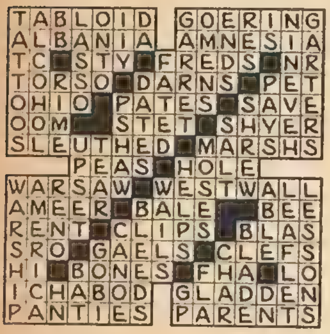
**HORIZONTAL**

1 Rattans
6 Effervescent beverage
10 European country
16 Like an old woman
17 Regular
18 Mental state
19 Two-sided
21 Chemical compound (pl.)
22 Part of to be
23 Period
24 Flat scalelike fragment
26 By
27 Weave together
30 Anybody
32 A fermented liquor
33 Kitchen utensils
35 Solitary
37 Alter
39 Barrier
40 Moist
42 Anger
43 Half-wits
46 What?
48 Rector's assistant
50 Joker
51 Perceive
52 Corrode
54 Domestic animal
55 Low-bred fellow
56 Tackle
57 Curved line
58 Liquid pigment
59 Shelter for automobiles
61 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
62 Hit
64 Apropos
65 Kind of herb
67 Suffix: full of
68 Having two feet
70 Clutch
73 Wither
75 Number
76 Kind of cloth
78 Sword (Fr.)
79 Public notice (abbr.)
80 Persons easily led
82 Thing (Latin)
84 Parent (colloq.)
85 An herb genus
88 Puzzling
92 Marble (pl.)
93 Dry
94 Join
95 Ambassador
96 Building plot
97 Stares

**VERTICAL**

1 An occult philosophy
2 A quadruped
3 Nothing
4 Note of Guido's scale
5 Stiff hair
6 Tranquil
7 Eggs
8 Kind of earthenware (var.)
9 Article
10 Fume
11 Veered (naut.)
12 Prefix: very much
13 Biblical name
14 Greek dialect
15 Packs one inside the other
20 Soul or mind
21 Bare
25 Narrow path
28 Kind of fish
29 Decree
31 Gives forth
33 Full or normal value
34 Got up
36 Kind of bird
38 Before
39 Marsh
41 Practical joke
43 Complimentary title
44 Low, as of tides
45 Withered
46 Age (pl.)
47 Injure
49 Inquire
50 Contest
53 Young cod
55 Minister to
56 A class of anything
58 Frosting
59 Opening
60 A racing boat
63 Employ
64 Long for
66 Strike lightly
68 Insect (pl.)
69 Ridicule
71 Descendant of Shem
72 State of calm (pl.)
73 Mortal
74 Saw
75 Opposite of those
77 Wooden pin
80 Proofreading term
81 Fairy
83 Complacent
86 To silence
87 Greek letter
89 Insect egg
90 Prefix: up
91 Cap
93 Like

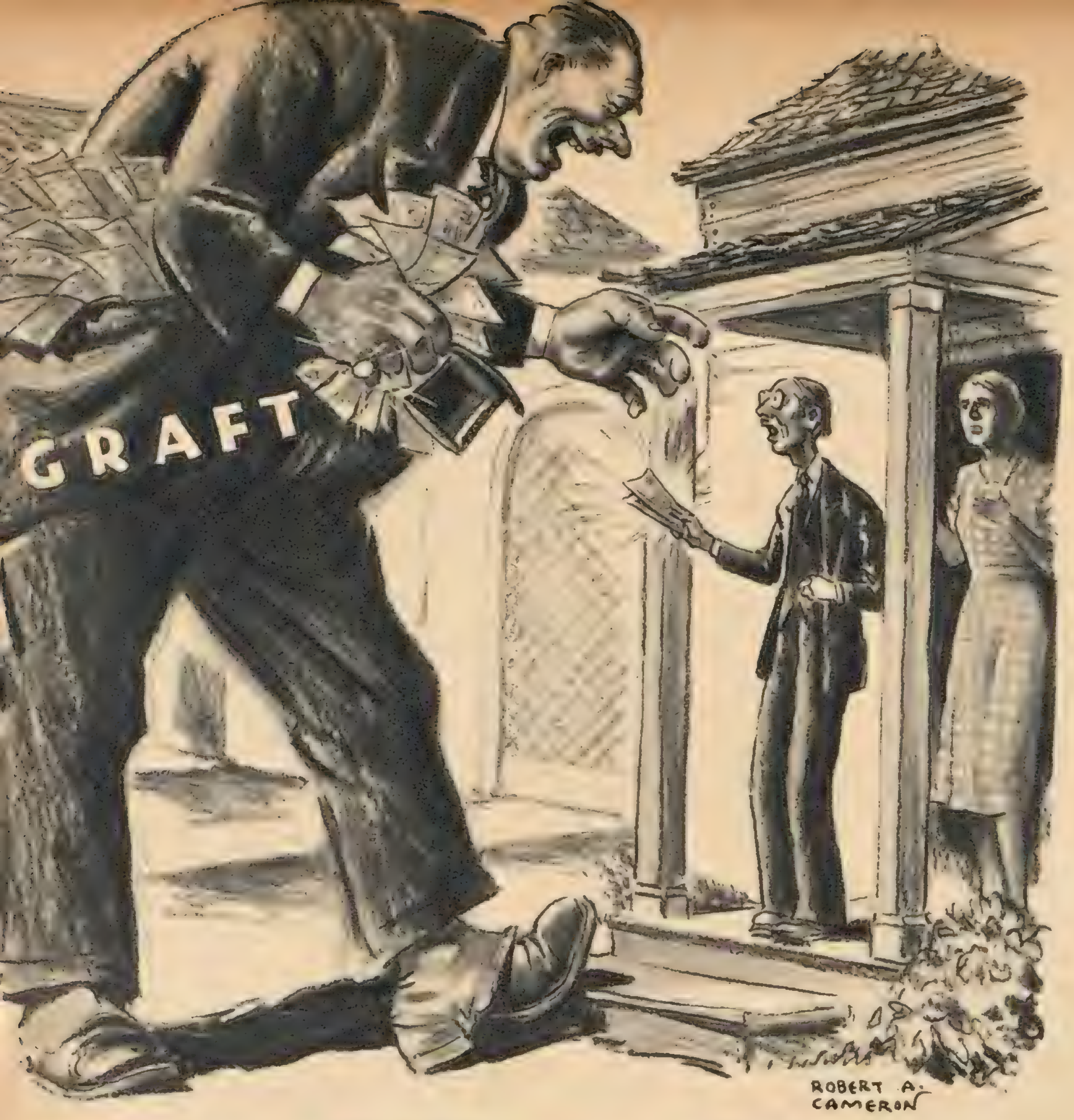
The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



TABLOID GOERING
ALBANIA AMNESIA
TC■STY■FREDS■NR
TORSO■DARNS■PET
OHIO■PATES■SAVE
OOM■■STET■SHYER
SLEUTHED■MARSHS
PEAS■HOLE
WARSAW■WESTWALL
AMEER■BALE■■BEE
RENT■CLIPS■BLAS
SRO■GAELS■CLEFS
HI■BONES■FHA■LO
ICHABOD GLADDEN
PANTIES PARENTS

Last week's answer

No luck, my friend, you're off her book,
The girl can't stand that bristly look.
For thrifty shaves . . . clean, easy, quick,
The Thin Gillette sure turns the trick!
4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢
THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢
Outlasts ordinary blades two to one!
The Thin Gillette Blade Is Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade



# GRAFT—THE NEW LANDLORD

### Uncle Sam declares war—on an enemy who strikes at your home!

### BY WALTER KARIG

**READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 5 SECONDS**

IF you live in a house, you are probably paying graft to the biggest and best organized racket in the country, the one which the United States government believes to be directly responsible for prolonging the depression.

This racket infests the building trades from top to bottom, from manufacturer to hod carrier. Whether you are paying rent or paying off a mortgage, as much as 40 per cent of your money is graft split among manufacturers, dealers, contractors, labor, and politicians, all in cahoots to give their fellow citizens a $5,000 house for $7,000 and make them believe they are getting a bargain.

As you read this, federal grand juries all over the country are hearing the evidence prepared by Attorney General Murphy and his assistants, having been gathered by the F. B. I., upon which the Department of Justice hopes to indict and convict scores of men powerful in the building industry, including—believe it or not—labor leaders.

The charges are specific. The racketeers are accused of destroying competition, fixing prices at unreasonably high levels, preventing new cost- and labor-saving materials and processes from being employed in home building, and conniving among themselves to frame the laws for their own protection.

It has been a sweet graft while it lasted, and if the grafters had not been so greedy it might have gone on forever. Here is how it works:

On top of the heap is the *manufacturer* of building materials. He fixes the prices on them, and with his pals divides the country into private hunting grounds. If any independent manufacturer tries to chisel in, the combination cuts prices until the newcomer goes broke. Then up go the prices to even higher levels.

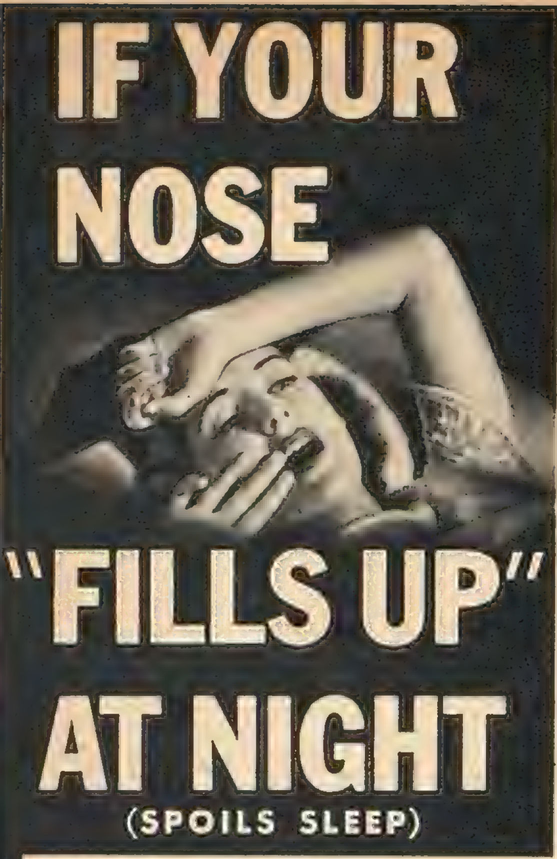
Next comes the *distributor*, the wholesale dealer in building supplies, who operates much the same way. He doesn't care what the manufacturer charges, because that buck is passed to the consumer. If a new wholesaler starts in business and trims profits a little to attract trade, the distributors threaten the manufacturer supplying him with a boycott, and warn the contractors of the region that they need expect no more credit if the price cutter is patronized. If any contractor persists in buying his materials from the cheaper dealer, the distributors warn potential home builders that this contractor is untrustworthy and that his credit is no good.

I have seen that squeeze play worked myself.

But *contractors* are an essential unit in this racket, too. They compare their bids on an advertised job, and those members of their ring whose turn has not come to land a juicy contract deliberately mark up their estimates so the "low" bidder gets the job at any profit he chooses to make. If he piles on more than the traffic will bear, and the despairing would-be home builder decides to keep on paying rent, a miraculous "reduction" in the price of nails or putty occurs to bring the cost down to what the home builder can manage to pay. Contractors of this stripe use the boycott to threaten supply dealers who sell to price-cutting rivals.

Meanest of the racketeering combination, perhaps, is the *labor leader* who sells out the members of his union by refusing to supply workmen to contractors who are not members of the ring, or who refuse to pay him a cut on the contract price. Posing as the champion and the defender of the workingman, the labor leader of this genus uses the members of the union as pawns in the war between contractors, or between the supply houses, by calling strikes at crucial times. The unions are responsible for high building costs also in refusing to supply workmen on jobs where new materials and new processes cut the price of a building by permitting its erection with fewer man-hours of labor, or by eliminating certain materials on which a rake-off can be collected.

Before we go on to the final figure in this sinister group, let me give some examples of labor racketeering from personal experience. Mark this: that I am, generally speaking, pro-labor. I do not blame the union members for what happened. I think they


IF YOUR NOSE "FILLS UP" AT NIGHT

(SPOILS SLEEP)

**Here's One Successful Way To Get Welcome Relief**

**IF YOUR NOSE** gives trouble at night—fills up, makes breathing difficult, spoils sleep—try a few drops of Vicks Va-tro-nol up each nostril.

**RESULTS** are so surprisingly good because Va-tro-nol is expressly designed to relieve distress in the nose and upper throat, where transient congestion often hinders free breathing. Enjoy the comfort Vicks Va-tro-nol brings . . . tonight!

**VICKS VA-TRO-NOL**

KIDNEYS MUST REMOVE EXCESS ACIDS

**Help 15 Miles of Kidney Tubes Flush Out Poisonous Waste**

If you have an excess of acids in your blood, your 15 miles of kidney tubes may be over-worked. These tiny filters and tubes are working day and night to help Nature rid your system of excess acids and poisonous waste.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Kidneys may need help the same as bowels, so ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

See

WOODSTOCK

TYPEWRITER

are as much suckers for knuckling down to a dictatorial system as we who pay the graft.

A fellow newspaperman of mine in Washington had a house built for him. He had to figure closely and to save where he could. He bought his plumbing fixtures from a mail-order house, and the District of Columbia plumbers refused to install them because they were not union-made. In vain he argued that the cheapest fixtures bearing a union label were unexplainably more expensive than he could afford. They looked the same, weighed the same, worked the same, but the price was much higher.

He bought 'em, or else no house. Then he found a bargain in a mechanically operated garage door, and bought it. The carpenters of the District refused to install the door because the glass in the windows did not bear the union label. The door could not be returned. The only solution the home builder found was to have a union glazier knock all the glass out of the windows and solemnly replace it with properly labeled panes! Only then did the union carpenters condescend to hang the door on its hinges.

I think that is silly.

When the National Press Club building was erected in Washington just a dozen years ago, the union masons, lathers, and plasterers refused to work with the nonunion telephone installation crew. The members of the Press Club, being sympathetic on the whole to organized labor, had stipulated for a union job; but there was no such thing as a union of telephone wiremen. The club had to take the workmen the telephone company sent, or leave its hundreds of offices without telephones.

So the members of the building trades unions sealed up the walls and departed. Then the telephone installers ripped out the new walls and put in their cables and wires. After they left, the masons and lathers and plasterers returned and rebuilt the walls. It may make sense, but it also made two or three hundred Washington correspondents, writing about labor legislation all the time, suspect they had been taken for a ride.

BUT let's go on with the main story of the real racketeers. Master link in the chain is the *politician* who works hand in glove with all the others in the racket by framing building codes and ordinances which, in the words of Assistant Attorney General Thurman W. Arnold, chief of the antitrust division, amount to "legally established boycotts and protective tariffs." You can't build your house, in fifty-one municipalities out of a hundred, the way you like it. You may choose fireproof materials and sanitary equipment that meet every government standard, but unless they are manufactured by members of the ring, sold by members of the ring, and approved by the contractors and labor leaders in it, the chances are that you will have to discard your choices and subscribe to the dictates of the graft-laden "building code."

Now, this, mind you, is no indictment of every manufacturer, dealer, contractor, union leader, and building inspector in the country. Still, it applies to enough of them to keep the cost of owning a home so high in most parts of the country that the income group most in need of new building can't afford it.

HARD to believe? Well, in the first place, the facts about the pyramid of graft I have described come from the records of the F. B. I., which has had nearly fifty men working all summer unearthing this evidence in twenty-six separate areas of the United States; evidence which eight different federal grand juries are now studying. In the second place, a certain amount of construction simply has to be done each year. The racketeers can count on a definite amount of work annually—$8,000,000,000 worth in the recession year of 1938. If they can keep the bulk of that huge business in their grip, they should worry that an absolute need for 100,000 homes costing $3,000 or less exists in the United States *right now.* The kind of house that can be built for $3,000 in the racket-controlled areas, few persons would care to inhabit, and the graft on such picayune jobs isn't worth going after.

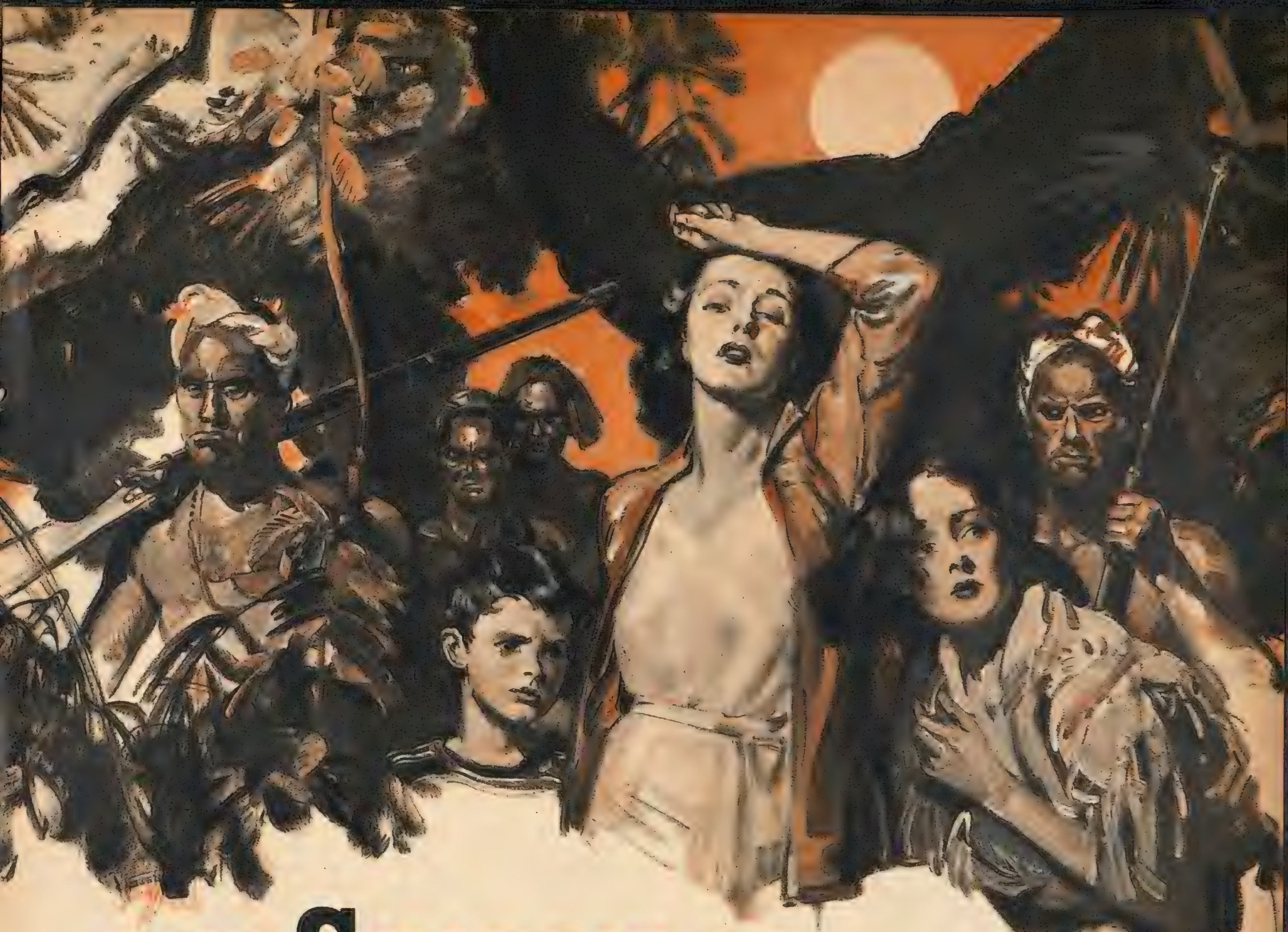
Dr. Isador Lubin, United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics, says that the high cost of building initiated a slump in the industry in 1927, four and a half years *before* the depth of the depression. Today it is at the same level it was in 1920. If labor-union members think they are protecting themselves by following the sort of leadership described, let them ponder the fact that more than 612,000 persons have been deprived of a full year's employment because the houses this country needs were not built!

It costs 25 per cent more to build a house of certain type in the District of Columbia than its duplicate costs just across the river in Virginia. It costs as much as 40 per cent more to erect a building in New Jersey than on the other side of the boundary, in New York. The same indefensible discrepancies are found in Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Ohio.

One other thing the Department of Justice expects to prove in the series of simultaneous lawsuits about to begin against the racketeers is that the whole conniving crew has deliberately prevented progress in the art of building houses. Mass production, such as has made the $600 automobile of 1940 infinitely better than the $5,000 car of 1920, has been prevented in the construction of homes.

If the claims of the Department of Justice can be sustained in the courts, and the racket smashed, the hoped-for result will be a nation-wide building boom. Upon no other industry does national prosperity depend so much as upon housing.

THE END



Women and children had been carried off—as slaves. Among them had been little Jean and the Lubersac's maid, Yvonne.

# THE SHADOW OF THE MASTER

Swift terror, stark tragedy . . New thrills in the tale of a strange, dark adventure for love

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

## PART EIGHT—THE RED TRAIL OF TREASON

THE headlines that caught Gordon's eye in the dog-eared newspaper blared stark disaster:

BLOODY OUTBREAK IN DOU VAN
SURPRISE ATTACK
GARRISON SLAUGHTERED
ENTIRE BORDER AFLAME

A front-page picture was topped by a caption which said: VICTIMS OF SAVAGE MOY TRIBESMEN. It was a family-group snapshot obtained by the newspaper from a Saigon resident.

It had been taken a number of months earlier at Chiring-Phang, the last outpost, toward the northwestern wilderness and, beyond, the unmapped frontier of tropical China, and the picture showed white officers and noncommissioned officers of the garrison celebrating Bastille Day with their wives and children.

Among them was a young boy, about eleven years of age, and by his side, smiling down at him, a girl. The descriptive text beneath the photograph spoke of the former as Jean, the only son of Colonel and Mme. Anatole de Lubersac—tragic mention was made of the fact that within a very few days the lad was to have been sent to Paris to enter school—while the girl was mentioned as a maid in the employ of the Lubersacs.

Her name, the caption went on to say, was Yvonne Boissard . . . and as Gordon McArdle studied her features, gray dusk dropped over his soul, a clay-cold hand touched his heart, his lips twisted in agony.

For the blurred wiped-over reproduction could not wholly hide the face

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH and ANTHONY ABBOT

ADAMS CLOVE GUM KILLS BAD BREATH
QUICK AND CONVENIENT TO USE
IT'S SPICY— IT'S GOOD
THE FLAVOR THAT'S DIFFERENT
REFRESHES YOUR MOUTH! TRY IT!
ADAMS CLOVE CHEWING GUM
A FLAVOR FROM THE ISLES OF SPICE

of Yvonne Durand, the woman whom he loved.

He let the paper fall to the ground. He did not read the report "by our special correspondent."

The caption over the picture was enough. It told the full bleak tale:

VICTIMS OF SAVAGE MOY TRIBESMEN

He did not care about the other victims, nor about the widows and orphans left behind, the lovers left behind. For great grief is like great passion. Intensely selfish.

He stared straight ahead. He whispered: "Dear God!"

Dr. Boulanger passed.

"What's up, Gordon?" he inquired.

The American did not reply; and the other saw the printed sheets which the wind blew about. He picked them up, scanned the front page.

"I see," he mumbled.

He looked up.

"That the woman in the case?" he demanded, pointing at Yvonne's likeness. And when Gordon inclined his head without speaking, he continued: "I had an idea you had more of what your fellow countrymen call guts."

"Hell! . . ."

"More guts," the Frenchman repeated. He added: "I've no use for cowards."

Gordon glanced at his friend almost with hate.

"Do you call it cowardice," he asked thickly, "to mourn the dead?"

"Who says she's dead?"

"This. . . ."

"You are so American. You believe what you read in the papers! Satisfied with the headlines. Well, have a go at the rest."

Gordon snatched the paper from the other's hand. He, too, scanned the front-page account. It was an interview with the only eyewitness, one Sergeant Toussant Legnadier of the Eleventh Annamite Infantry, who had escaped the catastrophe and had reached the safety of a brigade post farther south.

It had been, so it appeared in the sergeant's telling, a surprise attack. A blast of hot wind one morning, jumping up on the feathery sky line.

A corporal was patrolling the bastions. He stopped; stared. Could it be, he wondered, a tropical storm; the beginning, so soon, of the rainy season? The next moment he knew.

A humming changed to a roar. There was the blaring of long-stemmed trumpets, the nasal sardonic thud of the drums; guttural war cries spanning the distance and echoing a thousandfold. . . .

The corporal brought the whistle to his lips. The alarm rose shrilly, protestingly. At once the post jumped into action. Hoarse shout; a crackling of iron; a crunching of lumber; a dull jarring of steel thills; the ammunition carts swinging up back of the bastions; nimble brown fingers working the screw levers of the guns whose ugly broad muzzles pointed toward the oncoming hordes like animals of prey sniffing blood. Colonel de Lubersac taking charge.

At first he was grimly amused. He turned to Major Masson, his second in command.

"Silly fools!" he exclaimed. "Cannon fodder! Won't they ever learn?"

And then, all at once, he frowned.

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

STRUCK down by an unseen power in the act of trying to shoot Captain Gordon McArdle, the evangelist exhorting a vast assemblage in the New York Yankee Stadium, a young man is carried out. Sensing the break of a big story, two writers in the audience get on the trail and learn the dramatic past of the exhorter from a mysterious woman.

She tells them that Gordon McArdle as a boy ran away from a cruel uncle, became a wanderer, and fought in the World War. Made a captain, he fell in love with a pretty French nurse, Yvonne Durand. He was torn with doubt as to her constancy, but Yvonne really worshiped him.

Crazed at the slaughter of a direct hit made by the enemy, Gordon deliberately killed a German prisoner and took his heavy signet ring. Later, when captured himself, the ring was identified by the dead prisoner's father, Prince von Wittenberg-Kaisersmarck, who cut off the American's guilty finger. Until the armistice Gordon suffered hell in the worst of detention camps, but his spiritual regeneration began there.

At liberty, he went to Paris to trace Yvonne, learned that she had had a baby—his child—and that both of them had disappeared. Frustrated and desperate, Gordon McArdle then followed the message of a dream which pointed to Dou Van, in Indo-China, as the place where Yvonne was. So he began his long journey. Almost within reach of his goal, he was bitten by a leper and was immuned in an isolation hospital where he remained for years, finally as a valuable assistant to Dr. Pierre Boulanger, in charge there. But Yvonne was never out of his heart for a moment.

On her part, Yvonne, while in Paris, discovered that her little son was adopted by Colonel and Mme. de Lubersac, who were bound for Indo-China. She applied for the position of nursemaid and was engaged. In faraway Dou Van she dreamed of Gordon, wondered what had become of him. Surely he must find her some day! And know that he was the father of the grand little boy Jean.

Thus the years go by swiftly, Gordon and Yvonne seemingly parted by impassable barriers.

Gordon indeed thought her lost to him forever when, one day, he chanced upon a native newspaper in which he saw a blurred badly reproduced photograph.

Sudden consternation took the place of amusement. For looking through his field glasses at the approaching tribesmen, he noticed—and on another page of the Saigon daily an editorial shrieked a strident: BLACK TREASON! FRANCE WANTS TO KNOW WHY AND HOW!—that the Moys were not, as in former years, armed with medieval pitifully ineffectual short swords and spears and bows and arrows, but with the pick of up-to-date weapons—rifles, hand grenades, poison gas, a score or so of machine guns. Their military equipment was, in fact, equal in quality and superior in quantity to that of the French. There was, furthermore, unmistakable evidence that they were under the control of a keen calm brain, since they avoided their usual reckless fanatical rushes that were more disastrous to themselves than to the attacked. Thus, given their overwhelming numerical supremacy—more than twenty to one, though the garrison stoutly resisted—defeat was a foregone conclusion.

The fort, the newspaper went on to say, had finally been taken by storm. All the white officers—with the exception of Sergeant Legnadier who, slightly wounded and hidden by a pile of corpses, had later on made his escape—had been killed. So had Mme. de Lubersac, standing by the side of her husband, spurting revolver in hand. So had most of the common soldiers.

The rest, as well as the women and children, had been carried off—as slaves, doubtless, or to be held for ransom. And among them had been little Jean and the de Lubersacs' maid, Yvonne Boissard. . . .

Yvonne Durand. . . .

HE could almost reach to her soul and commune with it mystically, share the terror she must have known—the terror of that scene—the scene of wholesale carnage on that afternoon in the heart of the Indo-China wilderness. She heard, instead, other sounds—the throaty triumphal chant of the Moy warriors, sated with lust and blood. . . . Tonal waves that sublimated the crunching brutal soul of this barbarous Asiatic land into something almost magnificent; that uplifted what was bestial and abominable; that overshadowed the terrible, unforgettable fact of—the thing.

The thing! Stark; incredible! Yet true!

The head of Colonel de Lubersac spiked on the tall lance of the Moys' paramount chief; and minor chiefs, marching and dancing behind their leader, carrying on their lances other heads, twisted in the obscene, ludicrous grimaces of violent death. Dripping heads of Frenchmen and Annamites—of men who had fought bravely, hopelessly. . . .

And the throaty triumphal chant droning its counterpoint. And far in the back of the returning victorious tribesmen—ruled, veiled, mastered by the folds of a huge crimson banner painted with a design in black of sickle and hammer—a few score women and children. White women and children, Yvonne and little Jean trudging with the rest. The last of the pitiful procession a small girl, no more than three years old, golden-haired, blue-eyed, holding on to her mother's skirt and laughing, laughing, laughing, her childish mind enjoying the savage colorful spectacle. . . .

And then there was the American!

Perhaps he was not American after all. There was a place in Moscow where they forged citizenship papers wholesale. Anyway, he called himself Milton Greenes, and he was the real leader of the tribesmen, the commanding brain, though he was young. So terribly young—and so terribly, so—so inhumanly in earnest. . . .

He came riding up, stirrup to stirrup with another man. The latter was a native, not a wild jungly Moy but, by every token of ivory-white skin and high-bridged nose, a Tonkinese gentleman. He, too, was young. He seemed to be embarrassed and ill at ease as he passed the women and children driven along with whips and rifle butts; and he gave a start as one of the women, the widow of Major Masson, saw him, recognized him, called him by name:

"Why—Meh Sao!"

He paid no attention to her. He spurred on his horse. But Yvonne heard him speak, in English, to the white man.

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“After all,” he said, “it’s too bad . . .”

“Impossible,” the other interrupted impatiently, “to make an omelet without breaking eggs. Impossible to shape a new world without liquidating the old. . . .”

SOME of the fright of all this did come in a residual wave of sorrow as Gordon McArdle sat in the leper isolation hospital, reading the tale of all that horror in the Saigon newspaper.

The reporter, doubtless working on space rates, had let himself go. He had written a vivid romantic piece, but he had not mentioned a certain man, known merely as C79, who belonged to the French Secret Service. One day, several years earlier, he took a fast plane from Saigon to Paris. There, on the afternoon of his landing, he sought and, after considerable trouble, obtained an audience with a pompous bearded monocled gentleman, Lucien Dufresne by name, who had recently been appointed to the Colonial Ministry.

To him C79 made two recommendations that were simple and to the point.

A young Tonkinese called Meh Sao, who had returned to Saigon a few weeks ago from eighteen months spent at the University of Moscow, should immediately be arrested for murder, brought to trial, and sentenced to a good long stretch in French Guiana. Whom had Meh Sao murdered? Why—C79 smiled thinly—nobody. But that part cut no ice. He would provide the corpse as well as the necessary witnesses.

The second recommendation dealt with another young man whom his passport described as Milton Greenes, a native of Brooklyn, New York, United States of America. This man, supposedly an ethnologist, was on his way to Indo-China to study the primitive folklore of the border tribes. . . .

“Let him study the primitive folklore of Brooklyn or of—for I guess that’s his real habitat—Odessa,” suggested C79 with the same thin smile. “Have him deported as soon as he reaches Saigon.”

“One moment, please!” Lucien Dufresne went to his wall safe. He opened it, took out a sheaf of typewritten pages and read one of them. He looked up. “I notice here,” he went on, “that Milton Greenes is a gifted young student, highly endorsed by several professors.”

“Purblind, bat-eyed jackasses!” stated the Secret Service man flatly.

“What did I hear?”

“I said—oh, well, then, that’s right. Gifted young student. Highly endorsed. Still, my recommendation stands.”

“H’m.” Lucien Dufresne consulted another typewritten page. “I notice, furthermore, that Meh Sao is an immensely wealthy and influential Tonkinese aristocrat.”

“Again right. And again my recommendation stands.”

Obviously the other was annoyed.

“Meh Sao,” he added, “is said to be a great patriot.”

“I say so, too. But patriotism is a viewpoint. If you’re a French patriot, you are—well—a patriot. If you’re a Tonkinese patriot, you’re no better than a fanatic.”

“Cynic, aren’t you?”

“Not enough of an idealistic fool *not* to be a cynic. Anyway the two young men are dangerous. They’re excessively dangerous.”

“What proof have you for your statement?”

“Proof?” C79 flared up. “What d’you think I’ve been doing these last few years? Playing tiddlywinks or counting my toes? Listen! I’ve been risking my neck—long before you were appointed to the Colonial Ministry—in a dozen tough Saigon dives, in the stinking way-back jungle, and on the Chinese frontier. I’ve slopped my way across China into Tibet, then north into Mongolia and Siberia. I know the different languages as well,” rudely, “as you know the catchwords of the boulevards. I’ve kept my ears wide open. . . .”

“To hearsay, in other words.”

“Hearsay?” — heatedly. “Say,” bringing his fist down on the desk, “let me tell you what . . .”

“I know your reputation,” cut in the other. “You’re a congenital professional Red baiter.”

“Nothing of the sort. I am . . .”

A RED baiter, I repeat. My dear fellow, that sort of thing is no longer fashionable now,” for Lucien Dufresne had a cynical wit of his own, “that kings have become Socialists and bishops agnostics. Besides—let me tell you in the strictest confidence—with a general election in the offing, the government does not wish to antagonize the gentlemen of the extreme left—the radicals, the syndicalists, and the rest of the Popular Front.”

He lit a cigar with meticulous care. He looked ineffably smug and self-satisfied; was thinking doubtless, of the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. “And as to those two young men . . . Even suppose they, being so *very* young, are—ah—fellow travelers, Communist sympathizers, what can they possibly do—except talk?” He rose, assumed a statesmanlike attitude. “Let them talk!” he said, filching a better man’s slogan.

“If they’d do nothing but talk . . .”

“We, I am sure, have talked enough, my dear sir. I’m a busy man.”

“You’re also a shortsighted fool!” C79 had blown up.

He had said a few more things, using some exceedingly crude language that smacked of stable and barrack yard, with the result that shortly afterward he had been transferred to a perfectly innocuous desk job in a small French town. With the further result that, up in the Dou Van territory, above the smoldering ruins of Chiring-Phang, the vultures and kites were circling and dipping, eager for carrion, while along a narrow wilderness trail trudged a pathetic procession of white women and children, mercilessly flogged on. With the additional result that Meh Sao and Milton Greenes were hurrying here and there and everywhere, stopping at the villages of other jungly tribes, talking to the chiefs and the young warriors.

“If the Moys have done it,” they demanded, “why cannot you? Are you less brave than they? Are you less strong, less manly, less honorable? Or can it be that you prefer to remain slaves to the French? Do you need modern weapons? They shall be supplied. Also gold. Also shrewd leadership. Also a flag to rally under. A crimson flag painted, in black, with the design of sickle and hammer. A handsome flag—you’ll like it fine. And a powerful flag. To all men—not only to the whites but, too, to the brown and the yellow—it brings freedom. Yes! Freedom to every man born of woman—and a full belly three times a day. . . .”

Thus let the tribesmen forget their feuds, their personal footling ambitions and jealousies! Let them work instead together, hand in hand, pluckily, stubbornly, not counting the costs! For the future of their own land? Assuredly. But furthermore, and this was the real goal, for the future of the whole world, so that in the end all mankind would have liberty, equality, justice!

Not easy to preach that sort of thing to half-savage tribes still in the thrall of medieval Oriental superstitions and ideology. But then there was Milton Greenes’ and Meh Sao’s thunderous eloquence. There was their fanatical sincerity.

In fact they were quite as eloquent and as fanatically sincere as a hundred other young men—and some not so young—who, perhaps on that very day, in Moscow, Chicago, New York, Paris, Glasgow, Warsaw, Barcelona were proclaiming their own false peculiar Bethlehem:

“The world proletariat must be united against the oppressors. . . .”

“That Alabama Negro was innocent. . . .”

“English capitalists instigated the last Jewish massacre in Rumania. . . .”

“Christ was the first Bolshevist. . . .”

“Unemployment has been caused by a conspiracy of international bankers—to enslave the masses. . . .”

“I despise pity — it’s only the sadistic weakness of the bourgeoisie. . . .”

On and on and on. So terribly sincere. So—oh, quite idealistic. Yet an idealism steeped, almost illogically, in blood and cruelty and brutality—that caused Gordon McArdle to clench his fists and curse viciously when he had finished reading the front-page article in the Saigon newspaper. . . .

HE turned to Dr. Boulanger.

“I’m leaving today,” he said.

“Of course. Your time has come.”

“I’ve got to have money.”

"The hospital," smiled the other, "owes you plenty—for ten years' work."

"May I have a few hundred francs right away? It's getting late, and I want to be in Saigon before the stores close. Buy myself a revolver."

"To kill, I suppose?"

"Sure," impatiently. "Not to scratch my nose with. You bet I'll kill, if I have to."

"Nobody has to—ever."

"Don't be an ass, Pierre!"

"To kill means to hate. Killing is the quintessence of hate. When a thing is dead, it is over. So—why not try love?"

"Honestly," the American exclaimed with a wry friendly smile, "you make me sick with your pious sweetness-and-light bilge!"

The physician stared at him. There was blazing anger in his black eyes.

"It is impossible," he replied in harsh accents, "for a fine saying, a noble and glorious truth, to be cheapened by the ridicule of fools. Fools who, in their folly, are ashamed of their decency, ashamed of their unselfishness, ashamed of their belief in the Lord. You, of all men," and his voice changed its cadence, became tender, "have no cause to be ashamed. For have I not watched you here, in this leper hospital, day in and day out?"

The Virginian was embarrassed.

"Forget it!" he stammered.

"And," Dr. Boulanger went on, "speaking about sweetness and light—would you rather wallow in gall and darkness? *Would* you?" He paused. "Listen to me, Gordon! Promise me that you will go among the Moys, armed with no more than your stanchness of soul and the driving love in your heart. And *I* shall promise *you* that . . ."

"That I'll find Yvonne?" interrupted Gordon. "Poppycock! How can you promise such a thing?"

A long silence fell between the two men. Strapped on Gordon's left wrist was a watch. It tick-tock-ticked through the clogging silence. The tick-tock-tick merged with the throbbing of his blood.

Very suddenly Gordon made up his mind.

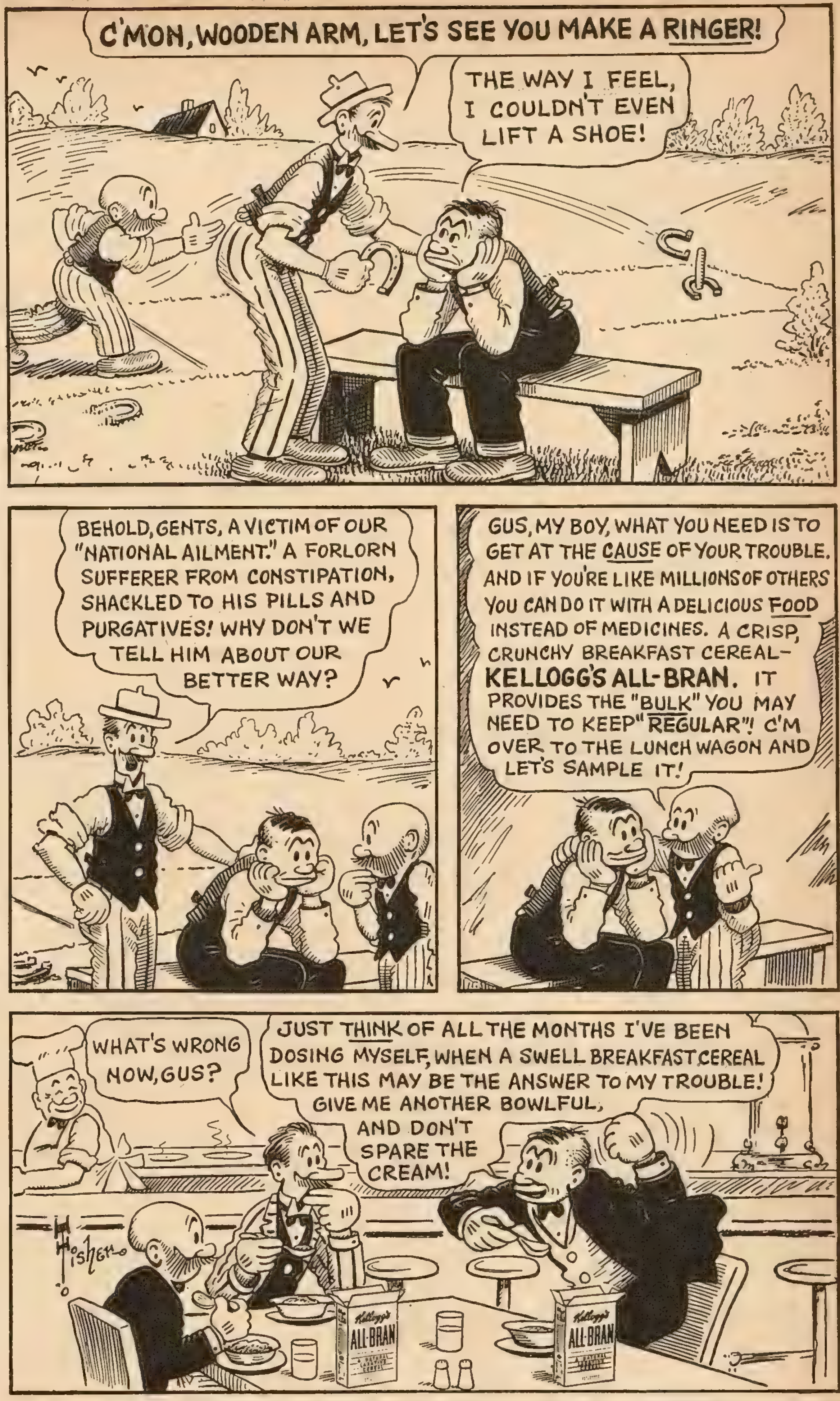
"I promise."

"Good!" cried Dr. Boulanger. "Good!" His hand clutched the other's. He added slowly: "Your promise—and mine! Let this promise be a covenant between the two of us—and the Lord God! A covenant, based on the strength of love, for all time to come! An unbreakable covenant between you and the Master and—the Shadow of the Master. . . ."

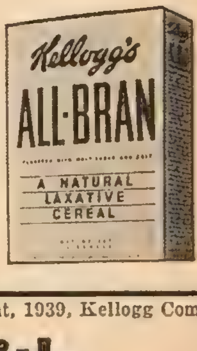
THE physician's voice, Gordon said to himself weeks later, when he was well on his way toward Dou Van, had been strong and harsh. Almost brutally harsh. A bullying trumpet of a voice. Like a prophet's voice, he thought, out of Holy Scripture.

The whole man at that moment had been like a Scriptural figure. His mood had been that of the Psalms.

**MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher**


C'MON, WOODEN ARM, LET'S SEE YOU MAKE A RINGER!
THE WAY I FEEL, I COULDN'T EVEN LIFT A SHOE!
BEHOLD, GENTS, A VICTIM OF OUR "NATIONAL AILMENT." A FORLORN SUFFERER FROM CONSTIPATION, SHACKLED TO HIS PILLS AND PURGATIVES! WHY DON'T WE TELL HIM ABOUT OUR BETTER WAY?
GUS, MY BOY, WHAT YOU NEED IS TO GET AT THE CAUSE OF YOUR TROUBLE. AND IF YOU'RE LIKE MILLIONS OF OTHERS YOU CAN DO IT WITH A DELICIOUS FOOD INSTEAD OF MEDICINES. A CRISP, CRUNCHY BREAKFAST CEREAL— KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN. IT PROVIDES THE "BULK" YOU MAY NEED TO KEEP "REGULAR"! C'M OVER TO THE LUNCH WAGON AND LET'S SAMPLE IT!
WHAT'S WRONG NOW, GUS?
JUST THINK OF ALL THE MONTHS I'VE BEEN DOSING MYSELF, WHEN A SWELL BREAKFAST CEREAL LIKE THIS MAY BE THE ANSWER TO MY TROUBLE! GIVE ME ANOTHER BOWLFUL, AND DON'T SPARE THE CREAM!
Fisher
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

HOW about you? Would you like to be free of those heavy, logy days due to constipation—and free from the pills and purgatives, too? You *can*—if your trouble is the common kind (due to lack of "bulk" in diet). It's no harder to do than just eating a delicious breakfast cereal—crisp, crunchy, "bulk-forming" All-Bran. Eat it for breakfast every day, drink plenty of water, and see if you don't get more kick out of life!


Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE CEREAL

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**Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN**

And the same mood of the Psalms was in this far Indo-China, as the fertile cultivated plains about Saigon ceased abruptly, cut off as sharp as with a knife, and there came an undulating stretch of desert, a tangle of low undergrowth, tamarind and stunted carob and mimosa, nearly leafless shrubs, twisted and tortured by the fiery force of the wind, and occasionally a clump of feathery palm trees, standing lonely amid the yellow glittering spawning of the sands; with an enormous and sterile monotony flowing on to the horizon that was vague yet immutable; and with an immensity of nature that seemed to partake of the very essence of God. . . .

ONE might have imagined King David walking here, through the brittle wilderness, turning his face toward the Lord and chanting.

Gordon remembered verses of the Psalms. Years ago, in Sunday school, back in Virginia, he had had to learn them when he had thrown a splendid lot of spitballs; had never forgotten them. And he smiled reminiscently; went on his way.

A long trek.

He carried a water canteen and a canvas bag that held some canned provisions, strips of dried meat, a small quantity of millet flour to be baked over hot stones, and a precious treasure of matches wrapped in oilcloth. No more than the barest necessities; he could not do with less, since the desert marked the farther edge of cultivation and there would be no more villages nor passing wayfarers from whom to buy food. Too, a broad-bladed bush knife for jungle work later on.

The kit was as light as he could do with. Yet with every mile it grew heavier. The leather straps of canteen and bag and knife rubbed his shoulders raw. His face was peeling in great infected rags. His whole body itched. His feet was bleeding.

But he kept on. For there was, always, the thought of Yvonne, the dream of Yvonne.

The thought and dream of her like a beacon, a lodestar guiding him through the desert and, as the desert ended, through a broken, rugged, rock-studded plateau; through the foothills that rose steeper and steeper, with paths leading interminably up and down, up and down—and dizziness when he tight-roped along ridges where the ground dropped away on both sides in sheer pitches for hundreds of feet—and landslips where he had to fight every inch of the way, sliding back as fast as he moved forward, clawing at boulder and tree root—and the heat, and his lungs pumping, his heart beating against his ribs like a sledge hammer. . . .

Still he kept on, hour after agonized stubborn hour. Using first the official map he had bought in Saigon; then, where government knowledge ceased, a crude chart drawn by Cham Thang, the old pirate, who had hidden out there occasionally in the days of his iniquitous youth. Day and night.

Day and day and day of hard bone-breaking, heart-breaking toil. Night and night and night of short uneasy rest, because of the noises of forest and hill—the humming and clicking of the myriad insects; the distant growl of a brace of hunting tigers that began in a deep basso and peaked to a thin effeminate treble; the chirp and whistle of innumerable monkeys; a herd of deer scudding nervously through the underbrush; a leopard coughing discontentedly; a jackal's wailing call—*hee-ha! chee-ha! huaaa-ha!*—individual notes that gradually merged into the piercing dirge of the full jackal chorus.

The symphony of the wilderness.

The fear it brought in the watches of the night. Then day once more; heat once more; toil once more. Steeply downhill now.

HE ached in every muscle. His face and neck and hands were red-blotched with insect bites. He was dirty and unkempt and smelly.

A jigger bit him savagely in the ankle. An elephant fly got into his ear. A great creeping thorn whipped his right leg with its backward-hooked blade. He stumbled, stretched out a hand to keep from falling, grabbed a candelabra cactus that lacerated him with its spiked poisonous leaves.

He cursed viciously. He cursed the climate, the heat, the country, the insects. He said out loud:

"I'm going to swear as much and as foully as I damn well feel like. I'm going to take the Lord's name in vain—and then some. And if He hears me, I reckon He'll understand all right—and won't mind."

Then he laughed. His laugh was slightly hysterical. And he trekked on—until one morning he came within sight of the Dou Van jungle where it flanked the river with a growth of somber, twisted snakelike mangroves that oozed out of the semiliquid banks like some fetid unsightly eczema on the face of the land. . . .

---

*Can Gordon rescue Yvonne and their boy from this enslavement—one man against a horde of savage tribesmen? Will heaven be on his side at last, or will the devil still thwart and torture him? Gordon meets the supreme test of his tragic life in next week's Liberty.*

**TIN TOYS AND LITTLE BOYS!** When tiny fingers and hands get nicked, treat the hurt properly. Then apply Band-Aid—to help protect the cut and keep dirt out. Band-Aid is a ready-made adhesive bandage. Just stick it on! And it *stays* on—even on hard-to-bandage surfaces. Be sure you get *genuine Band-Aid.* It's made *only* by Johnson & Johnson. Look for the red cross on the package.

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# A LUSTY LADY LIVES AGAIN

## Bette Davis adds to her growing gallery of successes with a colorful, vital portrait of Elizabeth, the queen

### BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

### ★ ★ ★ ★ PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX

THE PLAYERS: Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Donald Crisp, Alan Hale, Vincent Price, Henry Stephenson, Henry Daniell, James Stephenson, Nanette Fabares, Ralph Forbes, Robert Warwick, Leo G. Carroll. Screen play by Norman Reilly Raine and Aeneas McKenzie based on a play by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 106 minutes.

THE lusty era of the Virgin Queen—the years that saw the rise of England after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, that witnessed the splendors of Shakespeare, Francis Bacon, and Ben Jonson—is one of the most difficult periods in all history to film honestly. For here was a lion-hearted, crafty, passionate queen who resisted all attempts at royal marriage, who had many lovers, who dominated a court of treacherous, ambitious, adroit noblemen. She spoke seven languages, she was a connoisseur of painting and poetry, she loved her rough jokes. Elizabeth swore, struck with her fist when pushed too far, dominated her world until she was seventy—and led her country to greatness.

It is hard to get this into a picture where facts must be fashioned and tempered to the juvenile mind. That Bette Davis as Elizabeth and Director Michael Curtiz have been able to catch a measure of a rowdy era is, in itself, remarkable. There is even more than a hint of Elizabeth's passion for young Essex—she was past fifty, he not twenty when their stars crossed. There is even some attempt to show how he flouted and betrayed her, both as a queen and a woman. True, the tale has been romanticized, even to Essex's noble death on the block. Here he dies bravely, with none of the long prayer and confession he made before the headsman on that morning of February 25, 1601.

Miss Davis' performance has color, a tangy vitality, a calculated suggestion of the queen who ruled England for forty-five years. It is one of her best screen efforts. Errol Flynn is less successful as the amorous opportunist Essex. He is too much the handsome hero in doublet and hose.

The film is in glowing colors. Maybe too glistening and too glowing, for Whitehall Palace must have been not a little dirty and odorous in those unsanitary swashbuckling days.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** There were two big problems to the film. One was getting a title that suited both stars. The other? The runs in Errol Flynn's tights. . . . After making this film, Bette Davis slipped away for a vacation. First to Dennis, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. Ten years ago she worked with the Cape Players there, first as an usher and then doing bits. After that she traveled down memory lane to Ogunquit, Maine, where she once played in a summer theater, on to Cornwall, New York, the artists' colony at Peterborough, and to Aroostook. And did she have fun, getting away from it all! . . . Errol Flynn took a liberty with history in order to please his fans. He didn't try wearing Essex's real spade beard. Held his hirsute adornment to a mere goatee and mustache à la Robin Hood. . . . Natural red hair worth $1,920 imported from Czecho-Slovakia went into Queen Elizabeth's coiffure. That's $80 an ounce for 24 ounces. The wig had to be remade once, because it did funny things to Bette's face. "Made me look like Harpo Marx," she chuckled. Photographic wig tests ran to $500. But what's that to Hollywood? . . . Warners' research experts discovered that good Queen Bess used to wear her court out, standing for long hours in heavy robes, apparently unruffled by any strain. Whisper: Elizabeth had a metal chair concealed under her flowing robes. Thus she sat while her courtiers wilted. So Bette had a stand-up chair concealed under her gown too. That accounts for her odd stride. That and the weight of the dresses, which ran from sixty to ninety-eight pounds. . . . Whitehall Palace, ancient residence of Britain's kings and queens, was destroyed by fire in the seventeenth century. The site came to be covered by office buildings, but recently, before the war, they were excavating the ruins. Some of these new-found details were utilized in making the film sets.

### ★ ★ ★½ ETERNALLY YOURS

THE PLAYERS: Loretta Young, David Niven, Hugh Herbert, Billie Burke, C. Aubrey Smith, Virginia Field, Broderick Crawford, Raymond Walburn, ZaSu Pitts, Eve Arden, Ralph Graves, Lionel Pape, Dennie Moore. Screen play by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 95 minutes.

A SWELL comedy this, taking the hocus out of pocus, about the Great Arturo, who is a mad young magician as cockeyed as any of his illusions. He falls in love with a girl he meets at one of his mind-reading matinees. More than that, he steals her from her fiancé, marries her, leads her a wild backstage romance. Until she can stand his madness no longer and she flees him for sanity. Then she finds that sanity isn't what it was before the Great Arturo happened along.

David Niven gives the Great Arturo a suave charm, a smart well tailored appeal. There's high excitement, too, when he does his handcuff-escape act in a falling parachute. It's escape in six seconds or oblivion. And Loretta Young was never

Loretta Young and David (the Great Arturo) Niven in Eternally Yours.

better than as the girl who tries to escape legerdemain for breakfast and finds she can't get along without it.

Bright, amusing—and David Niven.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** They say that Walter Wanger originally planned to make Sacha Guitry's The Illusionist, found it too racy, switched to this original yarn of a magician. And the magicians have been all worked up over the possible exposure of some of their best illusions in this film. These particular stunts were designed by Lloyd Thayer, expert in legerdemain. Paul Le Paul, professional now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don'ter, and Fred Keating, another magic star in his own right, helped. Keating even appears for a flash in one scene. . . . Producer Wanger sent a camera crew and two planes to New York to picture the delayed-opening parachute leap over the World's Fair, done by a double for David Niven. Two stunt men, Paul Mantz and Frank Clark, did their bits. The shots were made sans publicity for fear of police objections.

### ★ ★ ★½ INTERMEZZO: A LOVE STORY

THE PLAYERS: Leslie Howard, Ingrid Bergman, Edna Best, John Halliday, Cecil Kellaway, Enid Bennett, Ann Todd, Douglas Scott, Elinor Wesselhoeft, Maria Flynn. Screen play by George O'Neil from a scenario by Gosta Stevens and Gustaf Molander. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Produced by David Selznick-United Artists. Running time, 70 minutes.

ABOUT a world-famous violinist who forgets his marriage and children in his sudden love for the little kiddies' pretty music teacher. He makes the girl his accompanist, he takes her on a lyric tour of far-off places, he even steals an interlude of romance in a little town on the Mediterranean. Then, the intermezzo ended, she goes on to greater success as a pianist, he returns to the household where understanding and devotion await him. That is, until his next concert tour starts.

The intermezzo moves to the melodies of Brahms, Liszt, and Beethoven. It is done with intelligence, poignancy, a curiously detached nostalgic quality. Some of this comes from Leslie Howard's deft playing of the great violinist; a great deal is supplied by a Swedish newcomer, Ingrid Bergman. In brief, a bittersweet charm, a mature story, and a remarkable new personality.

**VITAL STATISTICS:** The phrase, A Love Story, was added because exhibitors thought that the Great American Public wouldn't know what an intermezzo was—or care, either. . . . Here is another Swede to worry Hollywood. Ingrid Bergman was born in Stockholm in 1917. At eleven she was attending the Lyceum for Flickor, a school for girls. At fifteen she wrote, directed, and acted in a student play which won her an enrollment with the Royal Dramatic Theater School. In her very first year a talent scout for Svensk Filmindustri discovered her. She's done eleven films in two years. Then Hollywood.

### FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone, Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez.

★★★½—Disputed Passage, Golden Boy, Young Mr. Lincoln.

★★★—Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival, Beau Geste, They Shall Have Music, On Borrowed Time, Bachelor Mother, Five Came Back, Daughters Courageous, Man About Town, Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, Man of Conquest, Dodge City.

---

## ☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

### by Oliver Swift

### ★ ★ ★ ★ A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES

edited by Thomas Craven. Simon & Schuster.

If there were more stars to give, we would give them to this surpassingly fine book. In beautiful color reproduction there are assembled here some of the great masterpieces of painting from the time of the Renaissance down to our own Grant Wood. It is too bad there are no Pulitzer prizes for distinguished publishing. The firm of Simon & Schuster deserves a blow with a sword conferring knighthood for having published this wonderful volume.

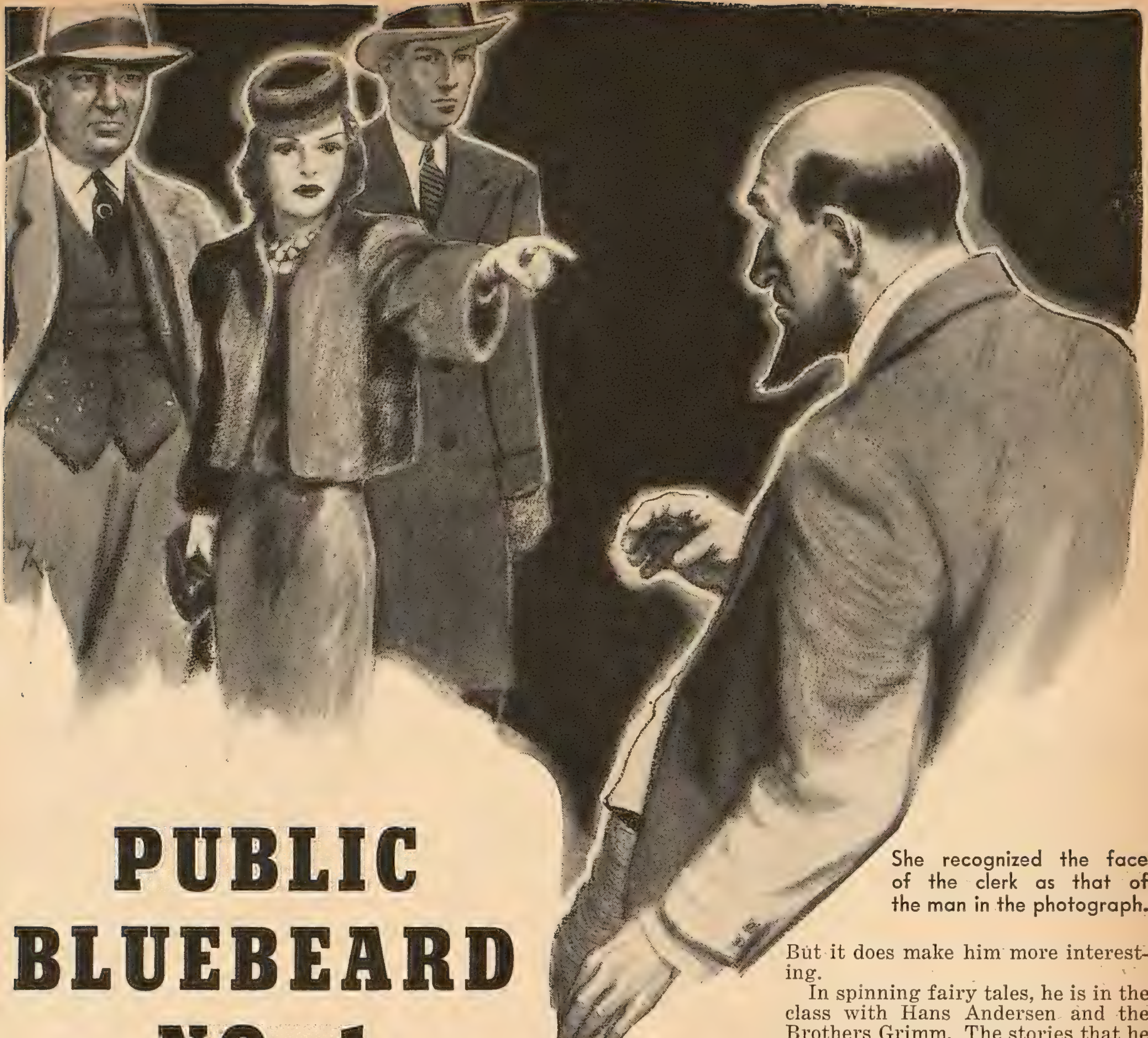
**"One sure way** for a girl to get the 'bird' is to be *just* a mite careless about her breath. Better keep yours sweet with some SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS!"

**"Seems like everybody** I know is swinging to the new BUTTER-RUM LIFE SAVERS. Can it be because the flavor is so super-wonderful? Just try 'em!"

**"When a gay celebration** leaves a grim taste in my mouth, I just freshen up with a SPEAR-O-MINT LIFE SAVER. Spear-O-Mints are so *extra* minty!"

SPEAR-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

**Everybody's breath** offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. 13 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere. 5¢.



She recognized the face of the clerk as that of the man in the photograph.

# PUBLIC BLUEBEARD NO. 1

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE Rev. Dr. Courtney Hetherington—alias the Rev. Arthur DeBussey Brockville Charles Maurice Vinson Pierpont Courtney Hetherington of London, England, alias the Rev. Arthur Adolph DeBussey DeBougainville Charles Vincent Maurice Pierrepont of Paris, France, real name Charlie Demers of Fall River, Massachusetts—was one of the boys.

He was good at larceny, burglary, embezzlement, obtaining money under false pretenses. But his real line was women. Like Bluebeard of old, he is known to have married six wives. Like Bluebeard, also, he was about to marry a seventh.

But his Fatima — that was the name, wasn't it, of Bluebeard's seventh wife?—had a great advantage over the original. Bluebeard's Fatima had only her brothers to rescue her. Demers' prospective seventh victim had John Edgar Hoover and the embattled forces of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Even as a Bluebeard he improved on his predecessor's technique of cruelty. The old Bluebeard merely murdered his wives. The new one robbed his and left them and their babies to face alone the anguish and shame of a husbandless and fatherless future.

That there is the element of the ridiculous about Charles Arthur Demers does not mitigate in the slightest his cold-blooded cruelty. But it does make him more interesting.

In spinning fairy tales, he is in the class with Hans Andersen and the Brothers Grimm. The stories that he told his victims about his careers and achievements make the Baron Munchausen's wildest efforts seem tame.

The first official records of his contempt for the truth are found at Elmira when, at seventeen, he crashed the New York State prison system with a five-year sentence for burglary.

Somewhere along the adolescent trail he had already acquired three aliases—Charles Pierpont, Charles Van Blarcom, and Charles Dawson. He had also added eight years to his age, and had acquired a new birthplace, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin. Otherwise, he was just a little Fall River boy trying to get along the wrong way.

Little was right. At the height of

## A bizarre detective story from real life—of the G-men, a fabulous thief, and a trail of heartbreak

### BY FREDERICK LEWIS

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY McARDLE

EX-LAX MOVIES

"Mother comes to the Rescue"

JILL: O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?

MOTHER: No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.

JILL: Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, and Ex-Lax won't upset your little tummy or sicken you. It's so nice and gentle.

JILL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.

MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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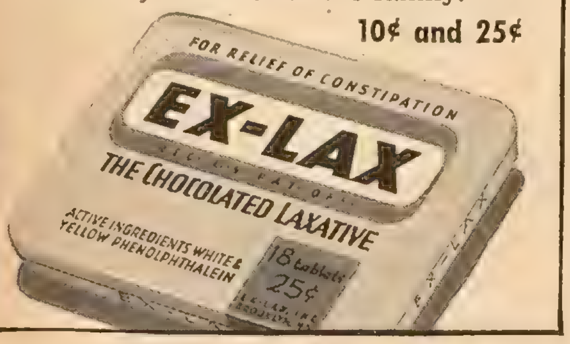
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his career, his own height was only five feet one and one quarter inches. At seventeen, his scalp doubtless had a full complement of hairs, but in later years he was almost bald. To offset this sparseness on the top of his head he sometimes wore on the bottom of it—especially in his more DeBussey DeBougainville moments—a Vandyke beard. A stumpy fattish little man with green-brown eyes and a bland smile, he was the last person in the world you would take for a Don Juan or—and this was his power—for any other kind of scoundrel.

The New York State authorities paroled young Demers in the custody of a citizen of Schenectady who offered him a job. He not only deserted this benefactor but rewarded him, according to the latter's testimony, with attempted blackmail.

HIS next desertion, in June, 1917, was from the United States army, which he had joined as a clerk in the medical department at Fort Slocum the previous November. This six or seven months' experience in adding up columns with the stench of ether in his nose was the sole basis for later appearances as that eminent London practitioner and bacteriologist and Harley Street's pride, variously known as Dr. Courtney Hetherington, Dr. C. P. Van Blarcom, Dr. Courtney Darling, and Dr. Charles Arthur Gouthey.

Paradoxically, after his desertion from the American army two months after our entry into the World War, Demers enlisted in the Canadian forces as a private and rose to the rank of sergeant. What happened to him after the war is not quite clear. He is said to have shown up in Iowa as an amnesia victim, described in the local papers as a "Mystery Man." But by 1922 he had so far recovered his memory as to go back to Fall River and get himself married to an eighteen-year-old girl, who was, the Federal Bureau of Investigation believes, his first and only wife. (This, in spite of the fact that his discharge from the Canadian forces described him as a widower.)

Demers seems to have deviated into virtue for a few months before and after this one legal venture into matrimony. He held various jobs with furniture stores, and finally found himself in the employ of a Fall River store which merchandized its furniture on the "club" or installment plan. His pay depended on the number of "clubs" he sold, and the temptation to run a crooked mile was too much for him. He sold more "clubs" in one day than had ever been sold by any one before, collected his commissions, and beat it for parts unknown.

Mrs. Demers sold the family furniture and went home to live with her parents. Whereupon Demers, with his gift for nosing out women in funds, promptly returned to Fall River, stayed as long as the furniture money lasted. Result: one bouncing baby girl.

New father Demers, having taken his leave, assumed no responsibility for his family. Nevertheless, during periods of financial drought, he never hesitated to return to Fall River and spend a few weeks as the nonpaying guest of his wife's people. Two more children, sons, were born to bless these seasonal reunions.

Just prior to the birth of the third child, our persistent progenitor left for good and took up women-getting as a career. And we find him trying his wings on a crisp December day of 1931 in a bus outbound from St. Louis into southern Illinois. Across the aisle sat Miss Vivian Dorchester, aged twenty-three, who was returning to her home in Marion, Illinois.

They were soon chatting like old friends. Demers—beg pardon, Dr. C. P. Van Blarcom, representative of a New York City medical company—told the girl that he also was on his way to Marion, where, he said, he was going to hire a car to take him to Memphis, Tennessee.

The upshot was that Vivian, with her mother's approval, took him in her car to Memphis and later to New Orleans, and between Memphis and New Orleans he took Vivian. In the romantically named town of Aliceville, Alabama, they were married.

They went on to New Orleans, then to Houston. At Houston, Dr. Van Blarcom rose while his bride was still asleep, shaved and bathed himself for new conquests, and disappeared.

Later, Vivian sued Van Blarcom for divorce, and received an award of $100 a month alimony and $300 for attorney's fees—none of which ever materialized. Van Blarcom, who never paid anything, was already back in Houston with a new name and a new racket. As the Rev. Maurice Pierrepont, he was conducting religious revivals at a mission.

AN attendant at these affairs was Miss Alice Gray, aged thirty-three. In April, 1933, Miss Gray and the Rev. Pierrepont were married.

They departed for Westlake, in the Huey Long country, where the bridegroom continued with the Pierrepont revivalist racket. In Westlake, he and Alice lived with a nice couple, who shall be nameless, from whom the Rev. Pierrepont—who alleged that he had been a physician before he took to evangelism—borrowed $250 with which to recover $50,000 worth of surgical instruments which, in a careless moment, he had buried somewhere in Mexico.

The Mexican note in this story was easily explained. Pierrepont, so he said, had been born in Paris of noble parentage. His real name, he confided to his bride and his hosts, was Arthur Adolph—which doesn't go so well in France right now—DeBussey DeBougainville Charles Vincent Maurice Pierrepont, and his French wife had died while he was in Mexico City as a diplomatic official at the French Embassy.

With the $250—but without Alice—he made his exit. He borrowed an automobile from a fellow minister—and Louisiana knew him no more.

In February, 1934, Mrs. Pierrepont presented her vanished husband with a son. Fortunately there had been no issue of the brief marriage with Vivian Dorchester.

Even before the child was born, Demers—now the very, very British Arthur DeBussey Brockville Charles Maurice Vinson Pierrepont Courtney Hetherington—had gone into his religious-revival routine at Detroit, but not with the usual result. He made hot love to a girl evangelist, who was apparently working with him in the act, and asked her to marry him. She didn't. So, come the final collection, Arthur DeBussey stole her Bibles and hymnals and moved on to Des Moines. The girl evangelist pursued her praying prey from Michigan to Iowa, had him arrested, and made him disgorge her Bibles and hymnbooks.

Freed for lack of prosecution, the Rev. Courtney Hetherington now transferred his missionary activities to Owensboro, Kentucky, where he was able to collect from a feminine admirer his fare to the next point of lodgment, which turned out to be Birmingham, Alabama.

Here—surely you'll be surprised—he met a girl. Her name was Helen Sawyer, a singer in the church where he held forth as a man of God. Twenty-one-year-old Helen married him, fattened him up at the family trough, and bore him a daughter.

CHARLIE beat the stork this time by a full six months. In the spring of 1934, he confided to his bride and his bride's family that he was tiring of the life of a peripatetic preacher and wished to go back to his first love, bacteriology. The Sawyers advanced him $1,000 for the purchase of laboratory equipment.

The Rev. Hetherington and his *enciente* wife journeyed with this bank roll to Chicago, where the purchases were to be made. Establishing her in a hotel, he explained that he had to go over to Waukegan to keep a preaching date. She never saw him again, nor the $1,000.

Apparently Waukegan didn't see him, either. But Springfield, Missouri, did; and Salt Lake City, Utah; and Santa Barbara, California, where he was known as the Rev. Courtney Darling.

In Santa Barbara, in 1934, there was a church with a woman pastor. This was Charlie's meat. Within a month he had so ingratiated himself with the pastor that they had become the Rev. Mr. and the Rev. Mrs. Courtney Darling.

To celebrate his marriage to the lady and to the collection plate, he announced from the pulpit that his family in England, whose elegance and importance and indubitable solvency he described in great detail, were pining away for a chance to do something to advance God's work, and that if some one in the congregation would advance $2,000, much as

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2. **SHIRTS SHRINK?** It's not the laundry's fault. Sanforizing is the *only* method of pre-shrinking that leaves less than 1% shrinkage in the cloth! All Arrows are Sanforized-Shrunk.

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SKIN TROUBLES

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Olive Tablets being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

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*Always Carry*
FOR ACID INDIGESTION

EAT LIKE CANDY
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A ROLL

he hated to leave his bride, he would make the arduous journey to the old country, and would guarantee to bring back at least $15,000.

A female member of the church, moved by his oratory, promptly offered $1,600. He took it and went. The Rev. Mrs. Darling never saw her husband again.

The day before he kissed her goodby he purchased fourteen traveler's checks, each in the denomination of $100. The first two of these checks he cashed in Los Angeles the following day. Seven more he cashed, seventy-two hours later, at a bank in Lansing, Michigan, and with the proceeds bought himself a coupé, which he registered in the name of Courtney Gouthey. He cashed another check in Lansing to pay his hotel bill. The remaining checks he cashed in Chicago and in Chicopee, Massachusetts.

IN early August he showed up in Corpus Christi, Texas, and, as the Rev. Courtney Gouthey, conducted services at a local church for about three weeks. He had his usual personal success. On August 27 he left with Miss Cleo Avery, aged twenty-one, for San Antonio, where they were solemnly married. The Rev. Gouthey then held forth in several other towns in Texas, and then pulled up with his bride, September 22, in Memphis, Tennessee.

Four days later he sold his car to a dealer for $410, and departed with the proceeds for parts so unknown to Miss Cleo Avery, now Mrs. Gouthey, that she was never able to find him again. The marriage, like the other brief one, died without issue.

It died also, so far as is known, without financial profit to the Rev. Gouthey, a fact which would seem to indicate that he had not intended to end it so soon, and to lead to the suspicion that he had somehow heard that Helen Sawyer's parents were at last planning to get the law on him.

Anyhow, the tip, if it was a tip, was a straight one. On September 15, eleven days before his hurried departure from Memphis, the Chief of Police of Birmingham, Alabama, had brought to the Federal Bureau of Investigation for the first time the name of the Rev. Courtney Hetherington and the facts already related as to his treatment of Helen Sawyer.

This was the beginning of an investigation by Hoover and his G-men which, after years of patient delving, produced the foregoing biography of Charles Arthur Demers.

From Birmingham, the boss G-man learned about the Sawyer girl and the Rev. Courtney Hetherington. Two weeks later, from Corpus Christi, Texas, he learned about the Avery girl and the Rev. Courtney Gouthey. He lost no time in putting these two twos together. Then, in investigating the Birmingham case, he found that the previous spring a Rev. Mrs. Courtney Darling had written the Chief of Police of the Alabama city—Demers must have mentioned Birmingham to her—asking for information in regard to her disappeared husband, Courtney Darling of London, England. The photograph which she enclosed, when shown to the Misses Sawyer and Avery, proved that the three Courtneys were one.

The G-men next picked up the trail in Westlake, Louisiana, where the Rev. Maurice Pierrepont had borrowed the $250 to dig for $50,000 worth of surgical instruments in Mexican soil. They unveiled the Gouthey purchase of an automobile in Lansing, Michigan. Through investigation at Houston, Texas, they discovered the identity of the young woman, Alice Gray, who had lived with the Rev. Pierrepont at Westlake believing that she was his wife.

The same day that agents working in Texas linked up the phony Pierrepont to the phony Hetherington, Gouthey, and Darling, agents working in California uncovered the purchase, under the Darling name, of the fourteen traveler's checks, through which it was possible to trace the marrying parson's movements through a number of states. In September of the same year, 1935, the F. B. I. traced the coupé to the dealer to whom Demers sold it in Memphis.

The following January, the Bureau completed its list of the known marriages of this modern synthetic Bluebeard by uncovering his first adventure of the kind the jitney wooing of Miss Vivian Dorchester by Dr. C. P. Van Blarcom.

But the G-men, for all their painstaking search, didn't yet know the Bluebeard's real name.

THE clue which finally led the F. B. I. to Fall River did not appear until June, 1936, when an investigation in Philadelphia disclosed that one Charles P. Van Blarcom had been arrested and subsequently released as a suspicious character, because he had been overheard in a restaurant frequented by hoodlums to say that he would " knock over " the place.

The trail from Philadelphia to Fall River was a long one, but not too long for Hoover and his men. There they found the little deserted family. But Mrs. Demers was quite as ignorant as any one else as to the whereabouts of Charles Arthur Demers.

However, the G-men had still one card up their official sleeves. Demers' earlier offenses had, during the prolonged search, become outlawed, but his violation of the Mann White Slave Act in taking Cleo Avery across the state line was still a prosecutable offense. Accordingly, in December, 1935, this case was presented to the Federal Grand Jury at San Antonio, Texas, and an indictment obtained.

Immediately the Federal Bureau of Investigation sent out an identification order on Demers, showing his photograph, fingerprints, aliases, physical description, criminal record, and the charge on which he was wanted. This order was displayed in the banks, post offices, and police stations of every community.

Two years and three months later,

a woman who worked in a bank at Deadwood, South Dakota, went with her husband to purchase some house furnishings at the local furniture store and recognized the face of the clerk who waited on her as that of the man in the photograph on the now faded circular on the bulletin board at the bank. She notified the Chief of Police, who promptly took the clerk into custody.

Of course Demers denied his identity. But a comparison of his fingerprints with those on the circular proved beyond doubt that the G-men had once more got their man.

Eddie Green, Postmaster of Gangdom, thought he was a "wise guy." Then came the G-men! Read this new F. B. I. story in Liberty—soon.

A young woman of Deadwood stated that she had been planning to marry the furniture salesman, whom she knew as Don Morgan, and had already given him $900 and some Turkish rugs to set him up in a business of his own. Don, she said, had confided to her that he was of distinguished foreign origin, and had promised her a wonderful wedding at Deadwood with the French and German ambassadors and many other European notables in attendance.

He is in Leavenworth now, the Rev. Dr. Charles Arthur Demers, et al., serving a five-year term. When he comes out, other charges based on newly discovered crimes await him.

At present there is only one thing more to tell: The story of this Public Bluebeard No. 1 is a true story, taken straight from the G-men's files, but the G-men are, among other things, perfect gentlemen—the names of the young women involved as given here are, by special request of J. Edgar Hoover, as fictitious as the aliases invented by Charles Arthur Demers!

THE END

## Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 15

1—Senator William E. Borah.

2—The Bible.

3—The X ray.

4—Three miles from its shores as measured from mean low water mark, or from the seaward limit of a bay or mouth of a river.

5—Marvin Ward.

6—To produce antiknock fuel.

7—Because there has been more loss of heat during the night than is gained.

8—Miami, Florida; El Paso, Texas; and Dallas, Texas.

9—Eliminate static.

10—Marie Curie.

11—In eastern and northeastern Rumania, with a border on Russia.

12—About December 22.

13—A drawbridge.

14—The closure rule.

15—Because the air pressure in the body becomes greater than that on the outside.

16—The Dniester, which forms a boundary between Rumania and Russia; the Dnieper is within Russia.

17—Five.

18—Oahu, Hawaii.

19—Porcelain differs from pottery in being translucent and in its superior whiteness, hardness, and sonority.

20—

Ethel Barrymore

BLEEDING GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS
TENDER GUMS
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4 OUT OF 5 MAY BE VICTIMS OF GINGIVITIS

[A common gum inflammation often a forerunner of dreaded Pyorrhea]

Don't Delay—Join Forhan's "Save Your Teeth" Program* Today

DON'T BE FOOLED. Only your dentist's expert care and skilled surgery can remedy Pyorrhea with its shrinking, pussy gums and loosening teeth.

But here is something that you *can* guard against if your gums are tender and bleed when you brush your teeth. Gingivitis is a gum inflammation where gums join the teeth—*very common today*—and, if neglected, is often a forerunner of ravaging Pyorrhea.

**That's why intelligent people who want to keep sound healthy teeth now visit their dentist every 3 months.*

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Every morning and night massage your gums and clean your teeth with Forhan's Toothpaste—special formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for massaging the gums and cleaning the teeth.

Your dentist will tell you that your gums—like any other part of your body—need proper circulation to keep them firm, healthy and more able to ward off infection. And you'll find the special new Forhan's Gum Massager with Forhan's Toothpaste, a most efficient way to bring fresh, nourishing blood to the gums to aid in keeping them strong, hard and healthy.

Forhan's Toothpaste has been used and recommended by many dentists for over 20 years. It helps brighten dull dingy teeth to their natural brilliance and remove acids that cause decay. Join this inspiring "Save Your Teeth" Program! Don't fail to get a tube of Forhan's Toothpaste today. At drug and department stores. Week-end size at all 10¢ stores.

◀ *The Original Toothpaste for Massaging Gums and Cleaning Teeth*

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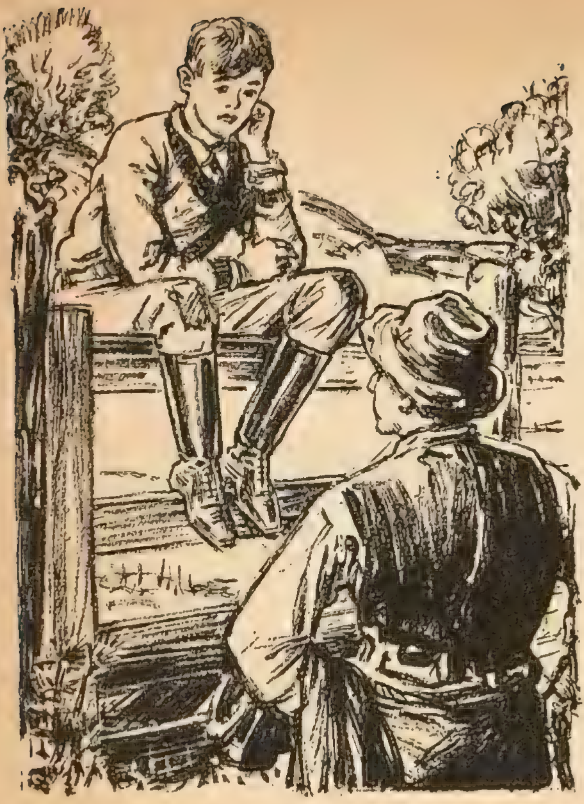
Send the carton of giant 50¢ size Forhan's Toothpaste to Forhan's, Dept. D-2, New Brunswick, N. J., and receive this wonderful 50¢ Gum Massager FREE.

# REWARD

## Liberty's Short Short

## BY FRANCIS M. COCKRELL



READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THEY met at Big Springs, Texas. The older one was also bigger, tall and well put together, lean and hard. His name was Click. Once it had been Harold Morton, but he had almost forgotten that.

He first saw the other sitting on a fence near the right of way. Click saw that he was young, with a round face and unknowing blue eyes and a soft fuzz on his face that was not yet beard. His sweater was torn and one knee pad had ripped loose from his riding breeches. His black boots were caked with dried mud, but they had that look about them which stays with things which have been carefully and expertly handmade.

It was only because the kid looked so discouraged that Click stopped. Click wasn't a bad guy.

"Hi, Mac," he said. "Headed east?"

The kid smiled uncertainly and said he was. His eyes had that hollow look Click knew so well, and his cheeks were gray beneath the dirt.

"A Mexican woman gimme a couple of sandwiches," Click said, twisting open the neck of a paper sack. "You want one?"

"I—gosh!" was the heartfelt reply.

They talked a little after the first few bites.

The kid's name was Brent Andrews and he lived in a little town near Kansas City. He had run away from military school three weeks before, planning to see some of the country and maybe get a ship out of Los Angeles. But by El Paso he was broke and had to pawn his uniform overcoat, and he was dirty, and after that no one would pick him up any more. He had tried to join the army, but they just laughed and said he was too young.

They would have taken Click; he was only eighteen but he could pass for twenty-one anywhere. He might join up some day. Be better than the CCC, he'd bet. But there ought to be a place in the country for a guy like him, even if he didn't have any education. Anyhow, there was no hurry.

"Them's nice boots," he mentioned once.

"Yes. I got 'em for Christmas. They're handmade."

"Must've cost a lotta dough, handmade," Click said. "Twenty-five, thirty bucks, I guess?"

"More like eighty, I expect," the kid said. "I wish I had it now."

"Why don't you just telygraph home for dough?"

But they wouldn't take a collect telegram asking for money, and anyhow he had left by himself and his old man wouldn't think much of him if he didn't get back by himself.

Click started not to do it, but finally he said, "Well, I'm headed east too; you can come along with me for a stretch . . . if you want to."

"Gosh," the kid said, "that's swell!"

They stopped under the viaduct at the edge of the yards and sat by a fire a couple of fellows had behind a pillar. It was cold.

Presently, after a good deal of switching, an engine gave two short toots, and Click came out with the kid close behind.

They caught it still going slow. That stretch wasn't bad. The rest of it was different. Click took him across Texas to Fort Worth, but it was neither quick nor easy.

The kid never complained about anything, though Click knew he was hungry mostly—Click was himself—and cold at nights. And he was interested in everything and eager to learn all Click could teach.

"Don't them boots hurt to walk in?" Click asked him as they were walking into Fort Worth.

"No. You see, they're field boots," the kid explained, "and that lace on the instep keeps them tight."

They got a feed at a mission, and then had to walk back out of town again. It was cold and they built a fire and pulled off their shoes.

"I bet them'd fit me," Click said. "I got little feet." He pulled on the boots and stood up and stamped around a little. "Man! They're just like a glove, ain't they?"

"They're good boots," the kid admitted, watching Click's face.

Later Click said casually, "Oh, well, I've got you this far, I might as well shove you on in, I guess." He had been heading for Atlanta—he'd never been there—but what the hell. The kid was all right and he wasn't in any hurry.

Finally they sat before a crackling fire, at night, twenty miles south of Kansas City. Click was glad he had done it.

"In the morning," the kid said, "it'll be a cinch. I know a man runs trucks out of Kaycee." He pulled off his boots and lay back on the ground. "You might as well come on," he said. "Might be the job you're looking for's in Mennenburg; and you can stay with me while you look."

"It might be," Click admitted. "But—but I doubt it."

They didn't talk after that. Brent Andrews was thinking about getting home.

He knew Click was wild for the boots. The first thing they hit Mennenburg, he would give them to him.

He was smiling as he went to sleep.

WELL, you got home on your own," his father said. "That's something. Do you think it was worth it?"

Brent answered slowly: "Yes, sir. I think it was. I learned some things."

For a minute his father's face remained forbidding, as Brent had known it would; then it creased into a grin, as he had also known it would.

"All right. We'll let it go at that. I'm glad to see you, son." He put a hand on Brent's shoulder. "Incidentally," he added smilingly, with an eye on Brent's feet, which, except for tattered socks, were bare, "where are your shoes?"

The son was silent for a moment. "Boots," he said then. "They were boots. I—I gave them to—to a friend," he finished. And he meant that.

WHERE'D you get the fancy boots?" the bald-headed hobo asked.

"They was—give to me."

"Hah!" said the baldhead derisively.

"It ain't none of your business, anyhow!" Click said angrily. "I had 'em comin' to me. After all I done. He *woulda* give 'em to me if I ast him." Then under his breath he added, "I—I bet he woulda."

With the boots—they kind of gave you class—maybe he'd turn up what he was looking for. Maybe in Atlanta.

THE END

**Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.**

# DO CAREER WOMEN *wreck* THEIR MEN?

## What price feminine success? Here's a rueful and amazingly frank confession

### BY RUTH WATERBURY

DECORATION BY SEWELL BOOTH

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I AM known to the world at large as a successful career woman. My yearly salary runs into five figures. But nevertheless I am beginning to wish that in my childhood, instead of being taught Upward and Onward, I had been made to go round singing Lead, Kindly Blight.

For I would have had much more fun with men if I had. Not that I have been entirely luckless with those handsome creatures. I have been married twice. But what has me down is this: I have also been divorced twice.

I started out with such bright hopes. I was going to be one of those wives who would make the world safe for equality. You know how career girls go on, don't you? We plan to stand forth, free and joyous, shoulder to shoulder with our husbands, bearing everything—bills and troubles, happiness and ambitions—fifty-fifty.

It is a lovely dream. It ought to work. It ought to liberate men from their dreary responsibilities toward women—those eternal life insurances, those mortgages, those doctors' bills—and leave them free to go on to the greatest achievements. But it doesn't.

It seems to destroy them instead. It seems to put them on some sort of spiritual dole, depressing them, turning them into drunkards, or defeatists, or back toward some dear dumb woman who reassures them.

Does this mean that "career women," if they keep on achieving recognition for their own talents, kill their men? And if so, what can the one out of every four women in this country do about it?

For nearly one out of every four women in this country is working now, and the only difference between a workingwoman and a career woman is a difference in achievement. Does it mean, then, that the love life of a workingwoman is safe only if she stops this side of success?

Take the case of Jack and Constance L. He was a good artist and had a job with one of the better publishing houses, doing the sketches for book jackets. Connie kept house and took care of their baby, a little girl. Both were blissfully happy.

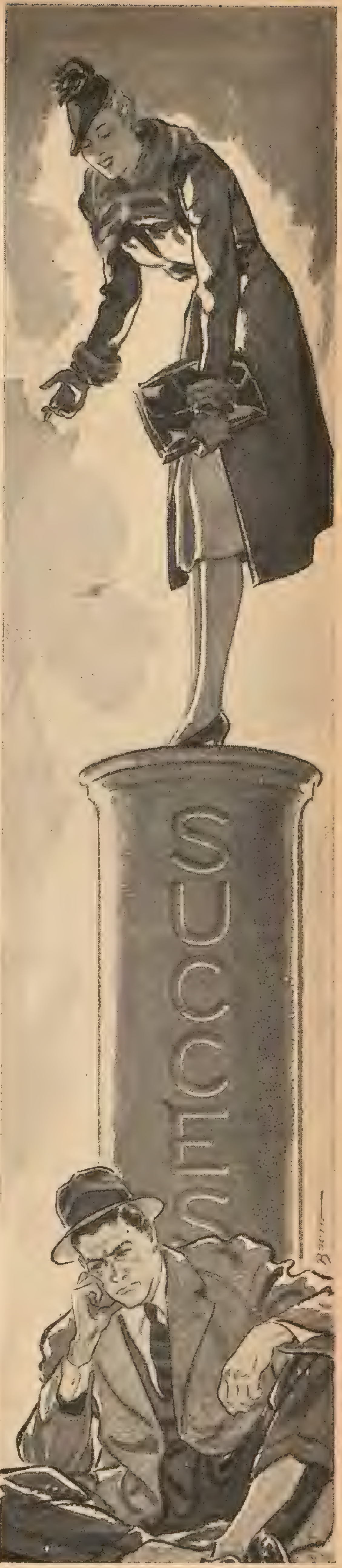
Their second baby turned out to be a frail little boy, and their doctor bills became very heavy. So when Jack's publisher suggested that perhaps Connie might be able to write a children's book for the firm, it seemed like a gift from heaven.

I suppose it might have been that, too, if Connie's first book hadn't turned out to be such an amazing success. The firm asked for another. The second book was a greater success than the first. She wrote more. She began to have a commanding position in her field. It didn't mean any fortune, but it was sufficient that in some circles Jack began to be known as Connie L.'s husband.

It was just then that Jack announced that he too had writing talent. Connie was delighted. She was so essentially feminine, so traditionally the wife, that she felt that any gift she possessed must be possessed in twice its potency by Jack.

The only error was that, while Jack worked very hard and very conscientiously, he didn't have the spark. He said, however, that it was the city that was getting him down, and he invested in one of the first of this country's trailers. Connie packed up herself and the children—there were three of them now—and they started on their gypsy living. For ten years thereafter they never had a settled home. Once in a while Connie would try to suggest that Jack ought to go back to his drawing board, and then she would be silenced by his accusation that she had no faith in him.

They were in Florida on Christmas Day. Jack urged that Connie and the children go to the movies, saying that



he wanted to be alone. When they returned, they discovered that he had hanged himself. On the table in the trailer was the returned manuscript of his sixth unpublished novel.

Beatrice M. is a really big shot, where Connie L. was never more than a little popgun. Beatrice has now been married to Dick M. for sixteen years. He was considered a promising architect at twenty-four. Now he is not promising even his creditors. He just sends them to Beatrice, who pays his bills. He had terrific charm when Beatrice married him, and he still has charm when he isn't either too sober or too drunk, but in that second-Martini stage.

In the early days, Beatrice worked as a stenographer in a broadcasting studio. Programs were fearsomely haphazard things then, and in her spare time Beatrice tried to get some co-ordination in them. She succeeded so well that she was given the title of program director.

Dick, meanwhile, got hooked up with an architectural development in Florida and lost all he had. By the time he picked up the pieces and was ready to start again, it was the fall of 1929. Jobs were scarce. He was out of work for two solid years.

Meanwhile radio was growing, and Bea was growing with it. Her hours became more and more erratic. She couldn't blame Dick if, while waiting for her to arrive for their dinner, which was always indefinite, he drank too many cocktails. Here was her chance at big money. It meant financial security for both of them.

Today Bea's salary is colossal. And Dick has given up working altogether. He tells you that immediately upon meeting you. He does it laughingly, debonairly, but you can detect his bitterness underneath.

I am not denying, either, that Bea must be nearly impossible to live with, with her highly keyed nerves, her eternal talk of deals and contracts and networks and whatnot. I doubt if she and Dick have said a word to each other in five years that hasn't been said either in weariness or in tears. Yet they are still together, since neither one of them dares face what separation would mean.

But what I want to know is, would Dick have found himself if Bea hadn't succeeded? Or was he always a little too charming? I don't know the answer.

Perhaps it boils down to the fact that, just as we all know that children are spoiled by overgenerous parents, so husbands are spoiled by overgenerous wives. Do men really like to slave for women who never have done a thing for them?

IN another case, a wife who had a successful career discovered that her husband was in love with another woman and that he wanted his freedom so that he could marry her. It was a great shock, since she had been happy in her marriage, and had thought her husband had been, too.

The wife asked one of her husband's closest friends about that other woman. Was she better-looking? No. Was she younger? A little. Was she more intelligent? Heavens, no! What was it, then?

The friend hesitated. Finally he said: "It's like this. No matter what he does, it's wonderful to that girl. Why, if he even takes her to a movie, it is the most wonderful thing that ever happened to her."

The wife had no answer to that—she who had believed that it should be wonderful for a man to know that a woman stayed by his side for no other reason save that she loved him.

It may be that this dream of sex equality is one of those bright visions that the average mortal does not choose for long. Or it may be that women will have the last laugh, after all: since all the insurance figures prove that modern women are living longer than modern men.

But, personally, I hope I don't live until such time comes that the world will be dominated by a lot of old ladies laughing. For the only thing worse to a woman than laughing alone is crying alone. And that's not for me, ever. What I want is to die while some man is kissing me and declaring I have inspired him to the heights. And I challenge you to show me any career woman who does not wish the same thing—or who has not failed at getting it.

THE END

Our Debt to Old Bohemia

"MY grandfather would have got a big kick out of this!" Frank Cermak ran a caressing finger along a transformer insulator, ready for the kiln. "He was a skilled pottery maker in Bohemia—turned out beautiful urns and vases. But he never tackled a job like this. It's about the biggest we've done."

Frank Cermak, head of the G-E Porcelain Department, isn't afraid of big jobs. His family have been skilled porcelain craftsmen for generations. His father, back in 1891, organized the department that Frank now manages. And Frank's son, too, is following the family tradition.

Ancient skills, passed on from father to son for generations, still play a part in modern industry. Porcelain craftsmen, for instance, produce insulators which make possible the transmission of electricity from the powerhouse to homes and factories, where it serves you in a thousand different ways.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

90-18SD

# NEWSPAPERMAN

## Joy and adventure, a parting—and peace. The reporter ends his story

## BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

### PART TEN—CONCLUSION

INSTEAD of going to the Journal, I went to the Mirror.

Joe Connolly, head of King Features, now also one of the rulers of the Hearst empire, had offered me a job on the Journal, but later had informed me that the deal couldn't go through.

“ There's a gentleman's agreement between Hearst and Patterson and McCormick,” he said, “ not to raid each other's staffs. But there are no gentlemen on the Mirror. And they want you.”

The Mirror offered me $300 a week. I took it.

“ At least, Spanish,” I pointed out, “ I'm getting nearly fifty dollars a week less. That ought to help.”

Before I quite realized what had happened, the Mirror was advertising me all over New York as the “ Star Reporter of America,” and the “ highest-paid reporter in the United States.”

A. J. Kobler, the publisher, asked me if I could write a column.

“ Yes, but I'm a reporter. I don't want to write a column.”

“ Ach! This is the day of the columnist. You should write a column. It will make lots of money.”

I wrote the column for seventeen days. It was called The Big Town. The knife was thrown on the eighteenth day. “ Jake,” as everybody called Kobler, came down from his sanctum to tell me I should “ hereafter write it serials.” There was money in serials, he said. There were too many columns. He could not syndicate mine.

I started writing serials. I wrote the life of Jack “ Legs ” Diamond, the clay pigeon of gangland. I wrote a series of stories about “ Hot Harlem,” and I wrote the life story of a rumrunner, and the life and loves of a burglar, and I finished a few more similar serials before the next blade quivered in my ribs.

“ Serials neither are goot for the syndicate. So maybe you should come down and work two hours a day.”

Old Butch died suddenly, while I was still a shining star. We went to Chicago for the funeral, and I learned my father's stature. For two days the house was crowded with his friends. The mighty of Chicago and the humble. The rich. The poor. Cops. Firemen. Letter carriers. Priests. Shopkeepers. Kids. Bank presidents. Politicians. Newspapermen.

Teddy Beck, my old boss, drew me aside. “ At last I've seen a successful man,” he said. “ There he lies. He never made any money. He wasn't famous. Yet everybody knew him and loved him and went to him for favors. He was an honest man. He was a happy man, for he had work he loved, and he died in harness. He lived long enough to see all his children grown up, and to be proud of them. I'd call him a success.”

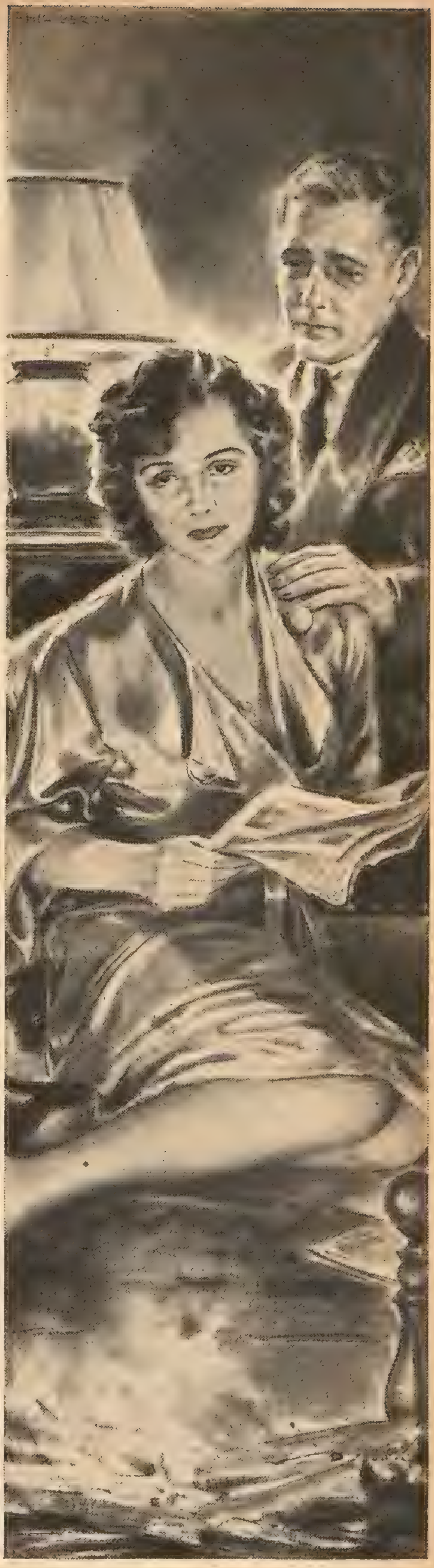
We returned to New York as soon as we could; and I was glad that I need work only two hours a day, for Mildred needed me with her constantly. We couldn't trust her alone. She couldn't trust herself.

The Lindbergh baby was kidnaped. Every reporter in New York worked night and day for weeks, went without sleep, with little food, with hope and excitement coloring his mind. Every one but the star reporter of America. I sat in the office and did crossword puzzles and cryptograms, and called up Mildred Spain, and watched the copyreaders throw spitballs at each other.

Without warning, I was electrified into action. Emile Gauvreau, the managing editor, came running up with a man who looked as though he might be a G-man, so shrewd his eyes were, so inconspicuous his clothes. “ You've got twenty minutes to make the train,” Gauvreau said. “ I've sent a boy to the cashier's office. He'll be down in a second. This man here will tell you the story as you walk to the train.”

The shrewd-eyed man was not a G-man. He was a member of the underworld.

“ Here's the layout,” he said. “ We got the Lindbergh baby, and he's too hot to handle. We'll put him in your lap on one consideration. We don't want money. We want you to get the Governor of Michigan to spring three guys. Get him to promise that, and put it in writing, and we'll turn the baby over to you. Otherwise we got to kill the kid and sink him.”



" At least," I pointed out, " I'm getting nearly fifty a week less."

Eight days and nights I spent on that assignment. Wilber M. Brucker was governor then.

“ You say either I must pardon three murderers or let the baby die,” he said. “ What you tell me may be fantasy or fact. I don't know. You ask me, in the name of organized kidnaping, to turn three murderers loose.

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

I have sworn an oath to uphold the law, to protect the citizens of this state. I cannot do what you ask. And if I could, what assurance have I that my baby will not be kidnaped next—to free some other murderers? "

" But can you let that baby die? "

Gauvreau was in Montreal. He phoned me he was with the gang. He swore the story was true.

" You've got to break that governor, Eddie; you've got to." He wept. " I tell you again and again, this gang is on the level. They have the baby. And they'll kill him if you fail."

" I won't fail," I promised.

On the eighth day Governor Brucker decided that if the men in jail could write a letter to the kidnapers, asking them to free the baby, and if the baby were returned as a result of that letter, then they would deserve clemency, for they would have done something to benefit humanity. In such an event, he said, he would extend clemency.

I went to the penitentiary, with Ray Brundage, Commissioner of Paroles, to lend me authority. I talked to the trio. They were sullen, suspicious, stupid. They thought they were being trapped into signing something that might react against them. They would do nothing to help us.

The next day the ransom money was paid; and some of the newspapers carried the story that every bill was marked. The go-between disappeared. At least, I never saw him again.

Mildred greeted me with tears when I came home.

" I've been brave, Eddie," she said. " I haven't broken. Not once. But now that you're here I don't have to hold up any more. Take me to a sanitarium, Eddie. Please! For my own sake. I want to leave this world where such things happen. But I mustn't. I mustn't kill myself. Put me away, Eddie. Lock me up and forget me. Divorce me and be happy. But oh, hold me in your arms a little while. Hold me very, very tight and tell me you love me, even though you should curse the hour you first saw me."

WE drove to the sanitarium on a beautiful spring day, and talked to the doctor in charge.

" I want to come as a voluntary patient," Mildred said. " Maybe you can cure me. Maybe you can't. Whatever you do, I'll do my part."

Weeks she stayed there, and I saw no change in her. Sometimes she was afraid of me. Sometimes she rushed to meet me.

She began to put on weight after the first month. She began to take an interest in clothes, to wonder about her two boys, to ask about my work.

She was still full of fears when she came home to us. People terrified her. Even her closest friends. Automobiles made her gasp with horror. She'd wake up screaming in the night, a little girl frightened by her dreams, and shiver in my embrace until I talked her back to slumber.

" What you need," I said, " is a change of scenery. Something to keep your interest, and hold it."

We took an ocean trip. We went to Newfoundland. It helped. But only for a time.

" You're going to lose your job when you go back to the Mirror," she said as the ship started its return trip to New York. " Then what'll you do? "

" I'll get another job."

" There aren't any jobs in New York, Eddie; you know that. There's a depression. Of course the great Eddie Doherty hasn't felt it. But he will. And like it."

I was fired from the Mirror in due time. I couldn't find a job in New York. So we went to Hollywood, and for eight weeks I was on the payroll of the RKO studios as a writer. That meant I sat in a little cubbyhole all day long and read newspapers and magazines and tried to stay awake. Once in a while a boy brought me in manuscripts to read. Merian Cooper, my boss, wanted my opinion on them. They all were putrid, and I said so.

HOLLYWOOD seemed to be the right prescription for the Spanish woman. She never looked better in her life, though fear still clung to her. The boys hated the town, talked of running away, of going back to Larchmont.

Finally Cooper decided I was to write the story he called Pigmy, a story of modern whaling. I went out on a whaling vessel to get atmosphere, came back, and wrote the story.

" That's great! " Cooper said. " By the way, Dave Selznick wants to see you. He's in his office now."

My option was up. Mr. Selznick could not renew it. It wasn't my fault. No, no. Not at all. It was that inelastic budget. He had two new writers coming from New York, two sea-story writers. They'd write Pigmy.

I walked into Columbia Studios and talked myself into a job—a four-weeks trial at $250 a week.

" If you make good," the story editor said, " you'll get more. By the way, do you know Fulton Oursler, the editor of Liberty? "

Of course I did. I'd sold him a four-part story called The Twilight of the Gangster, and a ten-part serial novel which he christened The Shackled Cinderella.

" He's upstairs now," the story editor informed me.

Oursler made me feel more than welcome, and scolded me because I hadn't come to him before I'd signed that four-weeks contract. He would have given me real money.

" Not too late now," he said. " Why don't you do some stuff for Liberty? "

" I'd like to."

" Good. Suppose you write us fifteen stories a year."

" Sure," I said.

" Write me a letter to that effect. Make it in duplicate. You sign them. I'll sign them. And that'll be our contract."

On January 1, 1933, Mildred's doctor came to pay a social call. At least that's what I thought it was. He brought his black bag with him. He insisted on giving me an examination.

" Old man, your heart is just barely ticking," he announced. " You go to bed immediately, or I can't be responsible for you. Right now I wouldn't give you more than a couple of weeks to live."

" Tell me the truth," I said. " Mrs. Doherty sent you to look me over, didn't she? "

" Yes. She knew you were ill and wouldn't admit it."

Two more doctors decided my heart was bad. I went to bed and stayed there three months.

Now all responsibility was thrown on Mildred, and she was cured.

I too was cured of my pseudo-heart condition. I knew the doctors were wrong. I began to mend. One day I went back to Columbia studios. My job was gone. There were no other jobs to be had. My bank account had dwindled to a thousand dollars. Liberty had forgotten me. It had sent me no money at all.

" Let's go home," I said.

We returned to Larchmont, broke. I called up Oursler.

" Come and see me as soon as you can," he said. " Incidentally, we have a lot of money waiting for you here. Do you need it? "

" Boss," I shouted, " at last the depression has found me, but you've saved my life! "

I'VE been with Liberty ever since; but I know little more about Fulton Oursler now than I did six years ago. I seldom spend more than a minute with him. He's too busy. He still writes books and plays and edits all the Macfadden magazines from a distance. In addition he prepares and gives a radio broadcast every week, reads hundreds of manuscripts and thousands of letters. He takes long walks, swims, goes to theaters and concerts, and manages to do an extensive bit of traveling in the way of relaxation. His criticisms are snappy and succinct.

" Eddie, do you realize you have three different styles of writing? I'd classify them as A, B, and Z."

" Don't tell me the story. Write me an outline. Remember my initials: F. O.—F. for First, O. for Outline."

" You have too many headlines in you, Eddie. Remember you're not writing life. You're writing fiction. Only God writes life."

I used to wonder at the energy of the man, and to wish I had some of it in me. He probably hasn't any sort of home life, I thought. He's too busy. He must be a bachelor. That was before I met Mrs. Oursler, and learned that there were plenty of children in the household.

It was in a New York hotel I met Mrs. Oursler, who writes under the name of Grace Perkins. I'd been waiting half an hour when Oursler came out, his face throwing off a friendly smile, his hand outstretched as to an old friend. He asked my pardon as he ushered me into his suite. He hadn't meant to keep me waiting. He introduced me to Mrs. Oursler, a quiet, beautiful, admirable woman who smiled gently at me and made me feel at ease. Oursler begged permission to go on with what he had been saying, and motioned me to a chair.

"But this man plays the cello like a violin. A great tall villain of a man. A man who might have been a tower. He plays it like a violin."

"You don't mean he picked it up and put it under his chin?"

"No, no. I mean he plays it like a violin. I have seen all the great cellists of my day. I have seen Pablo Casals. But never have I seen a cellist such as this man—nor heard such music from a cello. His mighty arms draw the bow over the strings with such force that the music comes welling out with wonderful clarity and sweetness. He drew one note I have never heard before. A loud grand Eeeeeeeeeee!"

Oursler's face glowed with ecstasy. His right arm sawed at the imaginary cello his left upheld.

"It was"—he groped for a word, couldn't find it. He threw his hands up over his head to indicate the foolishness of even trying to find a word. "It was—whoof!"

How I could use some of that zest, I thought.

"I'm sure it was," said Mrs. Oursler in the gentlest of voices. She rose, gave me her hand, said nice things about some stories of mine, and left. "Now, Eddie," Oursler said, "about this last serial of yours—"

Strange I can remember the scene so vividly, all except what Oursler said to me.

It was hard living on $100 a week, but I loved it. It was hard trying to give Liberty fifteen stories. Days and days of lethargy descended on me, days when all I did was sit in a chair and look out the window. Everything I wrote was Z stuff.

THE removal of a kidney stone and a few weeks at Mr. Macfadden's Physical Culture Hotel at Dansville, New York, worked wonders. Writing became easier work. My style moved up to B, sometimes even to A. Liberty gave me a new contract. And, later on, another and a better one.

"The old Eddie Doherty's coming back," Mildred said one day.

"And the new Mildred too."

She had begun to write short stories by this time. The boys were no longer a care to her. They were growing up fast. Eddie Junior had gone to college—the University of Wisconsin. Jack was in high school.

It was about this time, in 1935, that I was sent to interview Father Charles Coughlin, the radio priest, and the age of miracles came into my life.

I had been assigned to interview him a year before. I had managed to see him, after two weeks of effort, but he had refused to talk.

Oursler had been caustic when I reported my failure. America's star reporter wasn't supposed to flop, especially on a story concerning a Catholic priest. It was up to me on this second occasion to redeem my reputation, to make Oursler eat his ironic words.

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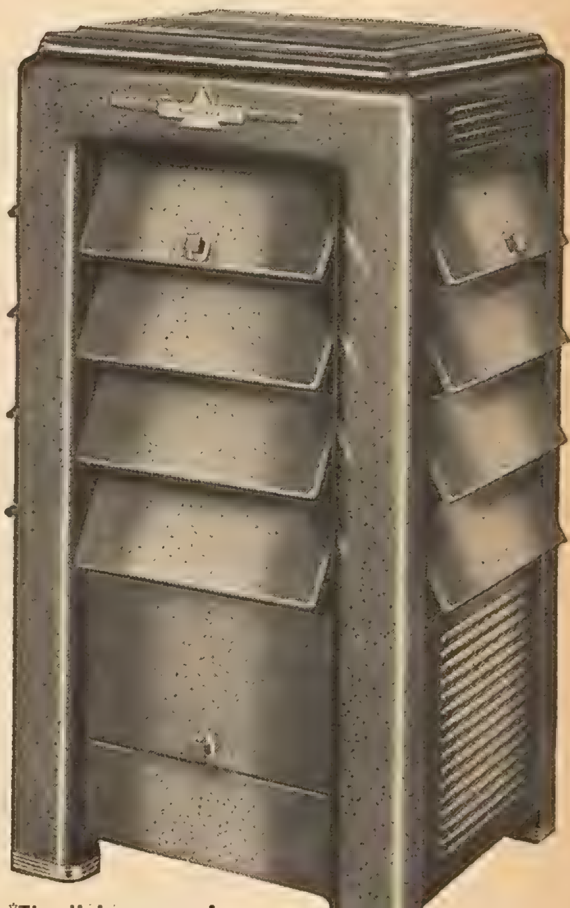

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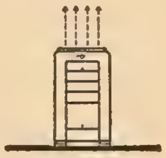

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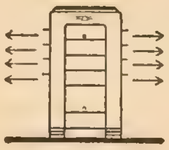

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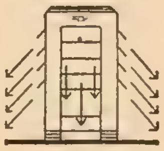
And the shutters also direct radiant heat rays *downward* like this... ending cold, drafty floors... insuring comfort everywhere.



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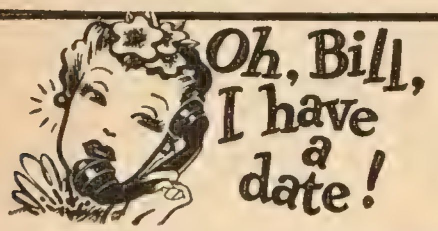
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing SUPERFEX HEAT-DIRECTORS.

Name ____________________
St. or R. F. D. ____________________ Post Office ____________________
County ____________________ State ____________________

Delicious
MACARONI-AND-CHEESE
KRAFT DINNER
In this package THE SPECIAL MACARONI AND THE GRATED
READY IN 9 MINUTES
A MEAL FOR 4..



Oh, Bill, I have a date!

We don't claim you'll be the most popular girl in town, BUT—if constipation's dulled the sparkle of your charm, see how much gayer life becomes when you try FEEN-A-MINT, the delicious chewing gum way to relief. FEEN-A-MINT's a real joy to take. You get all of its famous benefits *simply by chewing*. No wonder folks say: "Why, it seems just like magic!" Praised by millions. Get a package *today*.

**FEEN-A-MINT** TASTES LIKE YOUR FAVORITE CHEWING GUM!

Each advertisement appearing in Liberty has been scrutinized carefully. We believe every product or service so presented can be relied upon to live up to all statements made in the advertisement.

This time I had blood in my eye, and Father Coughlin saw it. "You thought," he said, "you'd find it easy to get a story from a Catholic priest. Just because you're a Catholic—"

"Hold on," I said. "I'm not a Catholic. I did think it should be simple. I thought a priest was a shepherd, willing and eager to hear the bleat of any sheep. It was much easier to see the Pope, I assure you. But—"

If I'd shot his Reverence he couldn't have looked more surprised or shocked. "You're not a Catholic? You were born one, though."

"And raised one. But I've been away from the Church for sixteen years."

"I'll give you a story if you'll go back to the Church."

It was my turn to be surprised and shocked. "You mean you want me to sell my soul for a story?"

He nodded.

"Sold," I said.

I went back to the Church, and Jack came with me. I was still outside the pale, but I went to Mass every Sunday. Mildred accompanied me.

"I'm not going to be a convert to your religion," she said, "but there's something in it I can't resist. A feeling of peace that is almost tangible. I can't explain it, but it's there. I love to sit in the church with you, or kneel or stand, and I love to pray.

"I pray for one thing. I pray that some time before I die God will give me just one day free of pain. I'll have that day. I feel it, Eddie."

The years moved on. I was sent here and there. San Francisco, Newark, Chicago, Phoenix, Pennsylvania, Alabama, Kentucky. I was sent to Canada and to Alaska. There were always stories to reap and put through the thresher.

And the day came when I thought of myself as an old man. The mailman rang the bell at an early hour and handed me a special-delivery air-mail letter from Eddie Junior.

Eddie had asked me, months before, if he could leave college and go to work. "It's your life," I answered. "Do what will make you happy." He had left, and found a job. And now—I opened the letter and began to read.

My boy, my nineteen-year-old son, was married; had been married for months. And I was to be a grandfather.

We loved the girl he married. And we adore the baby. Jimmy, they called him, after my father and my brother, and after the father of Mrs. Eddie Junior. But we call him Jimbo, and we call him Butch.

I was forty-six and a grandfather! And before I knew it I was forty-seven, and Jack was off to college.

"Darling," I said, "at last we are alone!"

After that Mildred and I traveled everywhere together. Thus she happened to see the baby who grew a new lung after a Dominican priest had blessed him with a relic of Blessed Martin de Porres.

The cure of that baby had a profound effect on Mildred, as well as on me. She read all she could about Martin, the Negro lay brother who performed so many wonders during his life, who was still performing miracles for those who prayed to God in his name—though he had been dead three hundred years.

"I love him, Eddie," she said. "He was so humble, so full of charity and compassion. But do you really think he brought his dead friend back to life, as they claim?"

"Only God can do that," I said. "Perhaps God listened to Martin and worked the miracle for him."

ON the day after Christmas, 1938, Mildred's elder sister, Mrs. Maude Hammond, died suddenly in her home in Chicago. Mildred screamed when she heard the news.

This will do it, I thought. She'll go insane now, surely.

But she didn't. She dropped into a chair. "God's will be done," she said.

She did not weep, not even when we stood before her sister's coffin.

"Give me your relic of Blessed Martin," she whispered. I put it into her hands, knowing what she meant to do. She saw I knew.

"Yes," she said. "I'm going to bring her back to life—if it's God's will. Martin will do that for me, even if I have no religion, won't he?"

There was no power of speech in me. I watched her place the relic over her sister's heart, saw her close her eyes, and knew she was praying earnestly. I half expected to see the cold body warm and wake and move.

Mildred lifted her head suddenly and looked at me.

"Why, death is natural and beautiful!" she exclaimed. "As natural and beautiful as life! I never realized that before, not until just now."

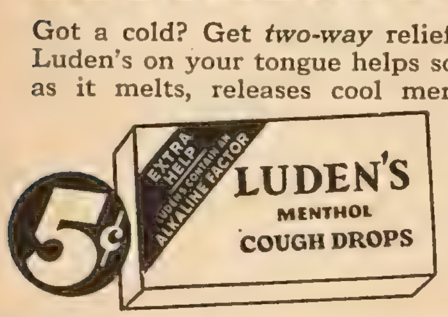
She saw the question in my eyes, and shook her head. "No. I couldn't. I couldn't ask that. Why should I bring her back from peace? I just asked Martin to ask God to keep her happy forever and ever. Amen."

We stayed in Chicago a week or so after the funeral, and I stumbled on an old friend, Dr. John Martin Hiss of Los Angeles, who had given me back the flying feet of my youth at a time when they wouldn't fly. He asked to examine my feet again.

"They must have been hurting you lately," he remarked. "There are a couple of bones dislodged in each foot.

CLOTHESPIN NOSE

Got a cold? Get *two-way* relief with Luden's! A Luden's on your tongue helps soothe throat—*then*, as it melts, releases cool menthol vapor. Your breath carries this to clogged nasal passages, helps *open your* "clothespin nose!"



You come out to Los Angeles and let me fix them."

Dr. H. L. Collins of Columbus, Ohio, a protégé of Dr. Hiss, came into the room and stared at Mildred. "Do you know that one of your legs is an inch shorter than the other?" he asked.

Mildred nodded.

"It's always been that way."

"So? Not always. For years maybe, but not always. You feel pain in your left shoulder and at the base of your spine." It was a statement of fact, not a question. Again Mildred nodded. Dr. Collins took her right leg in his hands, gave it a series of jerks and twists, then did the same with her left leg. "Now put your feet together," he directed.

The inch difference had vanished.

"Get up and walk around the room." Mildred obeyed. "Feel any pain?"

Mildred laughed—it was an odd, perplexed, almost frightened little laugh. She said she felt nothing.

"Your pelvis had been tipped out of shape," Dr. Collins said, "perhaps by a fall. I tilted it back into place. That relieved the pressure on the nerves in your shoulder and spine. You'll never feel pain there again."

Not until we'd walked for several blocks, and she had felt no least twinge of pain, did we realize exactly what had occurred.

"I'm cured, Eddie!" she cried. "Martin has cured me. I prayed to him, and he asked God to cure me."

We hurried home to Larchmont. We packed half a dozen suitcases and a young trunk into the car and headed west, taking our time, singing, listening to the music that poured out of the radio, enjoying life to the full. Snow in Virginia and Tennessee. Rain in Arkansas. Sunshine in Texas.

"Do you realize," I asked—this was in El Paso—"that we're taking our first real honeymoon trip?"

"Our life has been nothing but a honeymoon for nearly twenty years," she answered.

We rambled around Juarez, and talked of old days in Mexico.

"This is the finest time in my life," Mildred said. "I'm rid of all fear, all doubt, all worry, all care. My mind is gloriously free—free to write. Wait until you read my story about Tampico: A Man of My Own.* It's almost done. I'll finish it in Hollywood. You bet my mind is free! And my body is free. I haven't had a pain of any kind since that day in Chicago."

Snow in New Mexico. Sunshine in California. We went on, to live in Dick Carroll's shack in Benedict Canyon, Beverly Hills.

"Something wonderful is going to happen to you here, Eddie," Mildred said, as we neared the canyon.

We spent a month in Los Angeles. The day before we were to leave, Mildred went for a walk in the hills, to soak herself in the sun, to pray—for my happiness perhaps, for everybody's happiness, for peace. She did not come home. We found her the next day. She had fallen down a little slope. Her head had hit a stone. She had died with her throat caught in the branches of a mesquite bush.

I did not cry when I looked on her as she lay in the undertaker's chapel. I put the relic of Martin de Porres over her heart. But I could not ask Martin to work the miracle I wanted him to work. I could only pray, as she had prayed at her sister's side, "Blessed Martin, ask God to keep her happy forever and ever. Amen."

And then the wonderful thing happened as she had predicted. Perhaps it is the greatest miracle of all, that I should find such peace, such happiness, "such shining happiness," in the death of the woman I adored.

"So long, Spain," I whispered. "See you soon."

My cup is still full and brimming over; and there is more joy than sadness in it. I do not hesitate to gulp it down and ask for more, let the taste be sweet or bitter. I still hunger for the bread of life, still find it good to be a guest at this great banquet.

So when the time comes, be it soon or late, and the Toastmaster bids me rise and say adieu to those about me at the table, let there be no long faces, no voices raised in futile lamentation. Let those who love me rejoice with me—and envy me a little. For when I go, I go to join the ladies.

THE END

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* See page 29 of this issue.

# Did You Ever Take An INTERNAL BATH?

**This may seem a strange question. But if you want to improve your general health, to enjoy perhaps a new sense of vigor, even of optimism, feel up-and-coming every day for work or play . . . you're going to read this message to the very last line.**

### *What Is an Internal Bath?*

Some understand an Internal Bath to be an enema. Others take it to be some newfangled laxative. Both are wrong. A real genuine true Internal Bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. A bona-fide Tyrrell Internal Bath is the administration into the lower intestinal tract of pure, warm water in which J. B. L. Cleansing Powder has been dissolved. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell. Now here's where the genuine Internal Bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the late Professor Foges of Vienna, "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U— thus ∩ . The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe," or to the first bend. The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and does it effectively. You have only to read that booklet, "Why We Should Bathe Internally," to fully understand how the Cascade does it—without pain or discomfort.

### *Why Take an Internal Bath?*

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise, and highly artificial civilization, a large percentage of persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). In many cases the passage of the colonic waste is delayed entirely too long. Result: An accumulation of long-retained impacted fecal matter that is bound to be uncomfortable at best. But, in the opinion of many authorities, this mass of waste may produce more serious results. From this state of chronic constipation may result—in the opinion of many—an increased susceptibility to colds, certain kinds of headaches, so-called rheumatic pains, listlessness and fatigue—sometimes various skin blemishes, not to mention other more serious attributed ills. Many authorities believe that you should be kept free of chronic constipation. Internal Bathing is an effective means. No harsh cathartics or laxatives. Through the use of the J. B. L. Cascade you can give yourself a high colonic irrigation—and right in the privacy of your own home. In only fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract—quick, hygienic action. As the intestinal muscles tend to be strengthened, the passage of waste is hastened. The use of the J. B. L. Cascade is non-habit forming.

### *Frequent Benefits*

Taken just before retiring, for instance, it often induces sleep as restful as that of a child and often helps the user to arise in the morning—as many advocates of the J. B. L. Cascade have testified—with a new sense of vigor—with a new fund of optimism. Many, many men and women who have faithfully practised Internal Bathing attribute these results and many others to this marvelous method of keeping clean inwardly.

### *Send for This Booklet*

It is entirely FREE. We are absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many citing results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many, many times the price of that stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc., Dept. L 11-11, 152 W. 65th Street, New York City—NOW!

Tear Off and Mail at Once

**Tyrrell's Hygienic Institute, Inc.**
**152 W. 65th Street, Dept. L-11-11**
**New York, N. Y.**

Send me without cost or obligation, your illustrated book on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name ....................................................

Street ....................................................

City.............................. State............

# NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

*by Berton Braley*

PATRIOTISM was out of favor
Awhile ago in the Smarter Crowd;
It had a bit of a vulgar flavor
And was regarded as " cheap and loud ";
And you were " common " to praise this land
Or love its shores that the oceans dash on;
But NOW we're given to understand
That Patriotism is back in fashion.

So it's " quite all right " when the flag goes by
If you shout " Hooray! " and you doff your topper;
And to love your country, its fields and sky,
Its rocks and rills, is entirely proper.
It isn't crude if you cheer and sing
That liberty is your daily ration.
Indeed, you're doing the swagger thing,
For Patriotism is back in fashion.

True, average people all the while
Have had a singular sort of notion
That Patriotism is not a *style*
But an ageless, natural, deep emotion,
A fundamental and basic passion.
It's only people who *think* they think
Who ever thought it was *out* of fashion!

# WORDS Within Words

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. APPL'D FOR

## WILL PAY

## $2,000

## IN CASH PRIZES

START YOUR ENTRY WITHOUT DELAY!

## 223 AWARDS

*Your Chance to Win Is Still Excellent*

### FOLLOW THESE RULES

1. The contest will run for ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated December 16, 1939.

2. Each week a diagram will be printed providing a key word and seven horizontal squares for each letter constituting the key word.

3. To compete, insert on each horizontal line a single word of not more than eight nor less than two letters, the letter of the key word in any line to be the first letter of the word you fill in. Each word used must consist entirely of letters appearing in the key word. Funk & Wagnall's New Unabridged Standard Dictionary is the official reference authority for this contest. Any English word, including proper nouns, appearing in this dictionary under the letters A to Z inclusive may be used, provided no letter appears therein more often than it appears in the key word, i.e., if T appears in the key word three times it may be used not more than three times in any horizontal word. Combining and other variable forms not specifically appearing as complete words in the above-mentioned section will not be considered. Tables of whatever nature in the appendix are not authority for this contest.

4. Method of scoring: Each letter in the finished diagram, including the letters of the key word, counts one point the first time it is used and increases in value by one point upon each successive use. In filling in spaces, place letters below and their values above the diagonal lines. Thus, above the first letter of the key word put the figure 1. Place 2 above this letter the next time it appears and 3 above it the next time it appears, etc. Your completed diagram will show a score number above each letter of each word. Then add up the total of all numbers in the diagram and enter it on the line provided below.

5. Clip and save all coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Upon the final diagram a space will be provided for you to enter the grand total of all the diagrams in your entry. Then send them to WORDS WITHIN WORDS EDITOR, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Mail flat by first-class postage.

6. The entry with the largest grand total will be considered the best and will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5. Neatness will count. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

7. The closing date of this contest is Friday, December 29, 1939, and entries received after that date will not be considered.

8. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence with any competitor. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications and members of their families.

Copyright, 1939, Feature Contests.

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DIAGRAM No. 5. Total.......

◆

HERE is Diagram No. 5 in the Words Within Words game. If you have not begun an entry to back your claim for a share of the $2,000 prize money, do not delay further. Get started now by reading the brief Rules and then build in the horizontal words to make the highest score you can devise. As explained, each time a letter appears in your completed diagram it increases one point in value. Please note that a letter may not be used more times in a horizontal word than it appears in the key word at the left.

### PLURALS ARE PERMITTED

Answering the contestants who have raised the point, plural forms of words are acceptable in this contest.

When you have completed the diagram on this page do not mail it. Save it until the end of the contest, when you will have a complete set of ten. Now, if this is your first participation in the game, you will need to make up lost ground by completing the four first diagrams in order to be even with the field.

### LATE-ENTRY OFFER

If you missed the first four contest diagrams you can obtain reprints upon written request to the contest address in Rule 5, enclosing five cents in stamps to cover cost of handling and mailing. Upon each late-entry reprint will be reproduced a completely worked-out diagram illustrating how to fill in the horizontal words and compute the score.

Take Care of Your HAIR! Remember—

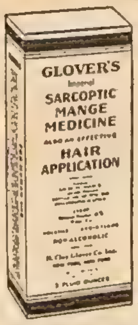
DANDRUFF

Can Be Very Destructive To It!

YOUR HAIR LOOKS SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY! GLOVER'S CERTAINLY HELPED IT.

Don't neglect Dandruff! Many have suffered permanent hair loss as a result of it. If you have this condition, by all means follow Glover's System, which includes Glover's Mange Medicine and massage. The *therapentic* value of Glover's System is also real and definite in helping combat Excessive Falling Hair and Itching Scalp associated with Dandruff. But, popular as it is as an aid for the scalp and hair, it should be used perseveringly to obtain utmost benefits when results are possible. Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap—specially compounded for use with the Medicine. Cleanses thoroughly; leaves the hair soft and lustrous.

NOW TWO SIZES!



Glover's Mange Medicine is now available in TWO sizes—Large Economy Size, 75¢; Small Special Size, 40¢. At all Druggists.

LARGE ECONOMY SIZE 75¢

FREE! Learn how to take care of your scalp and hair. Glover's booklet treats this subject fully. Write for it today to GLOVER'S Dept. S, 462 Fourth Ave., New York City.

SMALL SPECIAL SIZE 40¢

MANY BARBERS are skilled in following Glover's System of scalp and hair care. Ask for Glover's.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

*It's FAST for* HEADACHES

If you have never experienced the speed with which Alka-Seltzer can relieve the pain and misery of headaches, try it the next time and see the difference.

Alka-Seltzer works fast because the analgesic pain relieving properties it contains are in complete solution when you drink it—ready to start work quickly. The analgesic properties are also protected against the action of stomach acids by alkaline buffers—adding much to Alka-Seltzer's effectiveness. For quick pleasant relief from headache misery be wise—take Alka-Seltzer.

Alka-Seltzer
AT ALL DRUG STORES

## HOW TO FILL A FILIBUSTER

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Filibustering involves a rather severe strain on a senator. There is, first of all, the physical strain of continuous talking. This, unfortunately, is inescapable. Besides this, there is the mental strain. Few men can think of enough things worth saying to occupy very many hours of continuous talking. There have, of course, been exceptions to this rule. The late Huey Long, when filibustering, could talk for hours to crowded galleries of delighted auditors on the wondrous excellence of potlicker. But such men in the Senate are few. The ordinary filibusterer is compelled to resort to time-consuming expedients such as talking very slowly, repeating himself over again, or of reading extracts from newspapers, letters from constituents, or passages from works of literature.

Reading, in fact, is usually the best expedient for a filibustering senator. Not only does it lessen the mental strain of his task but it removes one serious danger: Continuous talking involves an emotional strain, and a senator, becoming irritable, is under a constant temptation to utter sentiments which are not only politically inexpedient but also at variance with his own real opinions. And the clerk takes down the words of the filibustering senator for his opponents to read in the Congressional Record.

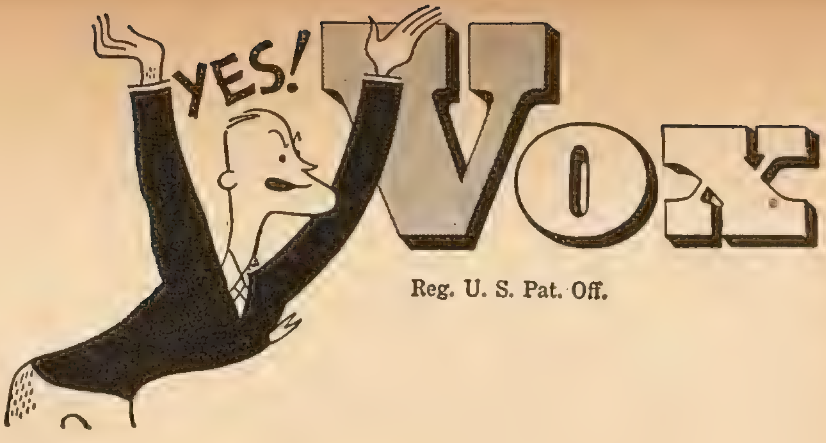
But what shall the filibustering senator read? In regard to this a modest suggestion may be offered.

Each year in the universities of this country about 3,000 dissertations are offered in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The candidates for this degree are frequently compelled to publish their dissertations, and as they are almost without exception poor students, this expense is a very heavy burden upon them.

To read a number of these dissertations during a filibuster and thus incorporate them into the Congressional Record would enable a senator both to consume time and to aid a number of his learned constituents. Dissertations seldom contain anything which would offend any portion of the voting population, and the fact that a dissertation was considered worthy of being read in Congress (even to empty seats) would serve as a recommendation to both the learning and political regularity of its author—qualities that every politician should encourage—and would thus no doubt further the scholar's career. One difficulty, of course, presents itself. A doctor's dissertation would doubtless contain words which would be difficult to pronounce. The pronunciation of such words, however, could be indicated by the author, and in fact even words in Greek, Arabic, or Chinese could be spelled out phonetically, so that a senator could astound any friends who might come to hear him filibuster by an astonishing semblance of erudition.

Printed as "a portion of the Congressional Record," the dissertation could be circulated by its author to friends and to public and private libraries.

So much for the advantages of such a plan to the filibustering senator and to the impecunious author of a Ph. D. dissertation. It would have an equal value to the nation as a whole. Filibusters are conducted when some question is violently agitated. Now, dissertations have a soothing and even soporific effect. After the reading of a few hundred pages of The Subjunctive in the Letter of Cicero, or of An Analysis, Evaluation, and Synthesis of the Subject Matter, Concepts, and Generalizations in Physics, every one in the Senate Chamber, including the filibustering senator himself, would be lulled to slumber and the filibuster would thus be made a complete success.—*Edwin E. Willoughby.*



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

## SMASH THE BUND!

FLINT, MICH.—Perhaps the serial I Joined the Bund (September 23—October 14 Liberty) will make the people of the United States realize that the German-American Bund organization isn't what it seems and certainly isn't what it should be.

Now, this reporter for Liberty prints statements he swears are true, and if so, it certainly is time the American people demand from our government that this treasonable organization be smashed!

Imagine these Bund members swearing obedience to Adolf Hitler, the World's Public Enemy Number One! Imagine them forgetting their allegiance to the good old United States of America! The oath the Bund Storm Trooper takes should make every true American's blood boil. If the German Bund members want a dictatorship form of government, why in blazes don't they go back to Germany?

Three cheers for Liberty! —*An American.*

## HARDTACK GOES TO COLLEGE!

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I am developing a textbook on advertising and wish to have a chapter on women as consumers.

One of your Hardtack caricatures, "With all their faults, this world would be a pretty dull place without them" (Liberty, October 29, 1938, page 61), would be an excellent illustration for this chapter.

May I have your permission to reproduce this comic illustration?—*H. W. Hepner, Department of Psychology, College of Business Administration, Syracuse University.*

## CRIME AND FOREIGN-BORN

BOSTON, MASS.—Paul Bass (October 7 Vox Pop) expressed an idea I had in my think-pot for a long time.

His 'Tisn't So wasn't new to me, but maybe this one will be *news* to him:

Our foreign-born population is not responsible, proportionately, for more crime than native-born population. A study of factors in the variation of crime among sixty-two American cities, made by Dr. William F. Ogburn, University of Chicago, shows that immigrants and their offspring actually have lower crime rates than the general population when age, marital conditions, and other factors are constant.—*George Hooplevine.*

## WHY OUR ANSWER $10,737,418.23 IS CORRECT

WADENA, IA.—No. 11 of September 16 Liberty's Twenty Questions reads as follows: "If you were hired for 30 days at the rate of 1 cent for the first day, with each day's pay doubled the following day, how much would you receive at the end of the period?" The answer is given as $10,737,418.23.

MAIL
VOX POP EDITOR

Through my calculations, at the end of 30 days, starting with the 1-cent payday, it comes to $5,368,709.12. By doubling this amount and making it 31 days, it amounts to $10,737,418.24, one cent more than your amount. I think that you started counting the 30 days at the 2 cents a day and subtracted the one cent for the first day from $10,737,418.24, which leaves the correct answer.—*Nellie Whittenbaugh.*

[If I have not worded the question clearly, I must take the responsibility and apologize. Many readers have written us along similar lines of cal-

culation. Obviously you do not understand the method used to obtain the total. It is true that the sum for the thirtieth day is $5,368,709.12, but in addition to that you must add in each previous day's pay, which would make the total as stated. You can see that the final figures would have to be 23 because of the 1 cent for the first day.—TWENTY QUESTIONS EDITOR.]

## BUNTING IN SOFTBALL

CHICO, CALIF.—In reading September 23 Liberty I find a story written by Dick Williams entitled Softball Isn't Sissy!

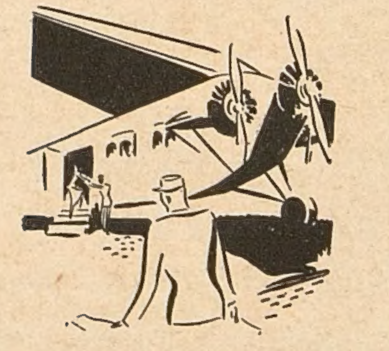
Being interested in softball, I find the author has stated, " There is no bunting in the game." Could it be your author has failed to read the 1939 National Softball Rules wherein bunting is allowed? *Tsh! Tsh!*

Kindly chastise him for this error.—*P. M. Barceloux.*

## MODEL AIRPLANE RACE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Always I had heard that Chinamen would spend their days in flying kites in competition, but it remained for the Caucasians to go them one better with model airplanes. Which brings me to the fact that I witnessed such a contest last summer for an international trophy, the Wakefield Cup, at the Bendix Golf Club in New Jersey.

An English team of model airplane flyers had come over from Great Britain to wrest that cup away from America, and France and Canada were also represented in the contest.



It was thrilling, really, to be a spectator of the fight, and I was naturally glad to see that the Americans triumphed again, with Dick Korda the winner.

I was told that Mr. Macfadden was implicated in this event, and wondered in what way.—*Joseph Halliday.*

[Yes, Mr. Macfadden was " implicated," as you put it. As one of the governors at large of the National Aeronautic Association, he was sponsor for this 1939 meet, financed the entertainment of the contestants, and gave a prize of $250 to the winner of the cup, which was presented at a banquet given at the Hotel Ambassador, New York City. Lord Wakefield of Hythe is the donor of the cup which bears his name.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

## "TOO DID UP TO CHAW"

DEL RIO, TEX.—(Where the goats grow wool.) How come you print Sam Peachtree's piece? (September 23 Vox Pop.) Sam ain't got no call to wake up gran'pa or stir up the slaves on the ol' plantation to put in a word about socialized medicine. The friend of the cullud boys orta read Bernarr's editorials. Sam must be one of these here tir'd out WPA boys aleanin' on his shovel.

The hull thing reads like he is too did up to chaw. Pore critter, and him worryin' about draftin' the White Father. And feelin' sorry fer the oiled up cullud boys!

Ain't nothin' to it! The Smart Boy at D. C. will git the third term, ef he hasta bring down the bombers on our heads to git it. Do sumpin about Sam, cain't ye, Mr. Oursler?—*Samantha Roundtree.*

## PREFERS VAN PASSEN TO BERNARD SHAW

TOMAHAWK, WIS. — The more thorough personal investigation of the Palestinian muddle made by Pierre Van Passen, as told in his Days of Our Years, is surely a superior conclusion to G. B. Shaw's article in September 9 Liberty.

How about an article by Van Passen for us readers? In him one can put utmost confidence—an unbiased, conscientious reporter! — *Charlotte McCormick.*

## DONOVAN NO PROPHET

WASECA, MINN. — I'll bet Arthur Donovan wishes he would have waited a little while before he stuck his neck out as he did in his article The Next World's Champion (September 30 Liberty).

He says he wonders what Lou Nova has to do to convince people that he is really grown up. I would say one of the things he has to do is to lick Tony Galento.

I have been a Liberty reader for years, and I say it is the best little magazine on the market.—*R. J.*

## MEIN KAMPF IN LIBERTY?

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Why don't you run Adolf Hitler's Mein Kampf in serial form in Liberty? Many of us would like to read the autobiography of Europe's pain in the hindermost extremity, but whereas we can raise a nickel for Liberty we can't raise two dollars or more to buy the book. Mull it over.—*Waldo Eugene Simmons.*

## A WIDOW IN THE COURTS

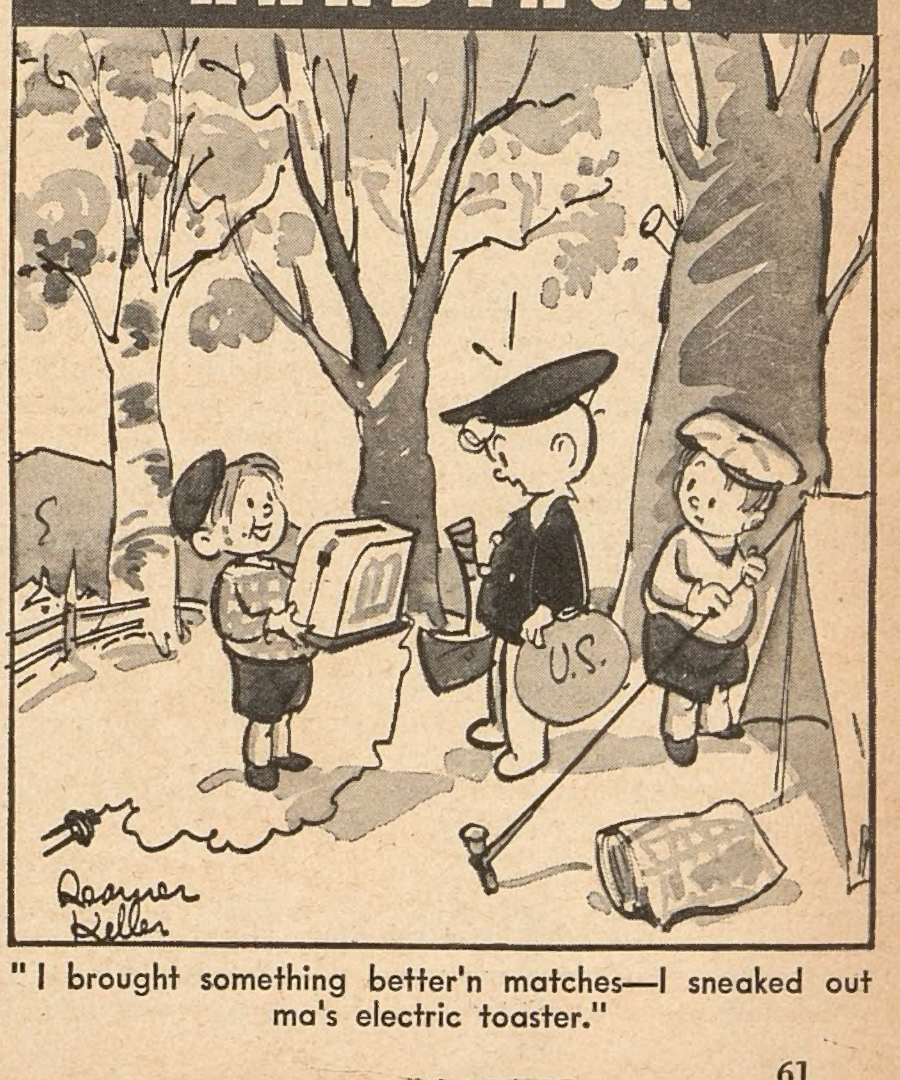
SHREVEPORT, LA.—After reading A Widow in the Courts (September 23 Liberty), permit me to suggest that you try and ascertain if there is at least one honest lawyer in the home town of Eunice J. Nichols. If one can be found, report it to Robert Ripley of Believe It or Not fame. Bob might put him on exhibition at the World's Fair next year.—*J. E. H.*

## THEY WANT ARTIE SHAW!

LAKEWOOD, OHIO — And what about Artie Shaw? After completing your " lilting " little article on the sweetness and light of Mr. Lombardo, we threw down the magazine in disgust! (September 30 Liberty.) Dorsey, King, Goodman, Lombardo, Krupa, Kyser!—but no mention of the 1939 swing king, Artie Shaw!

Your 700 poll editors are, oh, so correct. Of course all those poor worms who chose Artie for the swing crown are just a bit daffy. Pardon us! We may be wrong, according to the people who have their feet on our neck—but we want Shaw! — *Sally Curran and Lois Bliss.*

## "HARDTACK"



"I brought something better'n matches—I sneaked out ma's electric toaster."

# M-Day! And May It Never Come For Us!

**FULTON OURSLER**
Photo by Marjorie Collins of Black Star

**IN WASHINGTON** they call it M-Day, but its real name is Mobilization Day—the dreadful day, which God keep from us forever, when the United States, having declared war, shall proceed to organize all resources, all goods and men, to win. If such a time should come upon us, there will be no hesitation, no floundering, no wondering what to do next. The average American citizen has no idea to what an extent the government has made its plans for him—for him and his folks and his friends and all their folks and friends—M-Day will take in everybody! Some of the military plans are secret, of course, but we are permitted to tell you almost everything that would happen on Mobilization Day, and next week you will find the whole story in Liberty. Two Washington newspaper correspondents, Tom Wilson and Andy Barnes, wrote this piece which has a special meaning for every American.

**THREE FINE SHORT STORIES** in addition to the usual short short will make fiction an outstanding feature of the next issue. These three stories, especially recommended, are: Picture Without Caption, by Carl Clausen; It Beats the Devil, by Sidney S. Lenz; and Green Heart, by Horatio Winslow. We can also recommend with heartiness a group of articles, including Why Films Have So Many Authors, another penetrating and exciting Hollywood disclosure by John Erskine; Truth . . With a Twist, by George E. Sokolsky, which asks some leading questions about the Institute for Propaganda Analysis; A Yankee Reporter in Wartime London, by Edward Doherty; The Latest Broadway Gags, by Harry Hershfield; and others.

**AND THAT IS NOT ALL!** A new and thrilling short novel begins next week. It is by Frederick R. Bechdolt and is called Right Turn to Danger! And of course we shall have large portions of the current serials; The Lid Off Los Angeles, by Dwight F. McKinney and Fred Allhoff; Attorney for the People, by Rupert Hughes; and The Shadow of the Master, by Achmed Abdullah and Anthony Abbot.

**A MESSAGE FOR SUZANNE:** I have read your letter which you said was not to be published. You didn't give your address. I am sure that you can be helped if you will send me your name and address.

**A RECENT ARTICLE** in Liberty, The American Maginot Line, by Charles Edison, Acting Secretary of the Navy, has been reprinted in full in the Congressional Record. John H. Tolan, a member of the House of Representatives from California, in introducing the matter to the Congress said:

"Mr. Speaker: It seems appropriate during these critical times to call to the attention of the Congress facts concerning our own national defense. This is the reason I am inserting in the Record the following remarkably clearly written and valuable article by the Hon. Charles Edison, Acting Secretary of the Navy.

"The name Edison is a household word in America. Charles Edison is carrying on the past tradition of that name, and giving to his country, as the head of our navy, that fine, unselfish, and splendid service that has caught the grateful attention of the nation, and one that would make his famous father justly proud if he were alive today. Likable, lovable, brainy Charlie Edison goes about his tremendous tasks quietly, simply, and efficiently to make our defenses impregnable against the world, and thereby has won his way into the hearts and minds of the American people."

To all of which we say, Amen!

**SOME ONE THE OTHER DAY** was criticizing George Bernard Shaw for his recent remarks on the war, the fall of Poland, Hitler's peace offer, and the rest of it. "I had thought," remarked Shaw's critic, "that Mr. Shaw was improving. For a long time he had had brilliant flashes of silence." We didn't mention that Sydney Smith once said almost the same thing of Lord Macaulay; we put it down to sheer coincidence.

* * *

**THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.**

**FULTON OURSLER.**

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**Liberty**
*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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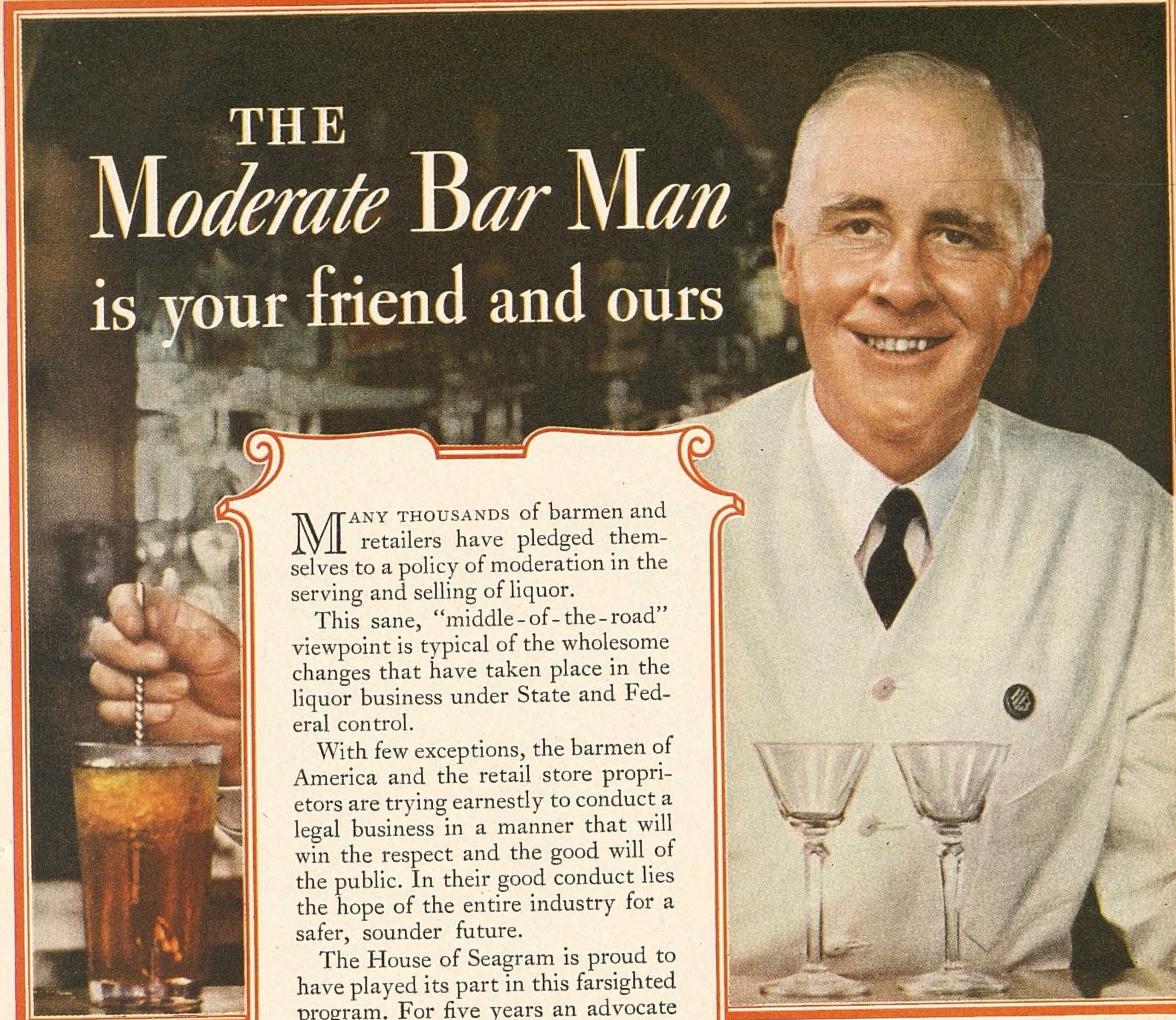
COVER BY GORDON RAYNER

# THE
# *Moderate* Bar Man
# is your friend and ours



MANY THOUSANDS of barmen and retailers have pledged themselves to a policy of moderation in the serving and selling of liquor.

This sane, "middle-of-the-road" viewpoint is typical of the wholesome changes that have taken place in the liquor business under State and Federal control.

With few exceptions, the barmen of America and the retail store proprietors are trying earnestly to conduct a legal business in a manner that will win the respect and the good will of the public. In their good conduct lies the hope of the entire industry for a safer, sounder future.

The House of Seagram is proud to have played its part in this farsighted program. For five years an advocate of moderation, we respectfully salute the moderate barman. He is your friend—and ours!

*This message is sponsored by the House of Seagram in the interests of "America's Finest" Bars and Stores*

Seagram's
V.O.
CANADIAN
"Canada's Finest"

## Seagram's

*Copr. 1939, Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.*

Seagram's 7 Seven Crown Blended Whiskey
Seagram's Five Crown Blended Whiskey
Seagram's Ancient Bottle distilled dry Gin
"AMERICA'S FINEST"

**SEAGRAM'S "V. O."** Canadian. Rare old Blended Canadian Whisky. "Canada's Finest". Finer, more delicate, we believe, than any Rye, Bourbon or Scotch of any age. 86.8 Proof. This whisky is 6 years old.

**SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN** Blended Whiskey. "America's Finest" rich whiskey yet very light. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 40% straight whiskies, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

**SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN** Blended Whiskey. "America's Finest" mild whiskey. Popular priced. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old, 27½% straight whiskies, 72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

**SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE DISTILLED DRY GIN,** *"The World's Finest."* Pale golden in color. Mild as a vintage sauterne. Delicious in Martinis. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S...SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE

"Thanks to Uncle Sam

—tobacco's better than ever!

. . . and Luckies always take the better grades!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer for 8 years.

**BENJAMIN HAWKS** of North Carolina shows Auctioneer Oglesby his fine tobacco seedlings—grown by new U. S. Government methods.

**RAY OGLESBY** in action. Among *independent* tobacco experts like this famous auctioneer, Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite over all other brands.

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**Q. WHY HAVE TOBACCO CROPS BEEN BETTER?**

**A.** Because, even though crops vary with weather conditions, Uncle Sam's new methods of improving soil, seed and plant-food have done a fine job.

**Q.** Do Luckies buy this better tobacco?

**A.** Yes, indeed—*independent* experts like Ray Oglesby tell you that Luckies always *have* bought the choicer grades of each crop. In fact, that's why Mr. Oglesby has smoked Luckies for 11 years.

**Q.** Do other tobacco experts prefer Luckies, too?

**A.** Among these skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite.

*Try* Luckies a week. You'll find them easy on your throat, for the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also know why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Have you tried a LUCKY lately?